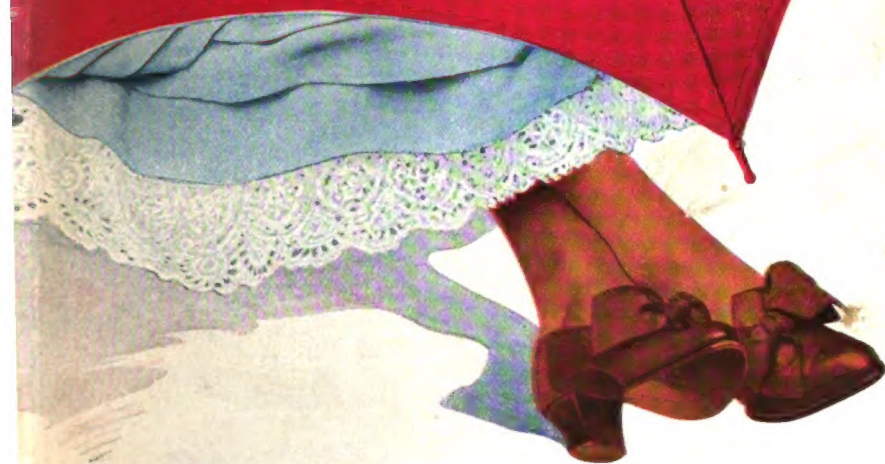


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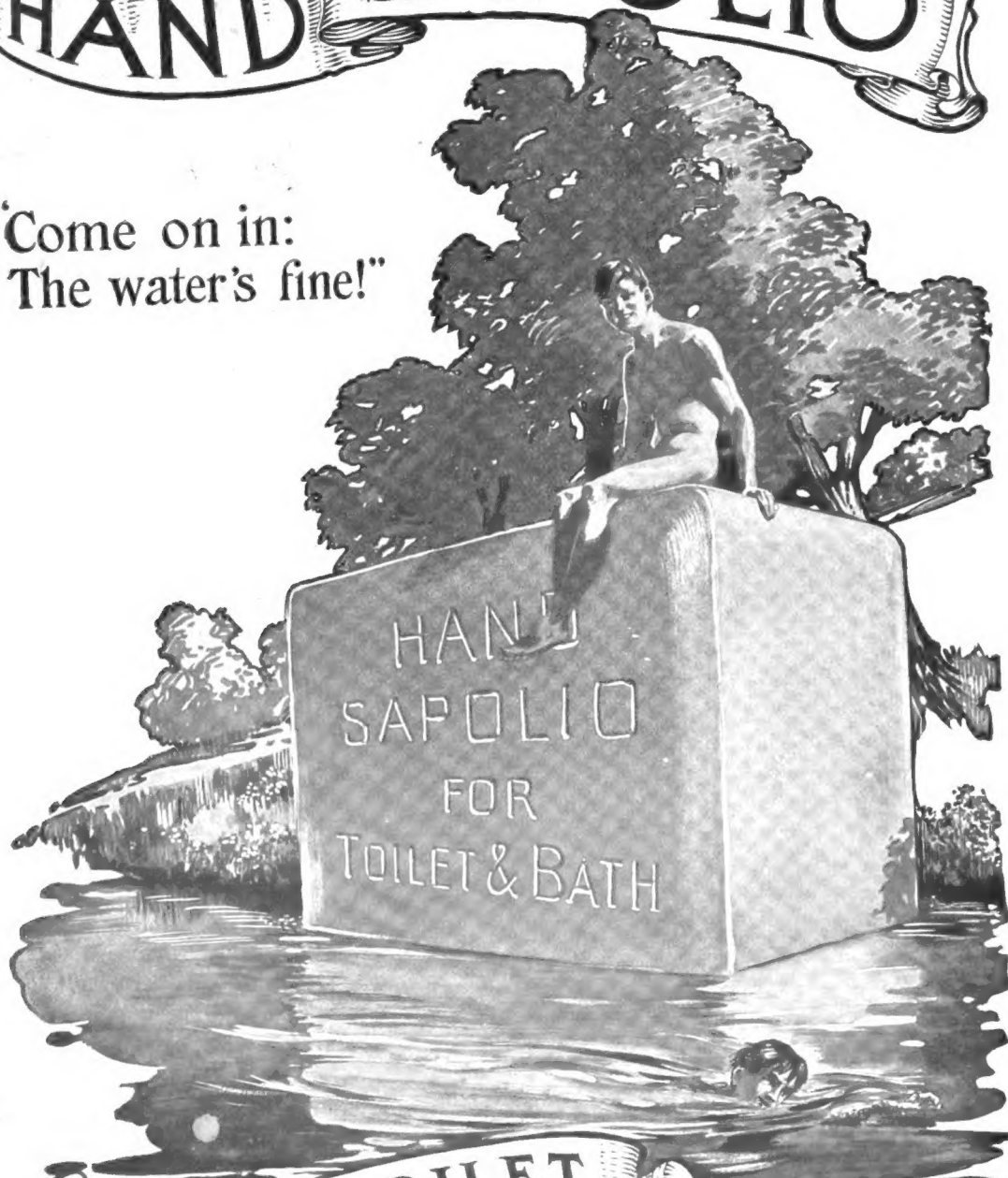
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HAND SAPOLIO

"Come on in:
The water's fine!"



FOR TOILET AND BATH

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AVGVST



"YOU DON'T WANT TO GET AWAY NOW, DO YOU, SWEETHEART?"

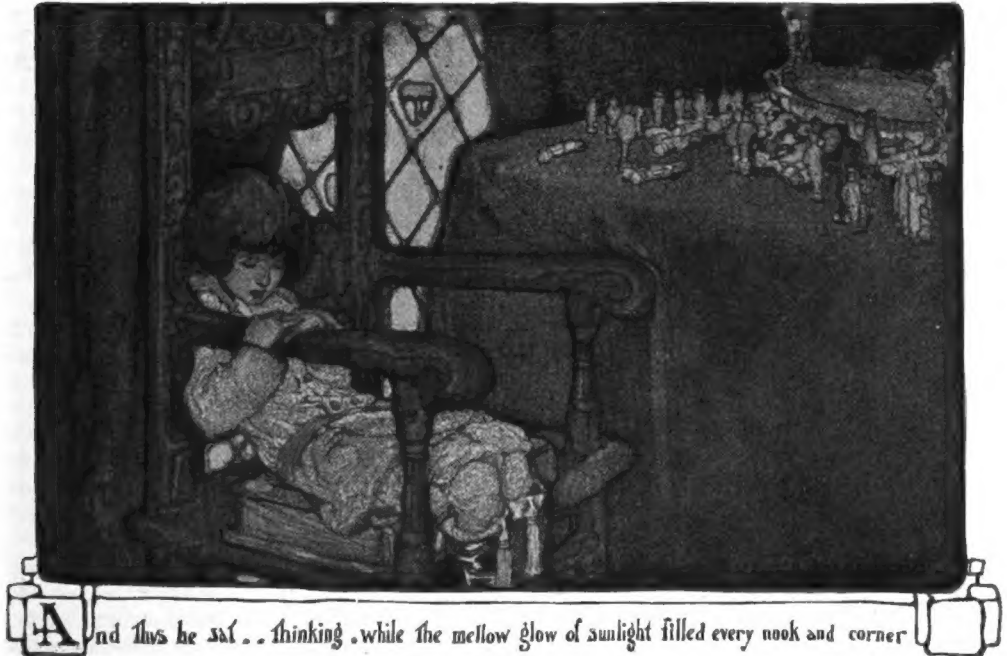
—*A Symphony in B Flat.*—Page 212.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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And thus he sat . . . thinking . . . while the mellow glow of sunlight filled every nook and corner

THE BATTLE OF PANKOW

By GEORGE WOODRUFF JOHNSTON

Illustrations by Blanche Greer

YOUR Royal Highness," said General von Kampf in a loud, monotonous voice, as if addressing a large and distant body of soldiery: "Your Royal Highness, the disposition of your troops is most unwise and improper. Your left flank is entirely unprotected—is in the air," and he looked with stern disfavor at the troops of leaden soldiers on the table. "It was to a precisely similar condition of affairs that it became my duty to call the attention of your sainted grandfather on the very eve of the battle of Pankow. His Majesty, lending his august ear to my humble counsel, intrusted me with the

honor of remedying the defect, which I did, with the help of the dragoons of the guard, by driving off some of the enemy's artillery and temporarily occupying a most desirable position.

"I will not deny that the skirmish was sharp,"—one of the general's white-gloved hands strayed as if insensibly toward a blazing star pinned on his breast—"but the rest was easy. Your grandsire at once secured the position permanently, crumpled up the exposed wing of the opposing forces with great slaughter, and achieved an overwhelming victory. Considering how often and how

carefully I have gone over with you every detail of the campaign that ended at Pankow—Pankow, name ever glorious in the history of our country!—I am surprised, nay, I am shocked, I am grieved that you do not at once see the weakness of your present dispositions. Unless your opponent be devoid of all military sense, he will attack immediately and your army will be decimated."

General von Kampf—bald, wrinkled, bristly, rigid—fixed his royal highness, the crown prince, with a cold blue eye, and bowed stiffly with much creaking of joints, belts, and buckles.

"Decimated!" breathed the crown prince, timidly, looking no higher than the toes of the general's martial boots. "Decimated?" What does 'decimated' mean, if you please, your excellency?"

"To decimate," replied General von Kampf, "is to put out of action ten per cent. of your enemy's effectives. Such is its proper meaning; a good officer knows no other. To him the verb 'to decimate' has no passive voice. As applied to you, however, it is to be overwhelmed, demolished, annihilated, obliterated—in short, to be absolutely extinguished, for that is what undoubtedly will befall your command. Had you been attentive to my teachings, you would have rested your left wing on this river, which, as I have repeatedly told you, is too deep to ford, too wide for any shot to traverse, and too rapid to bridge. Then you would have been safe. As it is, you are utterly and irretrievably lost!"

Lost! The crown prince cast one appealing glance at General von Kampf, the chief of his household, but saw nothing on the harsh face of that dignitary save a frown of disapproval. He was terrified. The word "Lost!" "Lost!" kept ringing mournfully in his ears. He strove to be brave. He sat very still and very erect in his chair, made higher by a tremendous book,—*"Von Kampf on Strategy and Tactics, with Special Reference to the Campaign of Pankow and the Final Battle of the War."* He clenched his little hands together tightly and gazed straight in front of him, trying with all his might to look somewhere, anywhere, rather than at a certain picture hanging on the wall. But it was of no use. His glance wavered, strayed nearer and nearer to the picture, until finally a lump rose in his throat and tears filled his eyes. And that he might hide this last weakness from her who looked down at

him with proud, cold face from out of the huge gilt frame, he cast his arms despairingly upon the table beside which he sat, and hid his twitching face in them. And that she might not hear, he choked back his sobs with all his remaining strength.

By this impetuous movement on the part of the crown prince, the royal forces covering the table were thrown into the utmost confusion and disarray, from which they, being quite as stiff and lacking in mobility as General von Kampf himself, were wholly unable to recover. The unfortunate left wing—horse, foot, and dragoons—already foredoomed to disaster, was entirely swept off its feet, and perished miserably beneath the torrential overflow of the impassable river, represented in the foregoing maneuvers by a mammoth celery dish filled with water.

At this, General von Kampf, solemn and motionless, frowned more darkly still.

"Be a man, Your Highness!" he exclaimed, irritably. "He who would be a king and would control others, must first learn to control himself. Be a man!"

"I don't want to be a king," stammered the crown prince, sobbing now in spite of himself. "And I can't be a man just yet, for I am only a little boy; and—and—your excellency, I want my mother."

"Preposterous!" cried General von Kampf. "Her Majesty left the capital yesterday. By this time she is at the end of the kingdom."

The end of the kingdom! Which end? wondered the crown prince, for he knew there must be two ends, since his father seemed always to be at one and his mother at the other.

Over this and many other serious problems, but chiefly over nuts fallen at random from the bursting storehouse of the general's wisdom and very hard to crack, his royal highness pondered deeply, especially at night, when military discipline was somewhat relaxed and he was at peace. And, based upon his speculations, he framed quite a formidable list of questions to be submitted to the chief of his household so soon as he should catch that grim warrior in just the proper humor. But before the list was half complete, his attention invariably wandered, and he fell to listening for the tread of the sentry in the courtyard beneath his window, or watched with frightened eyes the night-light flickering on the hearth and the shadows dancing on the wall. Now it was a giant, now a dragon with outstretched claws, now a ship tossing on the

sea. But soon giant, dragon, and ship faded into one another in some inexplicable manner, and looking about to discover what had become of them, he would see the early morning light shining in at his window, and the general, already starched, belted, and buckled, standing at his side and telling him that a good soldier should be up betimes and not lie idling in bed.

In the hurry and bustle of the busy day, with its drills and warlike exercises and its endless procession of spectacled professors, who used tremendously long words and expected him to know by heart all sorts of curious things of which he had never even heard, the crown prince could not recall a tithe of the questions formulated so carefully the night before. Or if he did, he could never screw up courage to ask them.

In the late afternoons, during his "play hour," as the general called it, matters were even worse. Whenever the latter said, "To-day, Your Highness, let us repeat the war-game of Pankow, in which famous battle, you will remember, I had the honor of being of some trifling service to your illustrious grand-sire," the crown prince, hopelessly wearied and confused by all that had gone before, could remember nothing, not even—what was now most to the point—the simplest principle of strategy or rule of tactics. In consequence, he disposed his leaden squadrons and regiments and batteries in the most haphazard and thoughtless manner. Nine chances out of ten, he forgot entirely which wing, if any, should rest upon the celery dish, and thus drew down death and destruction upon his unfortunate troops, and upon his own bewildered and terrified little head the fierce criticisms of the hero of that ever memorable day.

Once, however, by a happy chance, all went well. The imperiled left wing found itself in some wholly unexpected manner safely marshaled upon the very bank of the impassable river, and the enemy, completely out-maneuvered, suffered an even more terrible defeat at the hands of the grandson than had in reality been inflicted by the grandfather.

The effect upon General von Kampf was simply astonishing. His face turned purple, his chest heaved, his marvelously tight uniform stretched and stretched until it seemed as if all the shiny buttons must fly off at once, and he stood for so long a time dumb and immovable that the crown prince became seriously alarmed. But presently the general's spurred heels cracked together; his right

hand, like a piece of rusty and complicated mechanism, came to the salute; and upon his face, after a good many abortive efforts, appeared an entirely new set of wrinkles, suggesting in some remote and phantasmal way the existence of a smile.

His royal highness was too astounded to speak, but quickly divining that no opportunity better suited to his purpose could ever be found, he rapidly reviewed in his mind, so far as he was able, the problems calling most urgently for solution. Among other things he desired to know if the general slept in his uniform with all his orders pinned on his breast, and if so, whether he found it comfortable. Again, he wished the general to let him look at his back, of which he never remembered having had a satisfactory view, and as a corollary thereto, to inquire if his excellency found it as easy to walk backward as forward, a mode of locomotion that he, the crown prince, had tried privily with but poor success. More important still, he longed to ask why his father did not give him a pile of sand in which to play, an appeal therefor having been several times made, at the general's suggestion, in the shape of a formal requisition for military supplies. But upon consideration he abandoned all these questions in favor of one that harassed him mightily.

"Why—why—" he began bravely, his eyes shining with excitement, his voice trembling with eagerness. He looked up, saw that the general was regarding him attentively, flushed hotly, hesitated, and stopped. "Why—why—" he began again; but his voice failed him. He could not go on. First, there was the general, of whom he was still mortally afraid. Second, was the sudden realization that the question he wished to ask was not one, but many, perhaps a thousand; for he could count up to a thousand, that being one of the most important of all numbers, as his excellency had often insisted, since it indicated precisely how many men went to make up a regiment of infantry. And third, now that the time to speak had come, came with it a knowledge of his own incompetency to put into words a single one—even the simplest—of the manifold riddles that together formed the one big riddle he so ardently desired to have solved for him.

Wearily, hopelessly, the crown prince closed his eyes and sank low in his chair, leaning his head against the great carved back that rose high above him. And thus he sat, thinking, while the mellow glow of sunset filled every



She went into a corner and put her back against the wall • holding him close • saying never a word

nook and corner of the lofty chamber with warmth and light, picking out the faded tapestries with shining threads, flaming and quivering in a mirror, a crystal chandelier, a trophy of ancient arms, and pouring over the polished floor a flood of molten gold. On each side of the towering chimney-piece, in the full radiance of the dying day, hung a picture, a full-length portrait the size of life, surrounded by a massive frame—the young king and younger queen, each in royal robes, each crowned, and as if this were not enough, surmounting each frame was yet another crown, huge in size and heavily gilded.

Under the portrait of his mother the crown prince sat, thinking, resting his head, which was too large and heavy, and his body, which was too small and thin, in the hollow of his carved chair. Though the light was blinding, the shadows lay heavy under his tired eyes; though all about him seemed on fire, he shivered with cold—a pale, sickly child, stifled, weary, worn out already before he had well begun to live, and all the glory of the setting sun could make nothing else of him. As gaily dressed in his little uniform as any of the leaden soldiers drawn up before him, he seemed as empty of the breath of life as they, as frail, as helpless.

The sun sank lower, its light crimsoned, and lay sluggish on the floor, like pools of blood. But presently that, too, faded, the air grew gray, and shadows formed beneath chairs and tables, blended with one another, and floated upward, thickening, slowly thickening, until familiar objects took on quaint and fearful shapes, now advancing, now retreating, now lost in infinite distances. And from the remoter corners of the room, where the gloom was deepest, issued mysterious whisperings and vague sounds like sighs.

The crown prince shuddered and looked up. The picture of his father had wholly disappeared. His father! Ah, here was one of the questions that most perplexed him—did his father love him, and if not, why? why? Was it because he was always so muddled in his little head, so worried, so tired that he could do nothing right, could never satisfy the general, never please anybody? Or was it because so many things frightened him, because he cried, because—he knew the very word—because he was a coward? Perhaps that was the reason no one loved him. And this brought him to the most terrible question of all—did his mother love him? Oh, if he only knew! if he could only tell!

Quickly he turned a supplicating glance toward her portrait. That, too, had vanished, the figure withdrawn into its frame as if departing through an open door. His mother had left him—alone in the coming darkness! Alone, for the general seemed to be asleep, and besides, he didn't count.

But was this his mother? If it were, then in some incomprehensible way he must have two mothers—one who looked as did she in the picture, too high up, too far away to notice little boys, a stranger, almost, to whom the general led him at long intervals that he might kiss her hand as she sat in the midst of a crowd of people. But surely there was another. How well he remembered one night long ago when he was ill—he must have been very ill, for the shadows pursued him and he started up panic-stricken from dreams that were full of shadows also, and found himself alone, and cried aloud in his terror and desolation. But he was not alone. There beside him in all her starry loveliness was his other mother—his dream mother, he had since loved to call her—and she lifted him from his hot bed and laid his aching head on her breast, and crooned him to sleep just as if he had been a little baby. Oh, how happy he had been! how happy he had been! But suddenly he seemed to be awake again. The room was full of people, the general among them, and every one talked at the same time, and there was great trouble. His mother's eyes blazed. She went into a corner and put her back against the wall, holding him close, saying never a word. And then his father came, looking very black, and pointed toward the door, and his mother kissed him over and over again, and went weeping from the room, whereupon the shadows and dreams all came back worse than ever before.

The crown prince could never guess how much of what took place that night was real, how much was part of shadow land and dream land. But whether real or no, he would have been willing to be ill a thousand times if only it might have happened just once more. It never did happen. Why? What was the trouble? *Where* was the trouble? Why was he unlike other little boys? Why did not his father and mother love him as the fathers and mothers of other little boys loved them? And again he asked the same old questions, again he went over them from the beginning, over and over, round and round, until he returned inevitably to that one, the most haunting, the most dreadful of all—did his mother love him,



The night light flickered on the hearth the shadows danced upon the wall

and if she did, then why did she never come back in the dark nights when his head was hot and ached, and the dreams and shadows terrified him?

He sat in his carved chair, thinking, as the day waned and the gloom deepened about him. And, as if in answer to his question, the huge gilded crown over the portrait of the young queen—dimly outlined in the expiring light—seemed to press heavily upon the proud woman and upon his own fragile figure as well, crushing them under an intolerable weight, thrusting them cruelly down, down, into the engulfing shadows.

Suddenly, with a cry, the boy sprang to his feet. A blade of crimson light, the last gleam from the embers dying in the west, pierced the darkness, and the crown leaped into flame. For an instant the picture seemed to be alive—the face convulsed, the body writhing under the agony of that blazing coronet. But in the twinkling of an eye the fire was quenched, and it was night.

Then out of the darkness rose a voice:

“Oh, mother!” the child cried in the depths of his loneliness and despair. “Oh, mother! mother! where are you? where are you? Oh, mother, I will try to be brave. Oh, come back from the end of the kingdom—come back to your little boy!”

The general, dozing in a corner, but in fancy once more on the field of Pankow, heard a cannon’s roar or some such sound, which echoed loud through his martial slumbers. Abruptly aroused, dazed, and groping in the darkness, he stumbled over the form of his royal master lying senseless on the floor at the foot of the queen’s picture.

II

THE night light flickered on the hearth, and the shadows danced upon the wall as the crown prince, in the last stage of a tremendous journey that had been full of darkness, bewilderment, and peril, climbed slowly, painfully, breathlessly up the toilsome path that leads from the Valley of Dreams to the Happy Country where real people live. One more effort, and he was near the top: another, and he reached the very edge, and knew he was there at last. For he could hear as plain as plain could be the familiar tread of the sentry marching back and forth, back and forth, in the courtyard beneath his window. But was it, after all, the sentry’s step? No; it was the ticking of a watch—a big, fat gold watch with

a face the size of the moon, and behind the watch was a pair of shiny spectacles, also of gold, and above the shiny spectacles was a shiny dome fringed about with long, straight hair, not of gold but of silver. The crown prince watched Spectacles a long time, and Spectacles watched him, until at length Spectacles began to speak in a voice so kindly and so mellow that it seemed golden, too, or else of the finest quality of silver.

“Go to sleep, Your Royal Highness,” said he, patting the crown prince’s hand. “Go to sleep, my little man.” And then: “Do not worry, Your Majesties; he will get well. Only do as I advise, and he will live to be as old as I am, or older, maybe.”

At this, the crown prince, wondering about whom Spectacles was talking, peered a little way over the edge of the world and saw his father standing in the middle of the floor, his eyes red, his hair tumbled, and his hands buried deep in his pockets. He peeped a little farther still, and there was the general looking stiffer than ever and with so many orders pinned on his breast that he fairly shone; but his eyes were also red, and he seemed all of a sudden to have grown very old, very old indeed, older perhaps than Spectacles himself.

But stop! Spectacles was talking again, now about some wonderful place in the mountains—at the very end of the kingdom, the crown prince was glad to learn—where were to be found the most extraordinary butter and the richest milk and the freshest eggs and the best water—and air. When Spectacles came to this last, his adjectives had completely given out; but he kept on about it until it seemed as if all the other parts of the earth had the worst possible kind of air and this the purest, or as if this favored spot possessed all the air that was going and the rest of the world had to get along as best it could without any. It did not appear as if he would ever exhaust this topic, but presumably he did so, for after a while he bowed to everybody and backed out of the room without bumping into a single thing—as his highness carefully observed—just as though he wore spectacles all round the circumference of his shiny head.

He had no sooner gone than the king cast one glance at the crown prince out of the corner of his eye, and straightway fell into a perfect frenzy. He commanded the general to get a piece of paper immediately, or, better, a ream, if he could find it, and every pen and pencil he could lay his hands on, and to write

down forthwith certain directions that would be given him, all with the utmost care, so that the slightest chance of an omission or a mistake might be avoided. First, there was to be a sand pile made at this place in the mountains, a large pile, a monstrous pile, so big, in fact, that it would be perfectly impossible to set forth its dimensions here, as the king gave them, without being obliged to leave out the remainder of his majesty's injunctions.

"Mind you!" said the king, noting with covert eye that the crown prince was watching him intently, and shaking his finger at the general as if *he* were a little boy; "mind you! big, big—the bigger the better, and of the whitest, cleanest, softest sand; and to go with it a wheelbarrow, a bucket, and a spade. And next—write precisely as I tell you—six white ponies, all exactly alike, with long, white tails. Then, a dozen dogs, the most playful in the kennels, and a basketful—a big basketful—of puppies. Next, a fishing-rod, and a gun, and—let me see—and a swing, and a trunkful of games to be played out-of-doors on sunshiny days, and two trunkfuls of games to be played indoors on rainy days. And—go on!—next——"

But it was useless to go on. The poor general, writing like a madman, was miles behind already, so that the king, until he could catch up, sent for one attendant after another, charging that boxes and trunks be packed with the greatest expedition, assigning this for A to do, and that for B to do, until at length all had staggered off under loads of tasks and messages.

Finally, the general having caught up, or having abandoned his mission as hopeless, and being anxious to make a fresh start, asked:

"Your Majesty, shall the soldiers belonging to His Highness be taken, or any of his books dealing with military matters? And to accompany him, what equerries and chamberlains——"

"No! no!" said a voice almost in the crown prince's ear. He could not tell whence it came; but surely it was the sweetest, the softest, the gentlest voice in the whole wide world. "No! no! We will forget all about being a soldier and a king until we are ever so much older—ever, ever so much older than we are now. We will forget all about it and be a little boy—just a little boy. And we will go away from this place and take with us no reminder of it. It is stifling. It has kept us apart. It has made me cold and heartless. It has made him lonely and miserable. It

has almost killed him. Think of it! I might have lost him—my little son!"

The crown prince, beginning to doubt whether, after all, he had reached the edge of the Happy Country, looked up and saw his beautiful dream mother gazing down at him with eyes full of love and pity. He tried to move that he might pinch himself and make sure where he was; but her soft arms held him close, straining him to her breast, as if she sought thus to give all her strength to him to whom she had already given life.

"Mother," breathed the crown prince, reaching up with one freed hand to touch her cheek; "is it all real? is it you at last?"

"Yes, yes, my darling," whispered she, "it is all real, every bit of it."

"And you won't leave me again, will you? You will always stay with me, mother, won't you? Say that you will go with me to this wonderful place where the sand pile is to be."

"Yes, yes, my baby; yes, indeed, I will—you and I all alone to the place where the sand pile is to be."

"And I won't have to sit on the big book and be decimated?" asked the crown prince, now a little tremulously; "nor think about the river, on which my—my—on which one of my flanks should rest?"

"No! no!" answered the young queen, smiling through her tears. "You shall rest—God at last having opened my blind eyes—on a mother's love. That is best, that is safest for little boys."

"And yet, Your Gracious Majesty," said General von Kampf, bowing very low, "if you will permit one of the oldest and most faithful retainers of your august house to add a word—a river has its uses, particularly in military affairs. On the very eve of the battle of Pankow, observing that the left wing of the royal forces was unprotected—was in the air—it became my duty to call the attention of your sainted——"

The queen, smiling gently, laid her finger on her lips. The crown prince had fallen asleep.

The night light flickered on the hearth, the shadows danced upon the wall so gaily that even the young mother fell to watching them. Perhaps the crown prince saw them, too. Perhaps they had followed him back into the Valley of Dreams whither he had gone for a moment to gain fresh strength for his future journey through the Happy Country where real people live. At any rate, sound asleep on his mother's breast, his hand in hers, he laughed the happiest, the merriest of laughs.

Captain Thomas A. Scott—Master Diver

One Who Was Not Afraid and Who Spoke the Truth

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH

Author of "The Wood Fire in No. 3," "The Romance of an Old-fashioned Gentleman," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—There rises constantly the cry that the magazines present only the unpleasant phases of life; that they harp solely upon graft and grafters; that they tear down, but never build up. We do not believe that this applies justly to EVERYBODY'S. It is true that we have dealt, and shall continue to deal, body blows to men and to practices unworthy our national heritage and dangerous to healthy public life. But we recognize that all about us are honorable institutions and good men—heroes, even—the record of whose service to the common weal is wholesome and inspiring. We have found one of these heroes in Captain Scott—an ideal American citizen; and we have happily found his biographer in that prince of optimists, F. Hopkinson Smith.

SOME sixty years ago there sailed out of a harbor on the Chesapeake, near the town of Snow Hill, Maryland, a craft carrying eight cords of wood—all on deck. She was what was known as a "bay puny," drawing but four feet of water, with a mast forward and a boom swinging loose. Aft of the stump of a bowsprit was a fo'castle the size of a dry-goods box, in which slept the captain and the crew.

The captain was Tommy Scott, a lad of fifteen—strong, well-built, and springy—with the look in his face of one who was not afraid, and who spoke the truth; the crew was a negro boy of twelve. These two supplied the neighboring towns with wood in exchange for oysters and clams.

Some years later a straight, clear-eyed young fellow, with a chest of iron, arms like cant-hooks, and thighs lashed with whip-cord and steel, shipped as common sailor aboard the schooner John Willetts—Captain Wever, master. He was seven years older than when he commanded the puny, but the look on his face was still the same—the look of a

man who was not afraid, and who spoke the truth.

A leaf torn from the log of the Willetts, yellow-stained and frayed at the corners, a fragment hidden in an old trunk in the garret all these years—furnishes a further record. From this fragment it appears that a certain Thomas Scott was hired at fifteen dollars a month, paid at intervals, as follows:

To cash at Port Richmond.....	\$2.00
To " at New York.....	1.00
To " for shirt.....	1.50
To " for trunk off Barnegat.....	2.00
Cash—a dollar gold piece.....	1.00

At the bottom are the words, "All settled with T. Scott up to May 1st, 1852," and then the signature, "T. A. Scott."

Three years later (1855 now) another vessel loomed into view. This was the schooner Thomas Nelson, Captain Thomas A. Scott, master and part owner, loaded to the scuppers with a cargo of staves bound for Barbados. She carried but one passenger—a slender Maryland girl with a wedding-ring on her finger, which the captain himself had placed there three weeks before. The voyage took eighteen days, the sea being smooth and the wind kindly—so kindly that the slender girl sometimes held the tiller. On the voyage back a gale from the northwest swept the deck and split the foresail into ribbons. On the tenth day the navigator and half the crew were taken down with fever, the navigator dying as he reached port. Again the slender girl held the tiller, standing beside the man who was not afraid—this time with her heart in her mouth.

Forty-eight hours the two stood on deck, taking turns at the pumps and tiller. On the twenty-fifth day they sighted the Capes, and the next morning dropped anchor in the Roanoke. Many a storm have these two ridden

out together since that blind rush from the Barbados—storms of poverty, of death, of sorrow; many a bright morning, too, and welcoming harbor have gladdened their eyes; but there were always four hands on the tiller, two big and strong, and two warm and helping.



Photograph by Giles Bishop & Son, New London.

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S MOTHER, WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF 89.

The children began to come now. The schooner was sold, and the captain and his wife moved to Coytesville, New Jersey, where he opened a general store. Two years later a burning steamer sank near Fort Lee. The captain was asked to make a survey of the wreck, with the result that the store was abandoned and a contract entered into between himself and the owners to bring the

cargo to the surface. This experience fitted him for more important work along similar lines, and in 1869 he entered the employ of a submarine company in New York, and was at once placed in charge of the wrecked steamer *Scotland*, sunk in six fathoms of water off Sandy Hook. The steamer was an iron vessel, lay immediately in the channel, and was a menace to navigation. The government offered a lump sum for its complete removal and a percentage of the value of any cargo saved.

Up to the time Captain Scott was put in charge of this work, all attempts at breaking the iron hulk had failed. Explosives of to-day were unknown then; the battery was in use, but a water-proof cartridge of high power was lacking. Captain Scott crawled over every foot of the vessel in his diving-dress, made up his mind instantly what to do, bought thirty new wine casks holding sixty gallons each, filled them with powder, sunk and placed each cask himself—some under her lower deck, others back of her boilers, two in the fore-castle, five behind her engines—wherever the force would tell, connected the thirty giant bombs by rubber-coated copper wire, twisted the strands into one rope, placed his battery in a rowboat, fell back

some hundred yards, and made the connection. There was an upheaval, a column of water rose straight in the air, and the *Scotland* was split like a melon dashed on a sidewalk.

The fight for a clear channel being won, the work of salvage was begun. This occupied five hundred and eighty-five working hours, Scott breaking the record at that time by re-

maining seven hours and forty-eight minutes under water. The company's share of the property saved amounted to \$110,000; Scott's pay and percentage to \$11,000.

The following year (1870) he laid the under-water foundation for the first dock built by the Dock Department of New York, the plan being a novel one, and his own.

Between 1871 and 1878 he was in charge, at my request, of the submarine work of the Race Rock Lighthouse off New London harbor, to which city he moved his plant and family, and where the family still resides.

Not much of a record, the foregoing—unless you knew the man and were familiar with the difficulties overcome. Hundreds of men in similar walks of life have done as much, you might say; many have done more. I admit it, but few with so little book education. For there had been no time during all these years for study; Thomas Scott had practically no schooling—only what his mother had taught him and what he could thumb from the primers of the day. He was just a plain American sailor-man, born of industrious, honest people—his only capital his courage, his clear head, his willingness to tackle any job that came his way, and his mastery of details.

My own acquaintance with him begins now—one of the greatest blessings that ever came into my life. This is easily understood when my own unfitness for a task of the magnitude I had contracted to do is considered. I was young, inexperienced, with little money, and with practically no plant for a work of the kind. The problem was the building of a

lighthouse exposed to the full rake of the Atlantic, situated eight miles from a harbor, two miles from any shore, and in a race that ran six miles an hour—my first work of any magnitude. The success of work of this kind does not always depend on the skill



Photograph by Giles Bishop & Son, New London.

CAPTAIN THOMAS A. SCOTT AS HE WAS IN 1890.

of the engineer, but upon the nerve, pluck, and loyalty of the men who handle the material. These men are difficult to obtain, for there are no regular working gangs from which to choose them, since there are not enough lighthouses built in any one year on our coasts to educate and retain them.

Besides, experience in any branch, such as diving, handling, and erecting derricks, is

really less important than the willingness to get wet and stay wet, hours at a time; to endanger one's life almost daily without caring for, or knowing, the risk; to go hungry when shut off from supplies by rough weather, during which no landing can be made; to sleep in a water cask for three days, lashed to the derricks, because every other movable thing—shanty and all—has been swept away by a southeaster (and this was one of our experiences). To do this cheerfully, patiently, and continuously, year after year, battling with the sea as an enemy, only looking forward to victory, is what crowns any submarine work with success.

More difficult still is the finding of a man to lead and command such men.

One morning, in answer to my advertisement, a forceful, straightforward man, strong as a bull, clear-eyed, honest-looking, competent, and fearless, walked into my office a stranger, and thirty minutes later walked out again as foreman of construction. He was about forty-two years of age at the time, in the prime of his manhood, and at the beginning of an experience now so widely known. References, usually considered necessary in a first interview, and generally confirmed by subsequent inquiries or written recommendations, did not enter into the negotiations between us. No man or child could look Captain Thomas A. Scott in the face without instantly believing in him, and no act of his in after life would shake that belief.

The reader must forgive the use of the personal pronoun in this part of the captain's life. I cannot tell the story in any other way and do him justice. This will be the better appreciated when it is remembered that during the seven years the lighthouse was building, we slept side by side in the same shanty, ate of the same food, and were often wet by the smash of the same sea, and that during that time and for years thereafter, he was the brains and force of all the work contracted for in my office. Our friendship began gradually, step by step, increasing in intensity as I watched him develop, noted his instantaneous command of resources, his indomitable courage, knowing no fear, and his marvelous control over his men. The sentiment deepened into love—the love a younger brother has for an older one, whom he looks up to and depends upon—as one difficulty after another, insurmountable to me, arose. And it became permanent when his first great calamity overtook him—the blowing up of his own working boat, the Wallace,

which proved a total wreck, with heavy loss in killed and wounded and a heavy money loss to him—some \$10,000. The hands that could wrench a sea-jammed rock from its bed in thirty feet of water were those of a woman now, as he sat night after night in the improvised hospital we had fitted up for the men's comfort or stood by their graves with uncovered head.

Nor can this story be properly and truthfully told without a slight description of the work his heroism and brains brought to completion. The problem presented was the throwing overboard of thousands of tons of stone from sloops, to form an artificial island upon which, when leveled to low water, there was to be built a granite cone some sixty feet in diameter; on this was to be placed the dwelling house, topped by the lantern and lens.

This turtle island—it was in the form of an ellipse—was to be leveled so smooth that the first course of masonry could be laid true. This was exceedingly difficult, for the rocks over this area weighed from three to seven tons; were, of course, jagged, with their points projecting sometimes several feet above the requisite level of mean low water, and so covered with sea-slime and kelp as to make a slippery foothold. The current of the 'race, too, was swift—so swift that, should the men pull away from the island in small boats far enough to escape the falling fragments of a blast to break these projections, they could not regain the island again except in slack water.

As a protection against these fragments, Captain Scott made trap-doors, three or four feet square, of heavy oak plank, spliced together. The men crouched up to their necks in water between the rocks before the blasts were fired, and pulled these skids, or trap-doors, over their heads. Owing to Scott's watchfulness, no skulls were cracked nor bones broken, and a general thanksgiving took place in consequence.

At this stage of the work an important discovery was made; in fact, we had been making it ever since work began. This was that many of the loose rocks which formed the artificial island and which, in obedience to the government's plan, had been thrown into the sea to find their own bottom, had altered their position. Soundings showed that the depth of water outside the edge of the island, instead of being but twelve feet, as shown on the plan, was really thirty feet. We were, therefore, building the island on a pyramid,

and not on a level surface. These facts were known and thoroughly discussed by the government, and were as fully known to us. But the department had decided to take the risk of the rocks' settling rather than incur the additional expense of leveling the whole shoal.

The impossibility of placing a granite cone weighing thousands of tons on such a foundation now, however, became apparent. The government was notified, and after some weeks of investigation, we were asked for a modified plan that would utilize, so far as possible, the work already completed.

I recall now the days and nights Captain Scott spent over this new problem, and the number of models made and abandoned by us as new difficulties and obstacles presented themselves. At last a plan, upon which the lighthouse was finally built, was submitted to the board and approved. It was as follows:

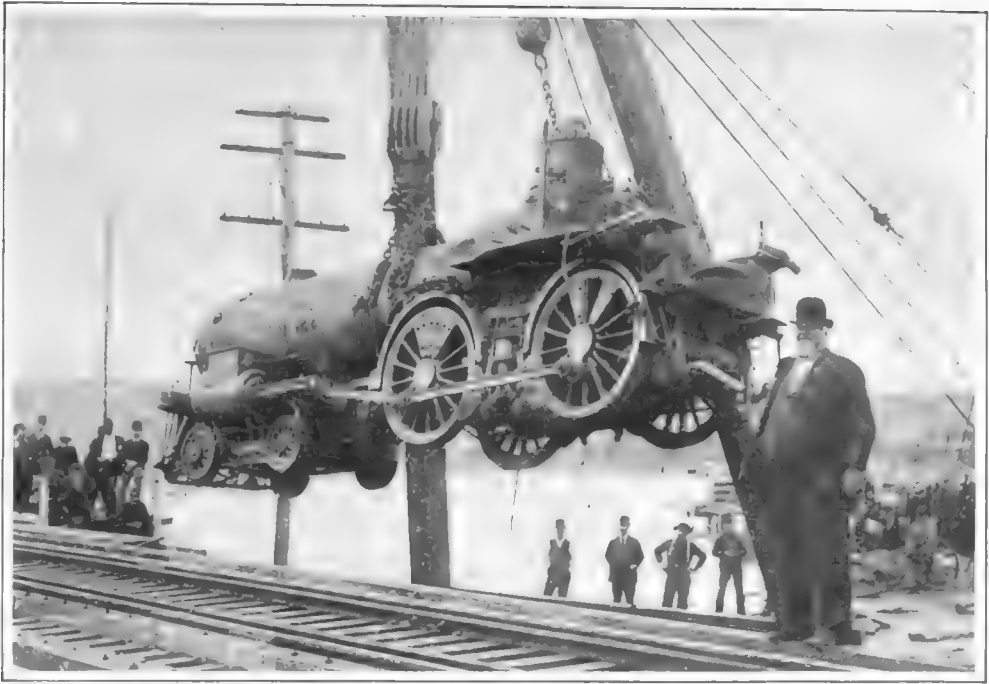
To chain and drag from the center of the turtle's back, by means of heavy derricks erected in a square on four points of the island,

all the three- to five-ton rocks that had been dumped in; to replace these rocks outside the circle of the proposed excavation, piling them up as a breakwater, until we had reached the original bottom and had uncovered the original Race Rock, a huge boulder weighing some twenty tons; and then to fill this water space with concrete in the form of a great disk up to the level of low water. Upon this concrete disk, in reality one solid stone the shape of a huge cheese, was to be built the granite cone.

I recall, too, the months of labor devoted to the chaining and dragging from their bed of these submerged rocks, jammed together as they were by succeeding winters' storms—the work becoming more and more difficult as the water deepened. Problems like these are outside a manual; the time comes when a human body, backed by courage and brains, must take sea after sea upon it when working above water, or, breathing through an inch hose, must grapple rocks below the



WHENEVER A SITUATION CONFRONTED US THAT THE ENGINEERS COULDN'T SOLVE, THE CAPTAIN ROSE TO THE OCCASION.



IT WAS BUT THE WORK OF HALF A DAY FOR CAPTAIN SCOTT—AND UP SHE CAME.

wave-break. No money can pay a man for such labor, such loyalty to the work and to his associates.

With the water space cleared, the iron bands to circle the concrete were sunk and laid flat on the sandy bottom, filled with concrete mixed in a soft state, packed into buckets with drop-bottoms, and thus lowered to the divers below. This was continued until four successive circles of filled iron bands were laid, one on top of the other—a process occupying months—and the disk struck smooth. The first base stone of the lighthouse—a mill-stone sixty feet in diameter and three feet thick, hard as an obelisk, and of one solid stone—was now complete.

No other problem confronted us. There were storms, of course, with high surf, so that the Rock could not be reached, and there were setbacks of one kind or another, such as loss of shanties, platforms, and every movable fixture. But the captain's work was over, and one of the lasting monuments to his skill and loyalty complete in all its details.

A digression here is permissible—one that is illuminating. It is but a few years since this same old sea-dog—gray now, with a bald spot on the back of his head, and a trifle larger around the middle—boarded his tug in

New London harbor—he owned half a dozen of them then—took the younger brother with him, and pointed the tug's nose for the Race Rock Light, finished twenty-five years before.

"Good many holes out here," the sea-dog said, as he plunged her nose headforemost into the recurrent waves surging in from Montauk, "and it gits worse before it gits better."

As we neared the isolated pile of masonry, a spot in the waste of waters that all these years had withstood the attacks of the merciless sea, and still holds its light aloft, a man slid down the iron ladder of the cone and ran to the end of the wharf. Then came a voice:

"Anything the matter? Anybody sick?"

It was something out of the ordinary for a New London tug to head for the Rock in the teeth of a southeaster.

"No; just come out to see if we could land," the captain cried.

"Gosh! how you skeered me; thought some of the folks was tuk bad."

Then another man dropped down the ladder, and, springing to the boat's davits, began lowering a lifeboat.

"What d'yer think, sir—shall we try it?" asked the captain.

"Can we land?" I asked dubiously.

"Land? Of course!" he replied with posi-

tive emphasis. "It won't make no difference to me" (he was seventy-four then), "but there won't be a dry rag on you."

I picked up the glass and looked over the joints of the masonry, and followed the lines of the wharf and the angle of the cone. They were still as true as when Captain Tom had laid them with his own hands.

"Never mind, Captain," I said. "I guess you needn't bother."

What a difference twenty-five years makes in some of us!

In the building of the Light it was not only his indomitable courage that showed itself. The human side of the man—the woman side of him—was even more lovable. Lovable is the word. You admire some men, you respect and fear others. Scott you loved.

What I am about to relate is not fiction. I stood by and saw it all—it is true, word for word. There are half a dozen men yet alive who held their breath, as I did, in fear. They have never forgotten what they saw—and they never will forget.

The weather had puzzled some of us since sunrise; little lumpy clouds showed near the horizon-line, and sailing above these was a dirty spot of vapor, while aloft glowed some prismatic sun-dogs, shimmering like opals. Etched against the distance lay a sloop loaded with stone for the Light—her sails furled, her boom swinging loose and ready, the smoke from her hoister curling from the end of her smoke-pipe, thrust up out of the forward hatch. She was fastened with a tether-line to a safety-buoy, anchored within a few hundred yards of the Rock.

Below us on the concrete platform rested our big air-pump, and beside it stood Captain Scott. He was in his diving-dress, and at the moment was adjusting the breastplates of lead, weighing twenty-five pounds each, to his chest and back. His leaden shoes were already on his feet. With the exception of his copper helmet, the signal-line around his wrist, and the life-line about his waist, he was ready to go below.

This meant that pretty soon he would don his helmet, and, with a last word to his tender, tuck his chin-whisker inside the opening, wait until the face-plate was screwed on, and then, with a nod behind the glass, denoting that the air was coming all right, would step down his rude ladder into the sea: to his place among the crabs and the seaweed.

Suddenly I became conscious of a conver-

sation carried on in a low tone around the corner of the shanty.

"Old Moon-face [Baxter, the captain of the sloop] 'll have to git up and git in a minute," said a derrick-man to a shoveler—born sailors these; "there'll be a helluver time round here 'fore night."

"We'll, there ain't no wind."

"Ain't no wind, ain't there? See that bobble waltzing in?" Seaward ran a ragged line of silver, edging the horizon toward Montauk.

"Does look soapy, don't it?" answered the shoveler. "Wonder if the cap'n sees it."

The captain had seen it—fifteen minutes before anybody else—had been watching it to the exclusion of any other object. That was why he hadn't screwed on his face-plate. He knew the sea—knew every move of the merciless, cunning beast. The game here would be to lift the sloop on the back of a smooth under-roller, and with a mighty lunge hurl her like a battering-ram against the shore rocks, shattering her timbers into kindling wood. And this would mean not only the drowning of some of her crew, but hopeless poverty for the old man and his wife who owned the sloop.

The captain called to one of his men—another shoveler:

"Billy, go down to the edge of the stone pile and holler to the sloop to cast off and make for home. And say"—this to his pump-tender—"unhook this breastplate; there won't be no divin' to-day. I've been mistrustin' the wind would haul ever since I got up this mornin'."

The shoveler sprang from the platform and began clambering over the slippery, slimy rocks like a crab, his red shirt marked with the white X of his suspenders in relief against the blue water. When he reached the outermost edge of the stone pile, where the ten-ton blocks lay, he made a megaphone of his fingers and repeated the captain's orders to the sloop.

Baxter listened with his hands cupped to his ears.

"Who says so?" came back the reply.

"Cap'n Scott."

"What fur?"

"Goin' to blow; don't ye see it?"

Baxter stepped gingerly along the sloop's rail; when he reached the foot of the bowsprit, this answer came over the water:

"Let her blow! This sloop's chartered to deliver this stone. We've got steam up, and the stuff's goin' over the side: git your divers ready. I ain't shovin' no baby carriage, and don't you forgit it. I'm comin' on! Cast off

that buoy-line, you—" this to one of his men.

Captain Scott continued stripping off his leaden breastplate. He had heard his order repeated and knew that it had been given correctly, and the subsequent proceedings did not interest him. If Baxter had anything to say in answer, it was of no moment to him. His word was law on the Ledge; first, because the men daily trusted their lives to his guidance, and second, because they all loved him with a love hard for a landsman to understand, especially to-day, when the boss and the gang never, by any possibility, pull together.

"Baxter says he's comin' on, sir," said the shoveler when he reached the captain's side, the grin on his sunburnt face widening until its two ends hooked over his ears. The shoveler had heard nothing so funny for weeks.

"Comin' on?"

"That's what he hollered. Wants you to git ready to take his stuff, sir."

I was out of the shanty now. I came in two jumps. With that squall whirling in from the eastward and the tide making flood, any man who would leave the protection of the spar-buoy for the purpose of unloading was fit for a lunatic asylum.

The captain had straightened up and was screening his eyes with his hand when I reached his side, his gaze riveted on the sloop, which had now hauled in her tether-line and was drifting clear of the buoy. He was still incredulous.

"No—he ain't comin'. Baxter's all right—he'll port his helm in a minute—but he'd better send up his jib"—and he swept his eye around—"and that quick, too."

At this instant the sloop wavered and lurched heavily. The outer edge of the in-suck had caught her bow.

Minds work quickly in times of great danger—minds like Captain Scott's. In a flash he had taken in the fast-approaching roller, froth-capped by the sudden squall, the surging vessel, and the scared face of Baxter, who, having now realized his mistake, was clutching wildly at the tiller and shouting orders to his men, none of which could be carried out. The captain knew what would happen—what had happened before, and what would happen again with fools like Baxter—now—in a minute—before he could reach the edge of the stone pile, hampered as he was in a rubber suit that bound his arms and tied his great legs together. And he understood the sea's game, and knew that the only way to outwit it would

be to use the beast's own tactics. When it gathered itself for the thrust and started in to hurl the doomed vessel the full length of its mighty arms, the sloop's safety lay in widening the space. A cushion of backwater would then receive the sloop's forefoot, in place of the snarling teeth of the low, crunching rocks.

He had kicked off both leaden-soled shoes now and was shouting out directions to Baxter, who was slowly and surely being sucked into the swirl:

"Up with your jib! No, *no!*—let that main-sail alone! UP! Do you want to git her on the stone pile, you— Port your helm! PORT!! GOD!—LOOK AT HIM!!"

Captain Scott had slid from the platform now and was flopping his great body over the slimy, slippery rocks like a seal, falling into water holes every other step, crawling out on his belly, rolling from one slanting stone to another, shouting to his men every time he had the breath:

"Man that yawl and run a line as quick as God'll let ye out to the buoy! Do ye hear? Pull that fall off the drum of the h'ister and git the end of a line on it! She'll be on top of us in a minute, and the mast out of her! QUICK!!"

The shoveler sprang for a coil of rope. The others threw themselves after him, while half a dozen men working around the small eddy in the lee of the diminutive island caught up the oars to man the yawl.

All this time the sloop, under the uplift of the first big Montauk roller—the skirmish line of the attack—surged, bow on, to destruction. Baxter, although shaking with fear, had sense enough left to keep her nose pointed to the stone pile. The mast might come out of her, but that was better than being gashed amidships and sunk in thirty feet of water.

The captain, his rubber suit glistening like a tumbling porpoise, his hair matted to his head, had now reached the outermost rock opposite the doomed craft, and stood near enough to catch every expression that crossed Baxter's face, who, as white as chalk, was holding the tiller with all his strength, cap off, his blowsy hair flying in the increasing gale, his mouth tight shut: no orders now would have done any good. Go ashore she must, and nothing could help her. It would be every man for himself then: no help would come. Captain Scott and his men would run for shelter as soon as the blow fell, and leave them to their fate. Peanut men like Baxter are built to think that way.

All these minutes—seconds, really—the

captain stood bending forward, watching where the sloop would strike, his hands outstretched in the attitude of a ball player awaiting a ball. If her nose should hit on the sharp, square edges of one of the ten-ton blocks, God help her! She would split wide open, like a gourd. If by any chance her forefoot should be thrust into one of the many gaps between the enrockment blocks—spaces from two to three feet wide—and her bow timbers should thus take the shock, there was a living chance to save her.

A cry from Baxter, who had dropped the tiller and was scrambling over the stone-covered deck to the bowsprit, now reached the captain's ears, but he never altered his position. What he was to do must be done surely. Baxter didn't count—wasn't in the back of his head; there were plenty of willing hands to pick Baxter and his men out of the suds.

Then a thing happened which, if I had not seen it, I would never have believed possible. The water cushion of the out-suck helped; so did the huge roller, which, in its blind rage, had underestimated the distance between its lift and the wide-open jaws of the rock—as a maddened bull often underestimates the length of its thrust, its horns falling short of the matador.

Whatever the cause, Captain Scott saw his chance, sprung to the outermost rock, and bracing his great snubbing-posts of legs against its edge, reversed his body, caught the wavering sloop on his broad shoulders, close under her bowsprit chains, and pushed with all his might.

Now began a struggle between the strength of the man and the lunge of the sea. With every succeeding onslaught, and before the savage roller could fully lift the staggering craft to hurl her to destruction, Captain Tom, with the help of the out-suck, would shove her back from the waiting rocks. This was repeated again and again—the men in the rescuing yawl meanwhile bending every muscle to carry out the captain's commands. Sometimes his head was free enough to shout his orders, and sometimes both man and bow were smothered in suds.

"Keep that fall clear!" would come the order. "Stand ready to catch the yawl! Shut that—" here a souse would stop his breath. "Shut that furnace door! Do ye want the steam out of the b'iler?"—etc., etc.

That the slightest misstep on the slimy rocks on which his feet were braced meant sending him under the sloop's bow, where he would be caught between her forefoot and the

rocks and be ground into pulp, concerned him as little as did the fact that Baxter and his men had crawled along the bowsprit over his head, and dropped to the island without wetting their shoes, or that his diving-suit was full of water and he soaked to the skin. Little things like these made no more difference to him than they would have done to a Newfoundland dog saving a child. His thoughts were on other things—on the rescuing yawl speeding toward the spar-buoy; on two of his men, who, seeing Baxter's cowardly desertion, had sprung like cats at the bowsprit of the sloop in one of her dives, and were then on the stern, ready to pay out a line to the yawl.

A hawser now ripped suddenly from out the crest of a roller. The two men on the sloop, despite the increasing gale, had succeeded in paying out a stern line to the men in the yawl; who in turn had slipped it through the snatch-block fastened in the spar-buoy, and had then connected it with the line they had brought with them from the island, its far end being around the drum of our hoister.

A shrill cry now came from one of the crew in the yawl alongside the spar-buoy, followed instantly by the clear, ringing order—"Go ahead!"

A burst of feathery steam plumed skyward, and then the slow chuggity-chug of the shore-drum cogs rose in the air. The stern line straightened until it was as rigid as a bar of iron—sagged for an instant under the slump of the staggering sloop, straightened, and then slowly, foot by foot, the sloop, held by the stern line, crept back to safety.

And this to save a friend and his old wife from loss and poverty!

This love for his fellow men and willingness to risk his life for their safety was not confined to Captain Scott's experience on the Rock. He never referred to any of these deeds thereafter; never believed, really, that he had done anything out of the ordinary. I myself had been with him for two years before I learned of the particular act of heroism that I am now about to relate—and only then from one of his men—an act that was the talk of the country for days. I give it as it was told me, and word for word as I have given it before. I do so the more willingly and without excuse for its repetition here because it illustrates not only the courageous but the tender, human side of the man. I give it gladly, because the reading and rereading of such deeds helps to keep alive in the hearts of

our people that reverence for heroism which, of late, seems to be on the wane among us.

Our so-called up-to-date literature is responsible for some of this; the absorption of our people in the material things of life for much of it. Our heroes of to-day are often the targets of the morrow. The thrill that sent the blood of our young men rushing through their veins when the oft-told story of Valley Forge, Bunker Hill, or Gettysburg was poured into their ears is nothing to the breathless interest with which many of them read the headlines of a newspaper, telling of ruined homes, wrecked reputations, and the misery and suffering involved. Now and then, it is true, when some brave fireman crawls along a burning ledge, or the gateman on a ferry-boat risks his life to save a would-be suicide, with the result that some official pins a medal on his chest, the heroic act wins a place, but the record rarely covers more than ten lines of the issue, and even then with the most important facts left out.

Of this incident it can be safely said that nothing has been left out. Best of all, it has been confirmed in all its details by the hero himself, after a corkscrewing on my part that lasted for hours.

But to the story:

One morning in January, when the ice in the Hudson River ran unusually heavy, a Hoboken ferry-boat slowly crunched her way through the floating floes, until the thickness of the pack choked her paddles in mid-river. It was an early morning trip, and the decks were crowded with laboring men and the driveways choked with teams; the women and children standing inside the cabins were a solid mass up to the swinging doors. While she was gathering strength for a further effort, an ocean tug sheered to avoid her, veered a point, and crashed into her side, cutting her below the water-line in a great V-shaped gash. The next instant a shriek went up from hundreds of throats. Women, with blanched faces, caught terror-stricken children in their arms, while men, crazed with fear, scaled the rails and upper decks to escape the plunging of the overthrown horses. A moment more, and the disabled boat careened from the shock and fell over on her beam, helpless. Into the V-shaped gash the water poured a torrent. It seemed but a question of minutes before she would lunge headlong below the ice.

Within two hundred yards of both boats, and free of the heaviest ice, steamed the wreck-

ing-tug *Reliance* of the Off-shore Wrecking Company, making her way cautiously up the New Jersey shore to coal at Weehawken. On her deck forward, sighting the heavy cakes, and calling out cautionary orders to the mate in the pilot-house, stood Captain Scott. When the ocean tug reversed her engines after the collision and backed clear of the shattered wheel-house of the ferry-boat, he sprang forward, stooped down, ran his eye along the water-line, noted in a flash every shattered plank, climbed into the pilot-house of his own boat, and before the astonished pilot could catch his breath, pushed the nose of the *Reliance* along the rail of the ferry-boat and dropped upon the latter's deck like a cat.

If he had fallen from a passing cloud, the effect could not have been more startling. Men crowded about him and caught his hands. Women sank on their knees and hugged their children, and a sudden peace and stillness possessed every soul on board. Tearing a life-preserver from the man nearest him and throwing it overboard, he backed the coward ahead of him through the swaying mob, ordering the people to stand clear, and forcing the whole mass to the starboard side. The increased weight gradually righted the stricken boat until she regained a nearly even keel.

With a threat to throw overboard any man who stirred, he dropped into the engine-room, met the engineer half-way up the ladder, compelled him to return, dragged the mattresses from the crew's bunks, stripped off blankets, snatched up clothes, overalls, cotton waste, and rags of carpet, cramming them into the great rent left by the tug's cutwater, until the space of each broken plank was replaced, except one. Through and over this space the water still combed, deluging the floors and swashing down between the gratings into the hold.

"Another mattress!" he cried. "Quick! All gone? A blanket, then—carpet—anything! Five minutes more and she'll right herself. Quick, for God's sake!"

It was useless. Everything, even to the oil-rags, had been used.

"Your coat, then. Think of the babies, man! Do you hear them?"

Coats and vests were off in an instant; the engineer on his knees bracing the shattered planking, Captain Scott forcing the garments into the splintered openings.

It was useless. Little by little the water gained, bursting out first below, then on one side, only to be calked out again, and only to rush in once more.

Captain Scott stood a moment as if undecided, ran his eye searchingly over the engine-room, saw that for his needs it was empty, then deliberately tore down the top wall of calking he had so carefully built up, and, before the engineer could protest, forced his own body into the gap, with his arm outside, level with the drifting ice.

An hour later, the disabled ferry-boat, with every soul on board, was towed into the Hoboken slip.

When they lifted the captain from the wreck, he was unconscious and barely alive. The water had frozen his blood, and the floating ice had torn the flesh from his protruding arm from shoulder to wrist. When the color began to creep back to his cheeks, he opened his eyes and said to the doctor who was winding the bandages:

"Wuz any of them babies hurt?"

A month passed before he regained his strength, and another week before the arm had healed so that he could get his coat on. Then he went back to the *Reliance*.

In the meantime the wrecking company had presented a bill to the ferry company for salvage, claiming that the safety of the ferry-boat was due to one of the employees of the wrecking company. Payment had been refused, resulting in legal proceedings, which had already begun. The morning following this action Captain Scott was called into the president's office.

"Captain," said that official, "we're going to have some trouble getting our pay for that ferry job. Here's an affidavit for you to swear to."

The captain took the paper to the window and read it through without a comment, then laid it back on the president's desk, picked up his hat, and moved to the door.

"Did you sign it?"

"No; and I ain't a-goin' to."

"Why?"

"'Cause I ain't so durned mean as you be. Look at this arm! Do you think I'd got into that hell-hole if it hadn't been for them women cryin' and the babies a-hollerin'? And you want 'em to pay for it. Damn ye! If your head wasn't white, I'd mash it."

Then he walked out; the next day he answered my advertisement, and the following week took charge of the work at Race Rock.

Another hour of corkscrewing made him remember the log of the *Reliance*, locked up in that same old trunk in the garret from which the log of the Willetts was taken after

his death. When the old, well-thumbed book was found, he perched his glasses on his nose, and began turning the leaves with his rough thole-pin of a finger, stopping at every page to remoisten it, and adding a running commentary upon the long-forgotten records.

"Yes, here it is," he said at last. "Knowed I hadn't forgot it. You can read it yourself; my eyes ain't so good as they wuz."

It read as follows:

"January 30. Left Jersey City 7 A.M. Ice running heavy. Captain Scott stopped leak in ferry-boat."

The ending of the work on the Rock found him about fifty years of age, but still strong, muscular, and with an experience in submarine work second to that of no man on our coast. Soon the docks in front of his home on Pequot Avenue, New London, began to be enlarged: sheds were built, new tugs bought and equipped, dredging-machines constructed, and heavy scows, barges, and lighters, carrying cargoes of two hundred tons or more, were equipped with the best modern machinery. He was ready now for any heavy work, no matter how large the steamer, how dangerous her position, or how serious the problem of refloating her. The telephone was within reach of his bedside, and no matter what the hour or how hard a gale was blowing he was out, at call, and aboard his fastest tug, often with a quart of raw oil dashed into the furnace and everything wide open.

It will be just as well to follow some of these experiences: with the steamer *Columbia*, for instance, wrecked off Gay Head—this in 1884.

The wreck lay three-quarters of a mile from the promontory, and the sea broke violently over it. Around the wreck were the steamers *Storm King*, *Conkling*, *Vincent*, *Hunter*, and *Hunt*, the latter having on board Captain Townsend, the New Bedford diver, who was there in the interest of the Boston Underwriters. Captain Baker, of the Baker Wrecking Company of Boston, was also there, waiting more favorable conditions to go below. Captain Scott recognized Captain Baker as having charge of the wreck, and the latter said, after a cursory survey, that, in his opinion, a diver could not stay under water in such weather, and that he would not send a man down. The New London diver characteristically replied that he would send no man down, either, but would go himself.

It was then resolved that an attempt should

be made about 3 P.M., if possible. Captain Scott kept by the wreck, noting the condition of the water closely, and made up his mind that if he waited Captain Baker's return he would lose the best chance for going under. He therefore began his preparations at 1 P.M., and shortly before two o'clock dropped over the starboard side and made a thorough examination. He found a hole three feet square forward about twenty feet from the stem, and several smaller holes forward and abaft; also a perpendicular crack near the foremast, while on the bottom were fragments of jagged rock, evidently broken from the larger boulders on which the ship struck. After completing the survey of the starboard side along the bottom, Captain Scott came up and made an attempt to examine the deck. He went under at the forward hatch, where he found the deck uninjured, but he was caught in the crest of an immense breaker and hurled feet foremost into the air. The heavy seas breaking over the vessel prevented any further work that day.

On Friday morning, Captain Scott again went out to the wreck in the Alert, but found a stiff breeze blowing and the water too rough to admit of resuming operations. The Alert, however, picked up three cases of boots and shoes, a portion of the cargo of the City of Columbus, near Wood's Holl.

On Saturday, the wind blew fresh from the northwest, but the sea was moderate, the weather clear, and Captain Scott was able to remain two hours under water and to complete his survey. He went down well aft on the port side and examined along the bottom; he found portions of the smokestack and machinery, lines, sails, and other wreckage strewn along the port quarter by the main rigging. There was no material injury to the hull aft of the boilers near the bottom, but there were numerous cracks and several holes forward. Further toward the bow the extent of the damage increased, the hull being cracked and pierced with holes innumerable. The diver went ahead of the wreck forty or fifty feet and found himself in a submarine sluiceway, making it evident that the vessel struck a considerable distance ahead of her present position, and kept dropping back by the influence of gravitation and the action of the tide, leaving the imprint of her keel on the sandy bottom.

Another experience: On January 12, 1890, the magnificent passenger steamer City of Worcester went ashore on the rocks inside Bartlett's Reef Lightship. Within an hour of the

receipt of the news of the disaster, Captain Scott was speeding to her assistance in his tug, the T. A. Scott, Jr., and was soon alongside the big, helpless steamer. The officers reported that the Worcester was fast on the rocks, with the water pouring into her second, third, and fourth compartments and her fires out. Life preservers were distributed, the boats made ready, passengers landed without a single accident; most of the cargo—1,250 bales of cotton being part—was transferred to lighters. Twenty-four hours thereafter the endangered steamer was hauled from the rocks, towed into New London harbor, and anchored within a stone's throw of Captain Scott's residence.

This list could be continued indefinitely. Hardly a day or a night was the crew idle—and it is not idle now, for Captain Scott's sons and associates still carry on the business. Sometimes a diversion in the customary work of recovering sunken property would occur. It was a locomotive on one occasion; she had attempted to cross a trestle and had toppled over in thirty feet of water, bottomed by mud.

"Get her up?" said Captain Scott. "Certainly; where'll I put her?"

"Back on the rails," said the manager, with a laugh at the impossibility of the task.

"All right; she'll be there in the mornin' "—and she was.

It was but the work of half a day for Captain Scott to rig up a pair of sheer-poles, drop beside her in his diving-dress, pass some heavy chains under the boiler and between her axles, hook a block into a ring, take a turn on a hoisting engine aboard his wrecking-tug, open a steam-cylinder—and up she came. To lower her gently to the rails and wash her clean of the mud with a nozzle attached to the hose of his steam-pump was the last service.

"There," he said, when she was scrubbed clean, "now git a fire under her and pull her out; she's in my way."

These instances, as I have said, could be multiplied indefinitely. Enough, however, has been told to show the fundamental incentive of his character—his determination to do his work right, so right that no man need ever perfect it after him. His superb constitution helped, but his indomitable will helped more.

He never drank nor smoked, and he had neither time nor desire to play cards. He would go for forty-eight hours in wet clothes, and think nothing of sleeping in them. He absolutely did not know what fear was for himself, yet he feared for his men. He would never

send a man where he would not go himself, yet he'd go where he wouldn't send the men. He never swore except in times of danger, and then the oaths that came from his deep chest meant something. "I've got to do it," he'd say to me. "They won't listen if I don't." So he'd swear at the men to get out of the way of danger, to keep out of this place or that, to let him go down instead of one of them. The result was that they obeyed him implicitly. If he said, "Don't go!" they didn't. If he said, "Go!" they went, though it might be to apparent death. They trusted his judgment in the face of everything; and they were never deceived. When a piece of work involved an extrahazardous risk he would say: "No, that ain't no place for you. I'll go."

And the harder the job, and the more hopeless it seemed, the more cheerily he rose to the emergency, taking full command and invariably doing the critical part himself. When mounting our system of derricks for Race Rock, the crucial cable was the outboard stay for the fourth derrick mast. At the end of the stay was a hook, and this hook had to be slipped into a ring that was made fast to a great block of stone out in the surf. When it came time to windlass the last mast into position and adjust this hook, of course somebody had to go into the surf to do it. The sea was rising fast under a southeast wind, which always kicks up trouble at Race Rock, and it demanded a man of great strength. So, of course, the captain went himself. Up to his waist in a boiling surf, buried under the incoming rollers, he hung on to that hook like grim death, swearing between mouthfuls of salt water to the men on the rocks, and in spite of every effort of wind and tide to thwart us, he got the hook into the ring and completed the derrick system that made possible the building of the Race Rock Light.

In fact, just here lay his unique value. Whenever a problem confronted us—one that the engineers in their offices could not solve, a problem where theories and precedent counted for nothing and the only solution lay in the workman himself, the captain was the man who rose to the emergency. For he could, in any situation, unite his great strength and manual skill to his keen wits and inventive genius. Engineering feats that would have been given up as hopeless he made possible by combining his brain with his muscle. He thought like lightning, too. Time and again I have seen him rescue his men when it didn't seem possible that they could be saved.

And the smallest job received just a smuch attention and disinterested devotion from him as the largest; nothing was ever shirked.

During the later years of his life, when he had grown too stout to be in daily active service (he weighed over three hundred pounds a few months before he died), the pent-up energy of the man seemed to find its outlet in the help he gave others. His charity was so extensive, and he was so much beloved by everyone, that at his funeral there were six hundred people gathered in and about the house. Until the very day of his death he was busy distributing bounties, sending children to school, looking after poor families up and down the coast. One of the New London papers remarked that it was hard to see how New London was going to live without Captain Scott. Only three days before his death he ordered a ton of coal sent to a woman who scrubbed the floors of his house, and nearly his last act was to call up the coal dealer on the telephone and upbraid him for delivering a cheaper grade than he had ordered, demanding that he take it out of the bin and substitute the better.

On the night of February 17, 1907, when he had reached his seventy-seven years, the end came in the fine new home he had built next his old cottage. Only a short time before, he had taken that same slender hand in his—the one that had helped hold the tiller on their wedding journey—and the two had crossed the intervening lawn together. All the sons and daughters and grandchildren were awaiting them in the spacious hall and adjoining rooms.

When the two dear old people entered the house, Captain Scott turned to his wife and said in that vibrant voice of his which all who loved him knew so well:

"This is all yours, Mrs. Scott. I guess our troubles are all over now." And he dropped into a chair and cried like a child.

Summing him up in the thirty-five years I knew and loved him: he has always been, and will always be, to those who had his confidence, one of nature's noblemen. Brave, modest, capable, and tender-hearted. The record of his life, imperfectly as I have given it, must be of value to his fellow countrymen. Nor can I think of any higher tribute to pay him than to repeat the refrain with which these pages were opened:

"One who was not afraid, and who spoke the truth!"

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Author of "The Smoke Eaters," "Don-a-Dreams," etc.

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

MRS. JOLIFFE had said at the time of her daughter's marriage: "Then I hope her children'll not take after *me*—fer if they do, they'll have the divil's own time bringin' *her* up." Mrs. Joliffe was Irish and intended the "bull." Her husband had been English and a butcher. "He was a blood-puddin' Britisher," she would say, in loving memory. "God rest his bones." And whatever natural differences she had ever had with the girl, she laid to the fact that Hetty took after *him*.

"An' annyway, there's no sort o' comfort in a daughter nowadays," she contended. "I'd as soon have a canary-bird to look after. They eat nothin'. An' they're that danged indipindint! If I'd 'a' had a son, now, he'd never 'a' knowed where to find a shirt to his body unless I laid it out fer him. These hoity-toity young misses in their little slippers, goin' hoppin' along on two toes! If I'd 'a' had a son, I c'u'd 'a' heard him comin' a block away. I never see a big fut like that in a trolley-car that I don't envy the mother of it."

These complaints, too, were intended half-humorously. Mrs. Joliffe's daughter and she had lived happily enough together, the mother being contented to stay at home and keep house in their little flat, and the girl willing to work all day in the millinery department of Altgelt's Sixth Avenue store. When the daughter married Bailey, who had charge of a section of Altgelt's grocery department, Mrs. Joliffe saw them off on a honeymoon excursion to Niagara Falls, and undertook to have their new home ready for them before they should return. "If yuh c'u'd eat straw hats," she said, "I'd not need to bother with yuh. But I'd better be lookin' after yer meals a while till Hetty learns how to trim a steak. Go along with yuh, an' don't fall in

the water. I'll have ev'rythin' set up fer yuh betimes."

She had it set up now, and she was expecting their return at any moment. They had found a "jew'l of a flat," with doors at both ends and a kitchen in the middle; and that kitchen was the largest room in the apartment. There was a bed-room for Mrs. Joliffe, opening off the dining-room and separated from the young couple's quarters by the whole length of the flat. "I c'n live here," she told herself, "with no more trouble to them than an ol' dog in their back yard." Bailey had given her money to spend on furnishing. She had more of her own; she had a small estate, which her husband had left her; and she did not spare her own in her desire to give her daughter "a start that anny gurl c'u'd be proud o'."

She covered the floors with carpets and then covered the carpets with druggets, with rag rugs, with door-mats, linoleums, and hall-strips. (It was her belief that a floor was by nature cold and that the more one put upon it, the warmer the house would be.) She covered the windows with white roller-blinds, double sash-curtains of muslin starched like surplices, long lace curtains reaching from the cornice to the floor, and over-curtains of some sort of yellow stuff with an inwoven tinsel thread—until every window was as beautiful in gold embroidery and fine lace as "an archbishop sayin' mass." She crowded the little parlor with unmatched pieces of plush-upholstered furniture, which she had acquired in exchange for trading-stamps. She regilded her old picture-frames with a brush, bought Fourteenth Street colored "art photos," and hung everywhere her holiday calendars, embossed and beribboned, but years out of date.

The kitchen she outfitted as if she were to

cook there for a regiment; and in the place of honor she hung two great frying-pans, as thick as iron pots, heirlooms, such pans as are no longer made in these days of gas-stoves and light-housekeeping. She set her arms akimbo and looked about her. "Now," she said, with the defiant air of an artist opening his exhibition, "let 'em come."

It was nine o'clock at night when they came. They had been on the train all day, and Hetty looked tired. She was a small blonde, with pale, gray-blue eyes and with one of those firm little mouths that are capable of unlimited silence. "Well, mother," she asked, with a slow correctness of pronunciation that marked an ambition in her, "what've *you* been up to?"

Mrs. Joliffe laughed. "All sorts o' devil-mint," she said, kissing Bailey. "I been settlin' things in a kind o' way till you'd be able to put 'em to rights." She stood aside from the doorway. "Here's the parlor."

Hetty looked it over. She had it in her mind that the walls were like a stationer's window in Christmas week, and the whole room was as old-fashioned as her mother; but she said nothing. She accepted the arrangement as provisional: she could change it to the latest styles of Altgelt's furniture displays in due course.

Bailey had been a country boy who had come to the city to be a millionaire, and he had been living in shabby hall-bedrooms. If he did not seem sufficiently enthusiastic about the parlor, it was because he did not wish them to think he was not accustomed to such magnificence. Added to this country reticence, he had the art of accepting a bargain with a show of reluctance. He said: "It'll do *us* all right, won't it, Hetty?"

She pretended that she had not heard.

But Mrs. Joliffe was not discouraged. She introduced Bailey to a little tobacco-tale set

with a tobacco-jar, a corn-cob pipe, and a tobacco-cutter on a mahogany board—the very cutter which Joliffe had used to slice his plugs. A puffed and padded armchair stood beside the table. A pair of new "morocco" slippers waited under the chair, and a tin spittoon beside it. "That's the place fer *you*," she said, "when yuh come home with yer very boots tired o' yer feet."

"But mother," Hetty cried, "he won't smoke in the parlor!"

"Won't he then?" she said. "He'll be a fool if he don't. He'll smoke where he likes in his own house." She produced a shaving-mirror in three leaves. "There," she said, "yuh c'n see all but the top o' yer head in it. An' thank the cats, as yuh get older yuh won't have to shave *that*."

Bailey, heretofore, had had no one to consider his comfort but the washerwoman, who sometimes charitably darned his socks. "That's great," he laughed, flattered. "All the comforts of home!"

Mrs. Joliffe made a gesture that said "Wait! I'll show yuh," and led the way to the dining-room. She had prepared cold ham and hot coffee, pie and pickles and

chocolate cake, bananas and cheese, bottled beer and sweet biscuits, celery, potato salad, table raisins, canned salmon, and chilli sauce. They were crowded upon the table promiscuously. There was scarcely room for the plates. "If yuh want annythin' yuh can't reach," she said, "ask fer it."

Hetty excused herself, on the plea that she was train-sick, and went to bed; and Bailey sat down to such a meal as he had not eaten since he had left his country home—for Mrs. Joliffe had boiled the ham herself, baked the cake, made the salad and the chilli sauce, and roasted and ground the coffee; and they had the flavor that cannot be bought. She watched him eating, with a maternal delight,



as if he had been an infant. She kept his plate filled and his cup overflowing. When he had had enough, she coaxed and wheedled him into taking more. "Never stop eatin', man," she said, "till yer hands 're too tired to feed yuh."

He ate until he was red in the face; and then she brought him his pipe and let him talk. He talked shop—as Joliffe had used to do—and she listened as if the ambitions and jealousies of Altgelt's grocery department were the most interesting gossip. "Yuh'll be startin' up store some day fer yersilf?" she asked. He replied that he would as soon as he had saved the necessary capital. "Then yuh needn't worry about the house," she said. "It'll cost yuh less than it did fer board, er *I'm* a Dutchman. Hetty'll want nex' to nothin' fer clothes. She sews her own. An' I'll look after the kitchen till she gets the hang o' housekeepin'. We'll be millionaires this day next week."

He went to bed, gorged and optimistic, and relieved of half the worries of a newly married man. He had been aware that Hetty was the sort of wife to grace any station in life to which his business success might raise him, but he had been afraid that she might prove rather expensive at first. Now he was assured, that with her mother's aid, their beginning would prove as easy as their end would be glorious.

Mrs. Joliffe remained for an hour in the kitchen, washing the supper dishes and setting the table for breakfast, as satisfied as if she had been for a year out of work and had just found "a job." She took a last fond look at the table before she reluctantly put out the light. And neither she nor Bailey suspected that there was any person in their flat not perfectly happy and willing to let things go on as they had begun.

II

It was two days later that Hetty began her quiet campaign against the established order.

She had found her first day a day of empty restlessness and dissatisfaction. She missed the noise and bustle of Altgelt's, the chatter of her fellow clerks, and the work to which she had been accustomed. She might have taken some interest in the housekeeping if her mother's incessant activity had not forced her aside and left her idle. She unpacked her trunk, put a few stitches in a torn flounce, changed the trimming of a hat, and washed

her yellow hair in the sunlight; but chiefly she wandered from room to room or hung out of the parlor window, vacant-minded, empty-handed, like a girl who has left boarding-school and come home to find nothing to do.

Her mother never joked with her, having learned by experience that when a joke falls on a literal mind it sprouts a misunderstanding. When she was not "slushin' about," as she called it, in the kitchen, she was humming "old-country" tunes and rocking happily in a favorite chair, which she had put by the dining-room window. It would be a nice study in psychology to explain why she never sat in the parlor; but she never felt at home there; and if she went in, it was only to stand a moment looking out of the window before she rearranged the curtains and went back to her usual place. "I'm like our ol' cat Tom," she had explained once, "that was never happy off his own bit o' rag carpet. Leave me be." And Hetty had the parlor to herself.

She was peevish that evening, and ate her dinner in silence, resenting the fact that Bailey had the head of the table, where he carved, and her mother the foot of it, where she poured tea, while she herself sat at the side and had no hand in anything. She vented her resentment after dinner by objecting again to Bailey's smoking in the parlor; and he moved his smoking-table to the dining-room, where Mrs. Joliffe and he played cribbage. Hetty disliked cards. She disliked sitting in the dining-room beside a table set with dishes. She stayed in the parlor—where she could hear her mother quarreling humorously over the pegging and Bailey laughing with the heartiness of a winner. Finally she went to bed in a sulk.

Bailey, after a midnight supper, came to his sleep chuckling. She said nothing to him.

But next morning, at breakfast, she demanded that they hire a servant so that her mother might not have to spend all her day in the kitchen. "Good heavens!" Mrs. Joliffe cried. "What w'u'd yuh be doin' with a servan' gurl litterin' up the house, an' pokin' her nose into ev'rybody's bus'ness, an' talkin' about us to the neighbors, an' stealin' ev'rythin' she c'u'd lay hands to, an' pois'nin' us with bad food! A servan' gurl!"

Bailey was less voluble, but equally determined. A servant was an expensive luxury, which he had no intention of indulging in—though he did not say so. He allowed his silence to say it for him.

"Well, I'm not going to spend all my time over a cook stove," Hetty protested.

"Leave the kitchen to me," her mother said, "an' don't be talkin' nonsense. We c'u'd live on Fif' Avenuh fer the price of a servan' gurl."

"Well, then," Hetty said, "let us send out the washing."

"What!" the mother cried. "Pay some one fer tearin' yer clothes to pieces? I'd as soon have a cook bringin' me on grub that I didn't know what she'd been puttin' into it. What's the good o' havin' purty clothes if yuh're never to have the fun o' washin' an' ironin' 'em? I never heard such like talk. What's got into yuh at all, gurl?"

A feeling that she was useless in her own house—that was what had got into her. She had looked forward to having a little home in which she and Bailey might be happy and alone together. She had expected her mother, if she joined them, to take her place as a visitor and grow old in idleness. Instead of that, Mrs. Joliffe had furnished the flat to her own taste and was running it to her own satisfaction. She had made herself more necessary to Bailey than his own wife. And the girl's attempts to supplant her with a servant only established her more securely in the kitchen; for Hetty maintained her determination not to work there at all, and Mrs. Joliffe ruled unchallenged.

When Hetty claimed the right to do the shopping, at least, she was invited to "go ahead an' do it, then." But when Bailey opened a bad egg for breakfast and sat down for dinner to a rolled roast so tough that no one could eat it, there was a scene at the table, and Hetty declared, in a passion, that she would never buy another thing for the

house. She went to bed almost weeping with anger.

Bailey played his cribbage and smoked his pipe.



John W. W. Adams

"I NEVER SEE A BIG FUT LIKE THAT IN A TROLLEY-CAR THAT I DON'T ENVY THE MOTHER OF IT."

"Leave her be," Mrs. Joliffe counseled him—and Hetty overheard her through the open door—"she'll come out of her tantrums. I know her. Two fer 'his heels.' Go on now."

He tried letting her be and found it a poor plan. She let *him* be. She withdrew herself ostentatiously from the household life, was silent at the table, and turned her back on him when they were alone. She sat all day by herself, amid the furnishings of a room which she hated, brooding upon the incidents of a life which she despised. Bailey's manner during his courtship had flattered her by a tacit acknowledgment that she was

something finer and better than he. (He had fallen in love with her "citified" sophistication.) She had not allowed him to see much of her mother, of whose simplicity and commonness she had been ashamed. She had never let him know that her father had been a butcher; she had intended to leave all that sort of thing behind her when she married. She had known that Bailey was a trusted man at Altgelt's, with a future before him, and she had counted on rising with him out of reach of her past. She had intended vaguely to subdue her mother and put her into the background of the new life.

And, to Hetty's mind, it was the mother who had wrecked every plan. Hadn't she told Bailey about her husband—"God rest his bones." Hadn't she dragged Bailey down to her own free-and-easy tenement-house manner? Hadn't she destroyed his awed respect for his wife?

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" Bailey asked her impatiently; and she turned on him in a blazing indignation. "Don't you speak to me like that," she cried. "You haven't married a servant girl."

"I don't know what I *have* married," he retorted.

"You seem to 've married a mother-in-law,"

she said. "Go and sit in the kitchen with her. It's the part of the house you're most int'rested in."

"That's a nice sort of talk!"

His reproof put her on her dignity. She saw that she was lowering herself still further in his regard by her behavior, and thereafter she said nothing. She became self-contained, haughty, silent, and altogether impossible. No endearments could draw an explanation from her, and no impatience provoke her to a

retort. She lived a silent protest against the whole situation, and Bailey rapidly found himself reduced to a state of worried misery.

He could no longer enjoy his evening game of cribbage in the dining-room, and yet he played, because he did not wish to hurt Mrs. Joliffe's feelings. He could not enjoy his meals, but he had to pretend, for Mrs. Joliffe's sake, that he did enjoy them. She exerted herself to please him, performed miracles in cookery, and tried to keep the table lively with an indomitable good nature. But she did not understand what was wrong. She thought there had been some sort of belated lovers' quarrel between the two, and considered it the part of wisdom not to meddle in it.



John Wolcott Adams

WHEN HETTY CLAIMED THE RIGHT TO DO THE SHOPPING, SHE WAS INVITED TO "GO AHEAD AND DO IT, THEN."

She was cheerfully happy herself, worked singing, read the newspapers in her rocking-chair, and kept to her own end of the flat. "The gurl's a fool," she told herself, "but I was the same mesilf at her age. . . . Poor Jollie! Heaven give 'm rest!" She laughed to herself. "Us women—we're danged hard to live with!"

She played her part until it was not humanly possible to play it longer. Then she scolded her daughter and got nothing but a malevolent look. She advised Bailey to take his wife to the theatre at night, and he did so, though he fell asleep in his seat. Then he took her to Coney Island on a Saturday afternoon, and came back desperately discouraged—for the girl had told him calmly that she would not live in the flat more than a month longer; that as soon as the cool weather came, she would return to work in some shop.

He sat with his cards in his hands, too worried to play his game. He gazed at nothing, with an empty pipe in his mouth.

"She wants a couple o' babies," Mrs. Joliffe declared. "When she has some squallin' young appitites to be stuffin', she'll have no time to be thinkin' of hersilf."

He shook his head.

"Aw, yuh're as bad as them ol' maid ministers," she cried, "that're allus writin' to the paypers about the divorce problem. If youse men had more children, yuh'd be havin' less trouble with yer wives."

"She doesn't like the flat."

"The flat! What's wrong with it, man?"

He looked at her as if he were going to tell her, flushed self-consciously, and went on with his game.

That look gave her her first suspicion of the truth. She lay awake a long time in the night, "puttin' two an' two together," as she would have said. When she saw her daughter in the morning, she understood.

"Well," she said to herself, "I ain't goin' to butt in. Let her do things her own way if she wants to. She'll learn as well by tryin' as by bein' told!"

III

SHE understood why Bailey did not play cribbage with her that night—though he pretended that it was because he had a headache. He spent the evening in the other end of the flat, with the doors closed against her so that she might not hear what Hetty was saying.

The old woman darned his socks and assured herself that it was natural in the girl to want him to herself. She overlooked his guiltily apologetic manner toward her in the morning, and said nothing to Hetty when they were left alone together.

The girl swept the parlor herself that day, rearranged the furniture, and took down all the calendars—as Mrs. Joliffe discovered in the evening, when Bailey and his wife had gone off to a roof-garden. She found her cherished decorations thrown together in a closet, and she put them away in her trunk, her lips twitching with a pained indignation. The insult was two-edged, though it hurt her most by impugning her taste as a house-keeper. "Dang the girl," she said. "A few years ago she'd not 'a' behaved so—er if she did, she'd 'a' got well spanked fer it!"

She was up early and had breakfast ready for Bailey in the morning, with a cheerful countenance that changed, for a moment only, when she understood from his long and shamefaced explanation that he was going to take Hetty out to dinner in a restaurant and would not be home to the meal. (Here was an insinuation that her cooking was not all that it might be!) He invited her to come with them, but she knew better than to accept. "Never mind me," she said. "I'm too old to be gaddin' about."

Hetty's manner during the day seemed to have a suggestion of silent triumph in it, but nothing was said. The mother could not speak of what was in her thought, and the daughter would not. Mrs. Joliffe could only wait and watch, hoping that what seemed to her an unreasonable anger in the girl would abate for want of provocation. But Hetty was determined to have her mother understand that *she* could not be ignored and put aside in her own house; and as her mother yielded, bewildered and hurt, Hetty pressed on to the realization of the plans which she had made before her marriage.

It was one of those tragi-comedies of household life which read so depressingly, and it was relieved only by the fact that it ended as a comedy and not as a tragedy. It developed, day by day, week after week, in the small incidents of domestic routine; and it came to a crisis in a way which they might have expected, if they had not been so busy acting their parts that they could not see a day ahead of them.

Bailey had done his best to smooth over the situation, but he was no diplomat. He had

asked Mrs. Joliffe to play cribbage with him, once, tentatively, but he was obviously relieved when she did not accept. He had allowed Hetty to send her own clothes to the laundry, and then his, and finally the household linen. He even ate less heartily what Mrs. Joliffe cooked, and he was content when she accepted these slights without appearing to notice them. He let Hetty take down the curtains in the parlor and put up others more to her taste. He gave her money to buy some new furniture, and she put away the rugs.

Mrs. Joliffe, sitting quiet and humiliated in the dining-room, heard the girl, now, singing as she worked.

By this time, of course, Hetty was no longer silent at the table, except when she and her mother were alone. When Bailey was there, she was quite talkative and affable, and affected to ignore what looked like ill humor in the old woman. "She'll come around," she told him privately. "She's sulky because she can't have everything her own way." She had bought a recipe book and she was experimenting in the kitchen with desserts, which Bailey praised immoderately and ate largely of. She had persuaded him that tea gave him indigestion; she did not drink it herself; and her mother had none to pour but her own. When the furnishings of the dining-room were overhauled, she turned the table around and placed Bailey's chair opposite her own—by which maneuver Mrs. Joliffe was left in the place of the outsider. As a final touch, Hetty helped the vegetables; and there was something hard to define in the way in which she passed her mother's plate. It was perhaps unconscious and unintentional; but it made Mrs. Joliffe feel that the hand of a slighting charity was extended to her with the food.

"I'm not wanted," she told herself. "I'll go away. I'll go away an' live by meself." But she had spent too much of her own money on the despised furniture and decorations of the flat, and she was too proud to ask for it back. The prospect of a lonely and useless old age frightened her even more than poverty. She wanted work to do; and here was work, if Hetty would only let her do it. "What's the matter with the child?" she asked herself. "What've I done to her? I'm that worried I've got the heartburn." And she rubbed her waist-line pathetically and blinked her faded eyes.

She did not appreciate this desire of a

young life to mold its own circumstances, direct its own plans, achieve its new ambitions. She saw herself thrust aside by a filial jealousy which seemed to her the most horrible ingratitude, unnatural and heart-breaking; and this jealousy, having begun in ill temper, continued in that aspect, because the girl was best able to justify herself in her own eyes by preserving her resentment against her mother, even after Mrs. Joliffe had been reduced to the meekness of despair.

At last Hetty happened to say, one day at dinner: "When we have a girl we'll be able to give little parties."

Bailey remained silent, and his silence piqued her. She glanced at her mother and took the old woman's set lips as an unspoken challenge. She remembered how humiliatingly she had been defeated on this point once, and she set herself to carry it now—to make her husband say that she might have a servant if she wished, although she did not intend to get one.

She complained of the need of some one to run out to the grocer's, or to answer the door. She found frequent occasions for remembering that her neighbor had a servant. And although there was no room in the flat for a maid, unless she should turn her mother out—and she saw that her mother regarded the matter in that light—she persisted and insisted and took every opportunity to push the question home.

"Hetty doesn't want me," Mrs. Joliffe told her son-in-law, with tears in her eyes. "She knows I won't stay here idle, eatin' what I do nothin' to earn. She'll need me bedroom fer the gurl. I'll go. I'll go."

Bailey remonstrated with his wife. "That's all talk," Hetty replied, with more animosity than she really felt. "She's too old to do the work now, and she's growing older every day. She doesn't get things half done, and the stuff she cooks makes me sick."

She had, in fact, been feeling unwell, complaining of attacks of faintness and eating very little.

Bailey said indignantly: "Well, I'm tired of this whole business. We don't need a girl and we can't afford one. Leave the poor old woman alone. The house was a good deal happier as it was—besides being cheaper."

"Very well," the wife replied. "If you think more of her crazy notions than you do of my health——"

She went out to a dairy restaurant for

luncheon and bought some food in a delicatessen shop and hid it in her trunk. She ate nothing for dinner except some tapioca pudding, which she had made herself, and it was so badly cooked that it disagreed with her. She was ill in the morning, refused to have her breakfast brought to her in bed, and sent Bailey to his work to worry about her. Her mother came to see her at midday with a bowl of chicken broth and some buttered toast. She refused it. "If I want anything to eat," she said, "I'll cook it myself."

Mrs. Joliffe put the food on the dresser and went to her room to pack her small belongings. "I can't stay here," she told herself, "an' I don't know where I'll go to. I'll have to get work. I'll have to get work somewhere, but I'll go to the poorhouse before I'll stan' fer this. I've slaved fer her all me life, an' I'd work fer her now, till the flesh dropped off me fingers, if she wanted me. But she don't. I'll go—an' be danged to her!" She wiped her cheeks on the end of her apron. "God help Bailey. I'm glad it's him that's got to stay an' not me."

She stripped her little room, packed her pictures of the saints, her holy-water font, and her photographs. She even began to tie up her bedding in a bundle, but left it until she should see Bailey. "I can't move till mornin' anyways," she said, "an' I'll not sleep on the floor to please nobody."

She did not go in to her daughter again; and Hetty, in a high fever, with a blinding headache, had the satisfaction of finding herself seriously ill. When Bailey came home, she was in such a state that he ran out again for the doctor. Mrs. Joliffe looked on at his anxiety, grimly contemptuous, and sat down to her lonely dinner, eating and drinking mechanically, with her eyes blank and her face resolute.

"I'm leavin' here in the mornin'," she told him.

The doctor was in the other room, and Bailey was awaiting his opinion of the case. "Leaving?" he said. "She's sick."

"She'll let me do nothin' fer her. She'll

eat nothin' I cook. She wants a gurl. She wants to be rid o' me. I'm goin'."

He wandered back to the bedroom again.

She heard the murmur of the doctor's voice and said to herself: "He c'n cure her bad timper, no doubt! It's all that's wrong with her!" When she heard the doctor go out, she took Bailey's dinner from the oven, ready for his return to the table. "Poor boy," she said. "She'll lead him a life!"

He came out to her, pale. "She wants to see you," he said huskily.

"What is it?"

He looked down at his feet. "She'll tell you, I guess."

His manner alarmed her. She hurried to the bedroom and found Hetty lying among the pillows, her eyes dilated, her lips trembling. "Mother," she said, clutching at the old woman's hard hand. "Don't go away. Don't leave me. I'm—I'm frightened."

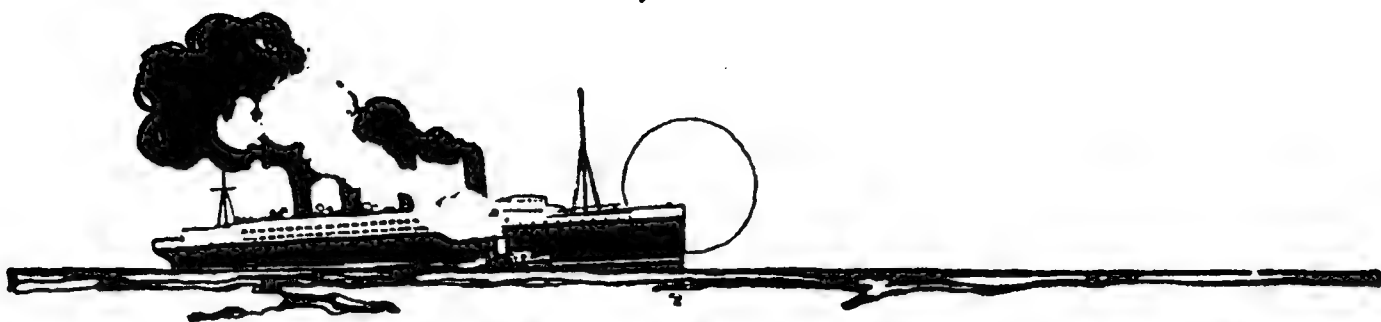
"What is it?" the mother whispered. "What is it?" And even as she asked it, she knew. . . . "Dear God," she laughed, while the girl clung to her, "I wanted nothin' but to stay with yuh. Who said I was goin' to leave yuh? Don't be a fool, gurl. What're yuh scared o'? D'yuh think yuh're the first woman ever— Wait now. Yuh're hungry. That's what's wrong with yuh. Where's that broth?"

She ran out to the kitchen with it to warm it up. "There!" she said to Bailey. "What'd I tell yuh! We'll have no more trouble in *this* house. Sit down there an' eat yer dinner like a man an' a father. I'll beat y' at cribbage when I get her off to sleep."

She muttered to herself over the stove: "Us women! Why a sane man mixes in with us is more'n I know. . . . Poor Jollie! Born a man an' died married." She chuckled. "I hope it'll be a gurl, an' marry young. I do *that*. 'Tud serve Hetty dang well right if she lived to be a mother-in-law herself, fer her sins. . . . A mother-in-law! What a life! An' they make jokes about us in the paypers!"



"TWO FER HIS HEELS."



THE SHIP MUST SAIL ON TIME

by ERNEST POOLE

Illustrated with photographs by

ARTHUR HEWITT

AN ocean liner lay at her dock. Doubly huge in the night, her details all in shadow, only her great white, sweeping lines showed out. Her port-holes were twinkling; delicate clouds were wreathing from her smoke-stacks, and from the depths of her came a low, restless humming. The autumn air that blew in from the ocean, rough, wet, and salty; the blasts and toots and bellows of the all-night harbor-craft at work; the yellow and red and frosty blue lights that flashed by thousands from the river and the bay—all gave the background and the rhythm to this climax in the drama of the nation, the converging of the products of the land.

Down on the wharf the rush was at its height. Under the sputtering bluish arc lights, amid endless clang and rumble, the produce of America came in. From the prairies, the mines and the mills, from the forests, the cotton plantations, tobacco fields, orchards and vineyards, from the oil fields and meat-packing houses, from the grimy factories large and small: ponderous engines of steel, harvesters, reapers, automobiles, bars of silver and yellow bricks of gold, bales of cotton and wool and hides and tobacco, meats, barrels of flour, and boxes of fruit, hogsheads of oil and casks of wine; tens of thousands of things and machines to make things—piled up on the wharf by the acre. And still all night the teams clattered in and the tugs puffed up with the barges; and from hundreds of miles away the trains were rushing hither, bringing more boxes and barrels and bags to be packed in at the last moment.

In gangs at every hatchway the four hun-

dred men were trundling, heaving, straining, a rough crowd, cursing and joking at the hoarse shouts of the foremen; while from the darkness outside, heavy black rope nets dropped down to gather gigantic handfuls of cargo, swing them back up to the deck of the ship and then down into her hold. So all through the night and right up to the hour of sailing the rush went on. For the great ocean liner's work is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars a month. And the ship must sail on time.

In scenes like these I spent six weeks, and I found them rich in stories. For the thirty thousand longshoremen on the wharves of New York harbor—Irish, Italians, Germans, Negroes, and Swedes—far from being the drunkards and bums that some people think them, are like men of the lumber camps come to town—huge of limb and tough of muscle, hard-swearing, quick-fisted, big of heart. And the work that they do brings the old human struggles in plenty.

Nowhere in the land can you find labor so heavy, so irregular. When the ship comes in, the rush of unloading begins, and the average stretch of work for a gang is from twelve to twenty hours; but often men, after heaving and hoisting from six o'clock one morning till two o'clock the next, will go on in the second gang and work *thirty-five hours without sleep*. For when the ship sails there is no more work for perhaps three or four days, and it is hard to get jobs on docks elsewhere. So here you find tales of prodigious endurance—like that of "Horsepower Mike."

"That's what I call him," said the foreman with a grin. "And the name just about

fits. The other night a team of dray horses went crazy on the dock, the teamster being drunk and lashing 'em. They reared up and fought, and began to smash all the boxes in sight—when Mike he made a jump for their heads. And in about two seconds them big critters was down on all fours, heads squeezed close together, snorting, eyes shooting fire, legs shivering. And then old Mike said a few things. He's a quiet-mouthed old cuss, Mike is, and when he does swear he swears low. But he certainly did sober up that teamster. . . . Here he comes now. Watch him."

I could just see his grizzled gray head. The rest of him was hidden behind the crate he was trundling. When he stopped and tipped it from his truck, it struck with a jar that made the planks shake under our feet. Two stocky Italians bent and strained to boost it into the net, and Mike watched them with a twinkle. The crate never budged. He brushed the Italians away and bent down his shoulders and heaved.



The crate rose easily, toppled, and fell. Another heave, and it lay on the net, which slowly tightened and dragged it, turning and creaking, up into the ship.

Mike stood there a moment, a short, heavy old bull of a man. His grimy blue shirt was open and torn; I could see the thick ridges

and knots on his hairy chest and back and shoulders. It was all alive with use, this muscle—twitching.

But all at once his legs seemed to give way under him. He caught at a barrel behind him, and sat down, his face contracting sharply. We went over.

"Hello, Mike," said the foreman. He looked down with a grin. "You all-fired lazy old loafer, what you sittin' down for?" Mike had drawn a plug of tobacco from his hip pocket and was biting off a chunk.

"I ain't sittin'." His voice was a low, surly growl. "Me legs kind of fell into me boots, an' I was jest tryin' to yank 'em out." He rose to his feet and swayed slightly, his face again scowling with pain. He lifted



AT ALMOST EVERY WHARF ENTRANCE A LONG, CROOKED LINE OF MEN WAITING TO DRAW THEIR PAY.



his empty truck and rattled it off. The foreman watched him curiously.

"There's something up," he said, "but I can't make it out. He's a deep one." He pulled

they quit at midnight, he stayed and went on with the second gang. It's now two in the afternoon; that makes fourteen hours more; thirty-four hours all told—and he's still at it. Now that ain't uncommon. There's often men that do it. But they lay off for two or three days after. Mike has done the same thing four times in the last ten days, with only about twenty-four hours' rest after each stretch. . . . I wonder what's up?" he repeated.

Returning the next week, I found my foreman. He laughed when he saw me.

"You remember old Horse-power? Well, I found out about him. I got the yarn from his stepson Bill. About a month ago the old man for the first time in his life was made a granddaddy, and the baby is a kid, and they're going to christen him Mike." He stopped suddenly and went off to shout some orders. "Well," he said, coming back, "the granddaddy of that kid has just gone and bought the finest blue and red baby carriage that ever struck the Battery on a hot afternoon! That's why he was after that extra pay!" He stopped short, and nudged me. Old Horse-power came by us.

"Say, Mike!"

"Well," said Mike gruffly, "hello."

"Here's a reporter who wants to know how in thunder such a sour old cuss as you can enjoy smokin' on a Battery bench, watchin' a baby carriage! Like I seen you Sunday!"

Mike dropped his truck with a bang and stood scowling straight into my eyes.

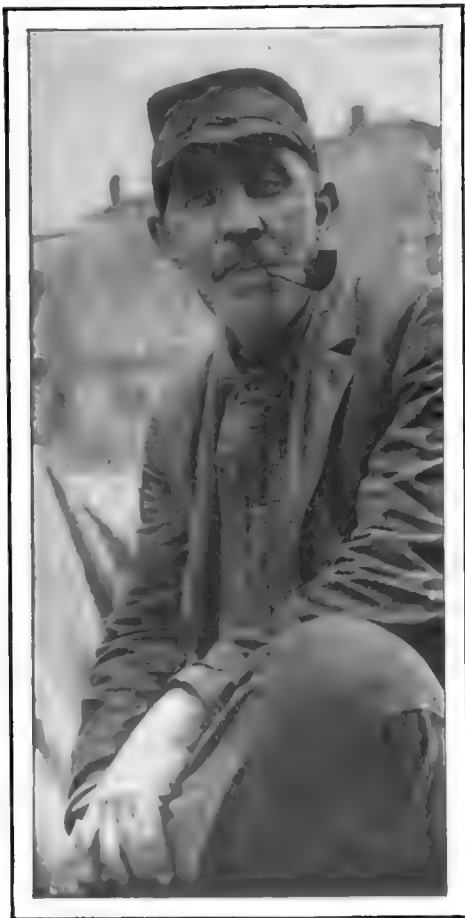
"How about it?" the foreman asked me. "Ain't it a story? Look at him, how soft and womanish and—gentle."

Old Mike drew slowly nearer. "Yes," he growled into my face, "look at me."

I did. And there was a moment's dangerous silence.

"Is it a story?" he asked. And I looked very solemnly back.

"No story at all," I assured him. "It's the commonest thing in the world."



out his big silver watch. "Mike went on the job at four o'clock yesterday morning and worked the regular twenty-hour stretch with the gang. But when

At noon I had dinner with the foreman in a lunch-room. It was shaped like a tunnel and packed with burly dockers hard at work. Little was heard but the noises of eating. Having scalded my mouth by my first attempt on the soup, I stopped and looked about me. The same soup, smoking hot, was being gulped down like cool, pleasant water. And then the main dinner appeared.





FROM THE DEPTHS OF HER CAME A LOW, RESTLESS HUMMING.



IN GANGS AT EVERY HATCHWAY, MEN WERE TRUNDLING, HEAVING, STRAINING.

This consisted of plates piled high with beef and potatoes and cabbage, all of which was consumed in from five to ten minutes, together with coffee in huge thick bowls, even hotter than the soup. Then out came the pipes. I watched them all with envy.

"Seems like a healthy life," I remarked. "If a man can eat like this, and work forty hours at a stretch when he's a granddaddy, he must have had a healthy job to grow old on."

The foreman's jaws were still working hard. But while he ate he stared at me. And then he leaned solemnly forward:

"Look here, young un, tell me this: Is a job any good for the health of a man if his wife is a widdler?"

The answer to that was easy.

"No," I replied, "it certainly is not."

"Well," he said, "that's what's the matter with a good many boys on the docks. Their wives are always becoming widders, and I don't know anything that can annoy a man more."

"I haven't seen any accidents so far."

"And you won't. Not at first. Because when a man gets took off from the docks, the rest of us don't wipe any eyes nor tear out any hair. We just go on working. It's all in the game. . . . But jest you keep your eyes open."

In the next week I talked with policemen all up and down the river. There is one stationed at every pier entrance; he must enter each ambulance case in his notebook; and looking through these books I found that each





HEAVY NETS DROPPED GIGANTIC HANDFULS OF CARGO DOWN INTO HER HOLD.

dock averaged one accident a week—about fifty a year. I heard scores of stories, most of which are better left unwritten. I will give only two; the first as it was told to me by a docker:

"We called him Paderoosky Jim. He had hair like the smoke of a river tug, and his face was made to look savage as his hair—only it wasn't. Under the skin he was the happiest little Dago that ever struck the dock. Jest one Irish wink would get him a-going, and then he'd grin and chuckle to himself like a ten-year-old kid. Between grins he worked steady and hard on the job. And that was about all we knew about him—till we took up the collection.

"Jim had gone into the family business wholesale. Only one wife, all right, but he had nine

kids, the oldest of 'em only twelve years old. He averaged from ten to twelve dollars a week right through the year—being such an all-fired steady worker. And the family spent it. When he made six dollars a week they spent it, and when in a rush week he made sixteen they spent that too. Dagoes ain't made to figure ahead.

"But there was one thing they did figure hard. The oldest boy, Jim Junior, was a regular professor on the piano. There was an old yellow piano in the back room of the corner Eytalian saloon, and Jim Junior was always at it. He was pinched once by the truancy cop for cutting out school for that piano. He got more fun out of finding a new swipe chord than most kids would get out of smashing a grocery window.



"His dad was proud as a peacock. The bartender told me old Paderoosky would sit there in the back room at night till the place closed up, with only one glass of beer—he wasn't the drinkin' kind. And his hair would get all bunched up with

an old dog's eyes when people look at her pups.

"So Paderoosky he figured ahead what a newspaper wonder Jim Junior was a-goin' to be.

"But one year we had a late spring.

One of them springs when the cussed snow hangs on and on, meltin' slow, and then comes again in a bunch like a million automobeels—'way into April. Them late, draggin', cold spells is bad enough all over town; but it's worse on the docks, where you get all the slush and wind there is, and have to keep on the job all day and night without stopping. That kind of a season always brings accidents by the dozen. Because men get all done up and drink to get warm—and drink some more.

"Paderoosky didn't drink. But one afternoon late in March a heavy, wet snow blew in from the bay. The deck got covered with slush and slippery as suds. Night come on; we went off to supper and then back to the all-night job. The ship was booked to sail the next day at eight-thirty.

"The wind got worse, blowin' the snow out of the dark into the light in big white clouds, stingin' yer face like forty thousand devils. You could jest hear the foreman yell his cuss-words down on the dock.

"Up on the deck next to Paderoosky and me was a Dutchman who had drunk too much

pride, and his face kind of solemn; only, when men crowded in to listen to the kid, his eyes took the shine that comes into

at supper. A dozen times I grabbed him when he slipped; and the last time I held on, shook me fist in his face, and told him a



RIGHT UP TO THE HOUR OF SAILING THE RUSH WENT ON.

string of things—and it sobered him up for a while. But I kept me eye on his feet, and pretty soon I saw him get woozy again. Then I jumped to the dock side of the deck and yelled down to the foreman to send up another man.

"When I turned round, Paderóosky and the Dutchman was gone.

"Down in the bottom of the hold, the man that was looking up at the time saw the Dutchman slip and come over the edge, and then Jim make a quick reach for his collar. The reach was too quick—and Jim came too.

"The Dutchman was killed when he struck, and Jim lived about two hours after.

"The next day, the boys sent me round to find out what family he had. And when I got the whole story, it hit me so hard I jest put it up to the gang, and the end of it was we collected enough to buy little Jim Junior a big street piano. You can see him 'most any day out with his mother, and I guess they make enough for spaghetti and rent.

"But it's a thundering shame, ain't it! After all old Paderóosky's figuring ahead—Jim a plain organ-grinder!"

Few dockers "figure ahead" about sons to be "newspaper wonders." Most are the steady, hard-working kind, who figure simply on bringing up sons to be good, husky workmen like themselves. This is no easy task. In the average large family, the pinch begins some five years after the wedding, and from that time on every penny of the docker's ten or twelve dollars a week is



NOWHERE IN THE LAND CAN YOU FIND LABOR SO HEAVY.

needed to keep his small children. So the pinch lasts some ten years, till the oldest son begins working. Happy the docker in whose tenement home no accident, sickness, or death has come in the meantime to drag him down.

Jansen, the Swede, married too late. The winsome Swedish peasant girl who finally won his heart did not come to New York till Jansen was thirty-four. And even after he met her, being by that time a cautious bachelor, he made a slow job of the wooing, and he was thirty-five when they married.

Jansen had saved ninety-four dollars. He might have saved more, for he was one of the best men on the docks; his work the most skilled and the most dangerous kind, down in the bottom of the ship, taking the cargo as it came down from the crane and

shifting it back in the hold—to trim the ship, a thing that no "stiff" or green hand can do. So his pay averaged fourteen dollars a week. But Jansen had saved no more, because he had felt that this glorious power of muscle would always be in him. It was only during the wooing time that he had begun to put money aside.

Most of the money was used to furnish the four-room home. Then his thrifty young wife made him begin to save again.

And so careful was she with his wages that seven years later, when they had three little girls and one boy, she had over a hundred dollars locked in a box in the cupboard.

But Jansen was now forty-two. Most dockers, before they are fifty, find that the muscle force and





THE BLUE PETER IS HOISTED AND THE STARTING WHISTLE SOUNDED—THE SHIP
MUST SAIL ON TIME.

endurance that seemed everlasting begin suddenly to wear out. Although this is a fact well known to all, it comes to each man like a blow from behind. When it comes, the average docker, having married young, has at least the consolation of one or more sons and daughters already working for the home. But Jansen had married too late.

Having worked harder than usual that year from Christmas to Easter, after one twenty-hour stretch of labor he had come home feeling doubly stiff and sore. And the next morning on waking, the first move in bed made him wince with pain.

The rest of the story is so common that it is better briefly told. Long weeks of "rheumatics" that kept him an angry, impotent cripple; the savings slowly running out. Then a short stretch of dock work—and again the sickness. After that his wife went out scrubbing. But as in the stifling days of July the little woman grew white and thin, again did Jansen, furious at himself and cursing down his limb spasms, go back to the docks. He gritted his teeth and worked. But his old-time adroitness was gone.

And one week later his leg was shattered by a long, heavy crate.

The men on his dock collected a hundred and twenty dollars. Since then Jansen has been a nurse for the children at home, while his wife goes out office scrubbing. Brave, quiet little woman, she looks twenty years older now. And the oldest girl is still only eleven. For Jansen had married too late.

"Somebody's got to get hurt, and that's all there is to it. But there is one thing that makes the boys mad." The speaker was a lean, quiet, shrewd-looking Scotchman of middle age, proprietor of a tiny lunch-room where dinner is served for a quarter. He leaned over the desk, on his right elbow.

"Who ought to pay the damage?" With his thumb he pointed to the limp sleeve that hung in place of his left arm. "There is a law for damages," he went on, "and there's plenty of lawyers around the docks *who know jest how to handle it*. These lawyers are employed by the Ship Company, or by some insurance firm that backs the Company, I don't know exactly which. All I do know is that for a good many years while I was at work as a docker, I watched how they did it. And havin' a feeling, as my good old mither in Scotland would put it, that I was

foreordained to get smashed—I began to kind of study this damage law by myself, and decided just about what I'd do if the time ever came.

"It did. One afternoon in the bottom of a ship my arm got hit from behind by the end of a big mahogany log." He paused for a moment, then he added slowly, "When I come to, down on the dock, I jest kept my eyes shut and shouted, 'I won't sign anything!' Being somewhat frivolous-minded from the arm, which was pounding inside like twenty pile drivers, I made the same remark to the ambulance man, and again to the hospital nurse when I come out of the ether that night. Then I got almighty sick. But when the lawyer arrived the next day, my legal mind was ready.

"How much for my arm?" I asked. That started him talking and showing his long lawyer paper. At last he pulled out fifty dollars, and said they were mine if I'd sign and 'have no more trouble at all.'

"No more trouble at all," I said, speaking sad, 'with a family, and no arm to work with, and fifty dollars to live on.'

"Then, as he looked down on me in the bed, his face got lighted by hope, faith, and charity; he told me how sorry he was. But he said I'd been careless—in the eye of the law.

"This eye of the law," I remarked, 'is a just eye—for me and the Ship Trust alike.'

"Tries to be," he said.

"It's a kind eye for my wife and kids," I remarked.

"Tries to be," he said, looking sorry.

"And if I don't sign, and sue you in court for five thousand, it'll be a slow eye.'

"Tries to be," he began—but he grinned. 'Your case wouldn't even be called for a year,' he said, looking sorry.

"I sat half up on my elbow.

"And if I go to court with every Tammany chief of the district—still a slow eye," I remarked.

"The lawyer jumped, and his face got queer. He took the addresses I gave him, and went to see my friends. He came back the next day, and grinned kind of sheepish, and offered a thousand. I signed."

Talk with hundreds of men on the docks, and you will find that the Scotchman's opinion, rightly or wrongly, is the opinion of all. But few are as shrewd as he. Nine out of ten get nothing at all, or else settle at once for some beggarly sum. And so,

having grown hopeless of this "just eye," they long ago started a scheme of their own.

One Saturday afternoon, walking along the North River, I found at almost every wharf entrance a long, crooked line of hundreds of men waiting to draw their pay; and at every pay window stood a man with an empty cigar box, into which each docker dropped a half-dollar, a quarter, or a dime, for the man who had been "careless" that week—or for his widow.

There were often scores of negroes in line, and I found that they always did their part. I remember one—a giant, round-shouldered and bare-chested, his coat thrown back. He stood in the line, with arms folded, gloomily regarding the wharf entrance, where just outside, with four other dusky females, stood his stout, forbidding boarding-house keeper, watching him with triumphant eye.

"Say, Abe," chuckled the fat little darky behind him, "Ole Susy cert'nly is a-layin' fo' you. Look at her hands—jest a-clutchin'! How much you owe?"

"All I'll get," growled Abe. "I got by her last week in de rain." The fat one doubled up and shook silently.

"Aw, shet up!" muttered the giant. With a curse he moved forward in line. "I's plumb disgusted," he growled, "wid dis yeah Ship Trust, standin' a man right out in a public place, lettin' any ole woman walk up an' look at his pay."

Five minutes later, standing by the window, I watched the giant pushing forward. Beside me was the cigar box. The money was to be given to a spinal-injury case, and details about it were being told along the line. The man was a young Italian whose eighteen-year-old wife had already one child; another was soon to be born; and the doctor had said that the man would be all his life a helpless paralytic. The Irishman who had the collection in charge was skilfully adding touches of pathos—the girl's face, her beauty, how brave she was, the dumb look in her eyes. Big Abe listened harder and harder, and I saw his face suddenly light up.

"No twenty-five cents fo' me," I heard him exclaim. "Not dis time. No, suh!" His face fairly glowed with philanthropy. And when he drew his pay, he turned from the window and tossed a bill into the box, exclaiming in triumph:

"He-h's a dollah from Ole Susy!"

There is another waste of life—slower and less apparent, but even more fatally sure in the human misery it brings.

Of the thirty thousand men on the docks, nine-tenths are clean, hard of muscle, steady supporters of families. Watch any huge gang leave a dock after a long rush of work, and you will see the large majority make straight for their homes in the big tenements near by. Even of those who do crowd into saloons, few stay for more than an hour. No habitual drunkards and bums can do the work of the dockers.

But as elsewhere in America, so here, there are the one-tenth who go down—men who, after the long, exhausting strain, yield to the constant temptation in the ensuing stretch of idleness. Spree follows spree. Little by little the man drops out of the regular gang; little by little his face becomes flabby and red, his muscles grow soft—and he becomes a "Shinango."

Perhaps there are three thousand of these in all, in New York, Jersey City, Hoboken, and Brooklyn; some are down solely because of the drink, others crippled by accidents or the "rheumatics." Wrecks of the rush, who still do occasional jobs to get money for drink. From them come the police-court stories of wife-beating, starving children, tenement homes ugly and squalid and cold.

But, in spite of all this, in the big strike of a year ago the men made only one demand—deeply typical of America. No shorter hours, no measures to lessen the terrific waste of life—but—

"We average only eleven dollars a week. Give us higher pay!"

The rush, the fierce day-and-night strain, the tenement homes left desolate—or worse: all this, as in other parts of America's race, is "all in the game." The game that grows year by year more vast and intense and inspiring. The huge industrial game of the world, with America far in the lead, America working the swiftest, and straining each nerve to keep up with despotic machines of steel that she herself has created. And laughing at the damage.

For the great white ocean liner lies waiting at the dock. Her work is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars a month. The products pour in ceaselessly from all four corners of the land. And the ship must sail on time!



On the Spot; or, The Idler's House-Party

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Author of "The Pagan's Progress," "Ellen and Mr. Man," etc.

Illustrations by J. H. Gardner Soper

LAST winter was socially the most disgusting that I remember ever having known, because everybody lost money, except Sally's father and mine. We didn't, of course, mind how much money our friends lost—they always had plenty left; but we hated to have them talk about it, and complain all the time, and say that it was the President's fault, or poor John Rockefeller's, or Senator So-and-so's, or the life-insurance people's. When a man loses money it is, as a matter of fact, almost always his own fault. I said so at the beginning of last winter, and I say so still. And Sally, who is too lazy to think up original remarks, copied it from me and made no bones about saying it to all the people she knew who she thought needed that kind of comfort. But perhaps, now that I think of it, Sally and I may have contributed to making the winter socially disgusting. Be that as it may, we were the greatest sufferers.

We moved to Idle Island in September. And we were so delighted with what the archi-

tects, and landscape-gardeners, and mosquito doctors had done to make it habitable; with the house itself, and the grape-house, and greenhouses and gardens, and pergolas and marble columns from Athens, and terraces, and in- and out-door tennis-courts, and swimming-pools and boat-houses, and golf links, and all the other country-place necessities, and particularly with a line of the most comfortable lounging-chairs and divans in the world, that we decided to spend the winter there. Sally telephoned to my father's secretary and asked him to spend the winter with us, and make out lists for week-end parties, and to be generally civil and useful. The secretary said that he would be delighted to come if he could persuade my father and mother to go abroad for the winter; and later he called Sally up, and said that he had persuaded them.

Well, from the first our week-end parties were failures. On the first Friday in October the President of the United States said that

he hated cheats and liars (only he mentioned names) and the stock-market went to smash. Saturday it was still in a messy state, and the people who came out Saturday afternoon couldn't or wouldn't talk about anything else. They came by the two-thirty to Stepping-Stone, and were ferried over to the Island in the motor-boat. Sally and I rode down to the pier in the jinrikishas that my father's secretary had had imported for us for a wedding present; and, I give you my word, the motor-boat as it slowed into the pier looked like an excursion steamer out to view the beauties of the Hudson. Everybody on board was hidden behind a newspaper.

"Fong," said Sally to her jinrikisha man, "take me back to the house."

He turned and trotted off with her, and they disappeared under the elms.

"Just because your guests aren't interested in you," I called after her, "'s no reason why you shouldn't be interested in them."

But she didn't answer, and I was afraid I'd hurt her feelings; so I said to my man, or horse, or horse-man—it's hard to know what to call them:

"Long Lee, you go back to the house, clip-step."

Clip-step soon overtook Sally, and I asked her what she was mad about.

"I'm mad," she said, "because none of those people have ever seen this beautiful island before, and they wouldn't look up from their dirty old newspapers. What's the matter with them?"

"They're worried about the market," said I, "and each one wants the others to think that he's more worried than they are. That's all."

"But the women!" said Sally. "There we sat waving to them, and not so much as a look for our pains. My arm is all numb from waving hospitably."

"Never mind," I said. "I'll—I'll ask your maid to rub it for you. And then we'll send the motor-boat for the very latest edition of the papers, and we'll have Blenheim and Windermere fold them like ships and cocked hats, the way they do the napkins, and put them at each person's place at dinner. That will be the tactful way of showing them what we think about it."

Sally, naturally enough, was delighted at this idea, and forgot all about her poor, numb arm. But the scheme sounded better than it worked. Because when we went in to dinner the guests, instead of being put to shame by

the sight of the newspapers, actually sputtered with pleasure, and fell on them and unfolded them and opened them at the financial pages. And then the men began to shout and argue, and perspire and fling quotations about the table, and the women got very shrill, and said they didn't know what they would do if the wretched market kept up, or rather if it didn't keep up. And nobody admired the new furniture or the pictures, or the old Fiffeld plate, or Sally's gown, or said anything pleasant and agreeable.

"Sam," said Tony Marshall to me, "I'm glad that you can empty your new swimming-pool in three-quarters of an hour, but if you don't watch out you may be so poor before the winter's over that you won't be able to buy water enough to fill it."

"If you're not careful," I said, "I'll fill it with champagne and make you people swim in it till you're more sprightly and agreeable. I never saw such a lot of oafs— I——"

"I tell you, Sam," bellowed Billoo, "that the financial status of this country, owing to that infernal lunatic in the White House——"

"If you must tell me again——" I began.

"Oh," he said disgustedly, "*you* can't be serious about anything. You're so da—a—ah—urn rich that you never give a thought to the sufferings of the consumer."

"Don't I?" said I. "Did you happen to see me the morning after the Clarion's ball last winter—I thought about the consumer then, I can tell you."

Billoo turned his back on me very rudely. I looked across the table to Sally. She smiled feebly. She had drawn back her chair so that Tombs and Randall could fight it out across her plate without hitting her in the nose. They were frantically shaking their fists at each other, and they kept saying very loud, and both at once:

"I tell *you!*" and they made that beginning over and over, and never got any farther.

At two o'clock the next morning Mrs. Giddings turned to Sally and said:

"And now, my dear, I can't wait another moment. You must show me all over your lovely new house. I can think of nothing else."

"Can't you?" said Sally. "I can. It's two o'clock. But I'll show you to your own lovely room, if you like."

In the morning I sent for Blenheim, and told him to take all the Sunday papers as soon as they arrived and throw them overboard. All I meant to be was tactful. But

it wouldn't do. The first thing the men asked for was the papers; and the second thing. And finally they made such a fuss and threw out so many hints that I had to send the motor-boat over to the mainland. This made me rather sore at the moment, and I wished that the motor-boat was at the bottom of the Sound; but it wasn't, and had to be sent.

Later in the day I was struck with an idea. It was one of the few that ever struck me without outside help, and I will keep it dark for the present. But when I got Sally alone I said to her:

"Now, Sally, answer prettily: do you or do you not know what plausible weather is?"

"I do not," she said promptly.

"Of course you do not," I said, "you miserable little ignoramus. It has to do with an idea."

"No, Sam!" cried Sally.

"One of mine," I said.

"O Sam!" she said. "Can I help?"

"You can."

"How?"

"You can pray for it."

"For the idea?" she asked.

"No, you silly little goat," I said. "For the plausible weather."

"Must I?" she asked.

"You must," I said. "If you have marrow-bones, prepare to use them now."

Sally looked really shocked.

"Knees," I explained. "They're the same thing. But now that I think of it, you needn't use yours. If anybody were looking, it would be different, of course. But nobody is, and you may use mine."

So Sally used my knees for the moment, and I explained the idea to her briefly, and some other things at greater length; and then we both laughed and prayed aloud for plausible weather.

But it was months coming.

II

THINK, if you can, of a whole winter passing in Westchester County without its storming one or more times on any single solitary Saturday or Sunday or holiday! Christmas Day, even, some of the men played tennis out-of-doors. The balls were cold and didn't bounce very high, and all the men who played wanted to sit in the bar and talk stocks, but otherwise it made a pretty good game. Often, because our guests were so disagreeable about

the money they had lost or were losing, we decided not to give any more parties, but when we thought that fresh air was good for our friends, whether they liked it or not, of course we had to keep on asking them. And besides, we were very much set on the idea that I have referred to, and there was always a chance of plausible weather.

It did not come till May. But then it "came good," as Sally said. It "came good" and it came opportunely. Everything was right. We had the right guests; we had the right situation in Wall Street, and the weather was right. It came out of the northeast, darkly blowing (this was Saturday, just after the usual motor-boat load and their afternoon editions had been landed), and at first it made the Sound, and even the sheltered narrows between the island and the mainland, look pancake-flat and oily. Then it turned the Sound into a kind of incoming gray, striped with white; and then into clean white, wonderfully bright and staring under the dark clouds. I never saw a finer storm come up finer. But nobody would go out to the point to see it come. The Stock Exchange had closed on the verge of panic (that was its chronic Saturday closing last winter) and you couldn't get the men or women away from the thought of what *might* happen Monday. "Good heavens," said Billoo, "think of poor Sharply on his way home from Europe! Can't get to Wall Street before Wednesday, and God knows what he'll find when he gets there."

"What good would it do him to get there before?" I asked. "Wouldn't he sail right in and do the wrong thing, just as everybody has done all winter?"

"You don't understand, Sam," said Billoo, very lugubriously; and then he annihilated me by banging his fist on a table and saying, "*At least he'd be on the spot, wouldn't he?*"

"Oh," I said, "if you put it that way, I admit that that's just where he would be—Will anybody come and have a look at the fine young storm that I'm having served?"

"Not now, Sam—not now," said Billoo, as if the storm would always stay just where, and as, it was; and nobody else said anything. The men wanted to shout and get angry and make dismal prophecies, and the women wanted to stay and hear them, and egg them on, and decide what they would buy or sell on Monday.

"All right, Billoo-on-the-spot," I said. "Sally——?"



WE BOTH PRAYED ALOUD FOR PLAUSIBLE WEATHER.

Sally was glad to come. And first we went out on the point and had a good look at the storm. The waves at our feet were breaking big and wild, the wind was groaning and howling as if it had a mortal stomach-ache, and about a mile out was a kind of thick curtain of perpendicular lines, with dark, squally shadows at its base.

"Sam!" cried Sally, "it's snow—snow," and she began to jump up and down.

In a minute or two flakes began to hit us wet slaps in the face, and we took hands and danced, and then ran (there must have been something intoxicating about that storm) all the way to the pier. And there was the captain of the motor-boat just stepping ashore.

"The man himself," said Sally.

"Captain," said I, "how are we off for boats?"

By good luck there were in commission only the motor-boat, and the rowboat that she towed behind, and a canoe in the loft of the boat-house.

"Captain," I said, "take the Hobo (that was the name of the motor-boat) and her tender to City Island, and don't come back till Wednesday morning, in time for the Wall Street special."

"When you get to City Island," said Sally, "try to look crippled."

"Not you," I said, "but the Hobo."

"Tell them," said Sally, "if they ask questions, that you were blown from your moorings, and that you couldn't get back in the teeth of the gale because—because——"

"Because," said I, "your cylinders slipped, and your clutch missed fire, and your carbureter was full of prunes."

"In other words," said Sally, "if anybody ever asks you anything about anything—lie."

We gave him a lot more instructions, and some eloquent money, and he said, "Very good, ma'am," to me, and "Very good, miss," to Sally, and pretty soon he and the Hobo and the engineer and the Hobo's crew of one and the tender were neatly blown from their moorings, and drifted helplessly toward City Island at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour. Then Sally and I (it was snowing hard, now) climbed into the loft of the boat-house, and *fixed* the canoe.

"There," said Sally, putting down her little hatchet, "I don't believe the most God-fearing banker in this world would put to sea in that! Well, Sam, we've done it now."

"We have," said I.

"Will Monday never come?" said Sally.

"Stop," said I; "the telephone."

Idle Island was moored to the mainland by a telephone cable. It took us nearly an hour to find where this slipped into the water. And we were tired and hungry and wet and cold, but we simply had to persevere. It was frightful. At length we found the thing—it looked like a slimy black snake—and we cut it, where the water was a foot deep—the water bit my wrists and ankles as sharply as if it had been sharks—and went back to the house through the storm.

It was as black as night (the weather, not the house) snowing furiously and howling. We crept into the house like a couple of sneak-thieves, and heard Billoo at his very loudest shouting:

"I had Morgan on the wire all right—and the fool operator cut me off!"

Sally snipped her wet fingers in my face.

"Hello, fool operator," she said.

"Hello, yourself," said I. "But oh, Sally, listen to that wind, and tell me how it sounds to you. A wet hug if you guess the answer."

"To me," said Sally, "it sounds plausible." And she got herself hugged.

III

I DON'T believe that anybody slept much Saturday night. You never heard such a storm in your life. It seemed to Sally and me, who would have been the chief sufferers if it *had* blown down, that our comfortable, brand-new marble house flapped like a flag. Every now and then there came a tremendous crack from one part of the island or another; and each time Sally would say, "There goes my favorite elm," or I would say, "There goes that elm again."

Most of the men came down to breakfast Sunday morning. What with the storm and the worry about stocks keeping them awake most of the night, they were without exception nervous and cross, particularly Billoo. He looked like an owl that had been first stuffed and then boiled. Blenheim told me later that at various times during the night he had carried four several pints of champagne to Billoo's room; and at 7 A.M. bicarbonate of soda and aromatic spirits of ammonia.

"I tell you, Sam," said Billoo crossly, "I've been awake all night thinking what it would mean to some of us—yes, me!—if this storm should wreck that ferry-boat of yours."

A lot of wet snow and wind hit the dining-room windows a series of rattling slaps.

"She's a good boat, Sam, but smallish to ride out such a storm as this."

"What a goat you are, Sam," said Tombs, also crossly, "not to keep two ferry-boats, so that if one breaks down you have the other."

"When we made up our minds to spend the winter here," I said, "I ordered another; in fact, two. But they're still building; and besides, what if the Hobo does break down? There's plenty to eat and drink, I hope. Nobody would suffer much."

"No," said Billoo, "it would be no suffering for a business man to be storm-bound here during a probable panic on Wall Street!"

"I'm tired," said I, "of hearing you refer to yourself or any of these gentlemen as business men. You always gamble; and when you're in good luck you gambol, and when you aren't, you don't. What makes me sickest about you all is that you're so nauseatingly conceited and self-important. You all think that your beastly old Stock Exchange is the axle about which the wheel of the world revolves, and each of you thinks, privately, that he's the particular grease that makes it revolve smoothly."

"Well," said Billoo, "you know that the presence on the floor of one steady, conservative man may often avert a panic."

"Show me the man," I said. "Has any one here ever caused a panic or averted one? But you all lose money just as often because you're on the spot, as make it. Wouldn't you all be the richer for an absence now and then?"

"Of course," said Randall, "there are times when it doesn't matter one way or the other. But when—well, when the market's in the state it is now, it's life or death, almost, to be on the spot."

"I don't understand," I said. "When the market looks fussy, why not sell out, and wait for better times?"

"We *can't* sell out," said Billoo. "We're loaded up to the muzzle."

"You look as if you had been," I said courteously; but Billoo brushed the remark aside as if it had been a fly.

"If we *try* to unload," he said, "the market begins to collapse. We *can't* unload, except a little at a time, and still prices get lower and lower and margins thinner and thinner. Now I happen to *know*"—he looked about him importantly—"that to-morrow will hear the failure of a *very well-known* house, and after that's announced—God knows."

"How true that is," I said. "But tell me: suppose you gentlemen deliberately absented yourselves for a few days—wouldn't it restore confidence? Wouldn't the other brokers say: 'Billoo, Randall, Tombs, Marshall, Bedlo, etc., don't seem to think there's much doing. None of 'em's here—what's the use of *me* being scared?'"

"It would have the contrary effect, Sam," said Tombs solemnly. "They would think that we had decamped in a body for Canada."

"I don't know," said I, "but it would be a better thing for the country if you all did ship to Canada—I don't think there's much doing outdoors to-day. Hear that wind!"

"If I can get rid of all my holdings," said Billoo, "I'll sit tight. We'll see lower prices before we see higher."

"Well," said I, "I'll bet you we don't."

"Young man," said Billoo, and he looked almost well and happy, "just name your sum."

"I'll bet you a thousand," I said.

"Sammy," said Tombs very sweetly, "have you got another thousand up your sleeve?"

"Sure," I said.

"Done with you," said Tombs.

In about five minutes I had bet with everybody present.

"But mind," I said, "there mustn't be any dirty work. You people mustn't go to town to-morrow with the idea of forming a strong coalition and *putting* prices down."

"It wouldn't be worth while," said Billoo. "As a matter of fact, we'd like nothing better than to see you win your bet, but as you can't, possibly—why, a thousand dollars is always a thousand dollars."

"Just the same," said I, "*no* coalitions."

The wind went on howling till late in the afternoon and then it began to peter out. We had spent the whole day in the house, and everybody was tired and bored, and nervous about Monday, and bedtime came earlier than usual.

"Sam," said Sally, when we were alone, "it's just occurred to me that we *may* be causing some of these people to lose a lot of money."

"Why, Sally," I said, "you look scared."

"I am," she said. "Don't *you* think it would be rather awful?"

"No, I don't," I said; "I think it would be splittingly funny. But they won't lose. Their absence will steady the market."

"Who told you that Sam?" said Sally.

"Sam!" said I.

IV

EVEN before the leaves come, you can't see the pier from the house. It runs out from the bottom of a high bank and is otherwise hidden by trees. But it's only a short distance, and in good weather we have the guests walk it, because it gives them a better chance to admire the gardens and the Athenian columns and things. But Monday, which dawned bright and still and warm, and was just as typical of May in Westchester as was the snow-and-wind storm, we drove them down in a bus because the roads and paths were horribly muddy. Of course none of the women wanted to take the early train, so there were only the men and Sally and I in the bus. Sally said that there was going to be some fun when the men got to the pier and didn't find the Hobo, and she wasn't going to miss it. Just before we started she drew me aside and said:

"Sam, when we get there, for heaven's sake look blank."

"I understand your fears, Sally," I said, "and I will look as blank as I possibly can. But remember, child, how easy it is for *you* to look blank; and don't always be urging others to attempt the impossible."

"Mrs. Sam," said Billoo, on the way down, "I can't tell you what a good time I've had."

"You nice man," said Sally, "I wish we could persuade you to stay a day or two longer."

"If it wasn't for the market, I could stay forever," said Billoo.

"Not if I lived," said I. "Saturday to Monday is plenty long enough— Hello——!"

The pier and the empty stretch of water between the island and the mainland were in sight, but there was no Hobo.

"Hello what?" said Tombs. "Why, where's the ferry?"

"I don't see her," I said, and, I hope, anxiously; "you don't suppose——"

"Isn't the Hobo there?" shrieked Billoo. He turned his head on his fat neck, and at first he looked very angry, and then scared.

We walked down to the pier, and then out on the float to get as big a water view as possible, but there wasn't so much as a row-boat in sight.

"What can have happened?" said Sally.

"I'm worried to death," I said. "Suppose she *was* blown from her moorings, the captain could have run her into New Rochelle, and come back yesterday afternoon when the

wind went down. Something must have happened."

"Oh, Sam," cried Sally, "you don't think she may have been run down by one of the Sound steamers and sunk?"

"I dare not think of it," I said. "I dare not think of the poor chaps on board."

"I don't see how I'm to get to town," said Billoo dismally. He pulled out his watch, and held it in his hand, and every moment or two looked at it. "Haven't you a couple of rowboats? We couldn't get this train, but we could get the next——"

I shook my head. "I'm sorry," I said. "We're not much on the water, and we've never been properly supplied with boats——"

Billoo swallowed some hasty thought or other, and began to look across at the mainland. My father owns all the land opposite the island, even the pier and the short road to the village of Stepping-Stone; and although there were several boats at the pier, there were no people, and the rest of the shore is nothing but thick woods.

"We must telephone somewhere," said Billoo.

"You can't," I said. "You know you tried to telephone all yesterday and couldn't, and the butler told me this morning that he had tried to put in a call and got no answer."

"What does it matter?" said Sally. "You've all got to stay now. I think that's splendid."

"Mrs. Sam," said Tombs hollowly, "do you realize that this accident may mean *ruin* for some of us?"

"Oh, dear!" said Sally, "how dreadful!"

"Somehow or other," said Billoo, "*I'm* going to get across."

And the others said that somehow or other *they* were going to get across, too.

"I've got to!" said Billoo, and he looked about in a fat, challenging way as if daring any one to say that he had not got to.

"You poor things," said Sally, "I hope to heaven you can; but how?"

"Where there's a will, Mrs. Sam——" Billoo said. And he began to think hard. All of a sudden his face brightened.

"It's too easy," he said. "The wind's right; four or five of us have umbrellas— Sam, you'll have to lend us this float. We've only to cut it from its moorings, and sail it across— May we have it?"

"Yes," I said, "but you're crazy to try it."

"It's a case of sink or swim," said he. "Who's coming?"

Without exception the men agreed to sail with him on the float. It was a fine, big platform, floated on sheet-iron air-tanks, and moored at the four corners by heavy ropes.

Sally and I withdrew to the pier and watched Billoo and the others cut slowly through the ropes with their pocket-knives. Presently the float began to move, and a second or two later the float end of the gang-plank slipped into the water with a heavy splash. Those who had umbrellas opened them to catch the breeze, and the others lit cigars, and stood about in graceful attitudes. Sally and I cheered as loud as we could.

"I'll send you a tug or something," Billoo called back to us, "and try to find out what's happened to the Hobo."

"Thank you!" I called back.

"Sam," said Sally, "I don't know what you think, but I call it good sand."

"So do I," said I, "but foolish."

"Why foolish?" said Sally. "They're really going quite fast, and they'll be across in no time, and they'll get the next train and everything."

"They will not," I said.

"Why?" said Sally.

"Because," said I, "they will run on to the middle ground, and stay there."

"Not at high tide!" exclaimed Sally.

"At high tide," said I. "That float draws a good two feet, and it's so heavy that once it runs on the mud it will stay on the mud—" And then I shouted to Billoo:

"Look out for the middle ground!"

"What?" he answered.

"Why do you warn him?" said Sally.

"Because it won't help him," said I.

"What?" called Billoo again, and Sally answered at the top of her lungs, "Look—out—for—the—middle—ground!"

"Right O!" Billoo answered; "where is it?"

"Just ahead," Sally called.

Biloo turned to look, and at that moment the float, which was traveling at a good clip, ran into it.

Biloo and Randall fell flat on their faces; everybody staggered; one umbrella and two hats went overboard and drifted away, and Sally and I sat down on the pier and laughed till we were helpless.

V

THE float had become a fixture in the landscape about two hundred and fifty yards out.

We could converse with our friends by shouting only, and when we got tired of condoling with them and giving them assurances of our sympathy, we told them that *we* were going back to the house to get some more breakfast and think out what was best to be done.

"Sam," said Sally, "that's the maddest lot of men I ever saw."

We looked back. Biloo was stamping up and down the float, waving his arms and orating like Falstaff; Randall and Tombs had their heads together, and were casting what appeared to be baleful glances at Biloo. It was evident that he was not popular on the float.

When we had had some more breakfast, and had sat around a little to digest it, the women began to come down-stairs. Mrs. Randall was the first to come down, and she was in great distress.

"It's *too* dreadful," she said. "I had something of the utmost importance to tell Billy, something that I wanted him to do for me down-town. And I overslept."

"Well," said I, "let me tell you what a good fellow Billy is. He hasn't gone yet."

"Good heavens!" she cried, "not gone yet? Why, what time is it? Why, he won't get down-town in time for the opening."

"Probably not," I said. "He was just going, when suddenly he said, 'I know there's something my wife wants to say to me.' I said, 'Wake her up and find out what it is.' He said, 'No, she's getting so she can't do without her beauty sleep; I'll just wait around till she wakes of herself.'"

"Sam," said Mrs. Randall, "what has happened to my husband?"

"Nothing much," I said. "He's in the same boat with many others—only it isn't a boat. Don't be alarmed."

"Where is my husband?" said she.

"If you are equal to a short, muddy walk," I said, "I will show him to you— Morning, little Miss Tombs—want to see brother and young Fitch? They said they wouldn't go to town till you'd seen them— Morning, Mrs. Giddings—morning, Miss Marshall—I'm not much on breaking bad news, but there's been an accident to all your husbands and brothers and fiancés. They're all alive still, so far as I know—but they ought not to last more than five or six days."

"It's proposed," said Sally, "that we all go and see what can be done for them."

We refused to answer any questions. We led the way to the pier and pointed out



SHE HAD DRAWN BACK SO TOMBS AND RANDALL COULD FIGHT IT OUT ACROSS HER PLATE.

the float, and the men on it. "There," said Sally, "you can see them quite plainly from here."

"Yes," said I, "and the more plainly you see them, the plainer they are."

"Will you kindly tell me," said Mrs. Randall, "what my husband is doing out there on that float?"

"He is doing nothing," I said. "You can see for yourself. And it isn't a float any more."

"Better tell them what has happened," said Sally.

"No, Sally," I said, "no."

"Yes, Sam," she said.

"Oh, all right," I said, "if you really think it's best. The fact is, ladies, the whole thing is a piece of drunken folly. You know how men are when they get drinking and arguing and quarreling. To make a long story short, it came to Billoo's insulting Randall; Randall challenges him; dueling is against the law; they take pistols and witnesses out on the water beyond the jurisdiction of the United States; and they *were* going to murder each other. But it's all right now—don't be frightened."

Sally had turned her face away, and I'm sure I was serious as a judge. I patted Mrs. Randall on the shoulder.

"Even if your husband isn't brave," I said, "he's clever, clever and deep."

"My husband not brave!" she cried. "I like that; he's the bravest man I ever saw."

"Well, that may be," I said doubtfully, "but, considering that on the way out to the dueling ground, or water, when nobody was looking but Sally and me, he kicked the box of cartridges overboard— But, perhaps they'll agree to use pocket-knives——"

"Sam," said little Miss Tombs, "I'll give you a kiss good morning if you'll be serious."

"Wait till Fitch is looking," I said.

Then Sally explained what had happened, and edged herself so politely between little Miss Tombs and me that the others laughed.

"They'll float at high tide, won't they?" asked Mrs. Giddings.

"No," I said. "It was high tide when they ran aground. It will take a tugboat to get them off."

The words weren't out of my mouth when a tugboat appeared round the corner of the island, making up the channel. The men on the float began to scream and yell and jump up and down and wave their arms. But the tugboat paid no attention. It thought they were drunk. It passed within three hundred yards of them, whistled a couple of times, and became small in the distance.

"Sam," said Sally, "in about an hour they'll be high and dry on the mud. Then not even a boat can get to them. And by the time it's high tide again it will be dark and nobody will see them, and they'll be dying of hunger and thirst."

"That's true," I said. "Sally, you explain that to them, and I'll have the men fetch one of the stable doors, and we'll put a sail on it and provision it and trust to its hitting the middle ground about where they did."

I never worked so hard in my life. I had a stable door taken off its tracks and rigged with the canoe's sail; and we put a case of champagne on board, and a tub of ice, and bread and cold meat and butter and jam and cigars and cigarettes and liquors and a cocktail shaker and a bottle of olives stuffed with red peppers, for Billoo, and two kinds of bitters, and everything else to eat or drink that anybody could think of, and some camp-chairs, and cards for bridge, and score-pads and pencils and a folding table. Of course most of the things got soaked the minute we launched the door, but there wasn't time to do the thing over again. So we gave the relief boat three cheers and let her go.

The way the men on the float eyed the course of the door, you would have thought them all nearly half dead with hunger and thirst. We were all excited, too.

At first the door made straight for the float. Then the breeze shifted a little, and it made to the left of the float—then to the right of it—and then straight at it again.

Everybody cheered. The relief expedition looked like a success. The men all came to the edge of the float to meet it—and then, just as all seemed well, a dark patch of wind came scudding across the water, filled the door's sail, and sent the door kiting off to the right again. The game was up. The door was going to miss the float by sixty or seventy feet.

Then the men on the float began to toss coins; there was a shout of delight; and Billoo, trumpeting his hands, called to me:

"Make the ladies go behind the boat-house, quick!" And he began to unbutton his coat. I herded the women behind the boat-house and ran back to the pier. Billoo was stripping as fast as he could.

"What's he doing?" Mrs. Giddings called to me.

And I answered, "He seems to be overcome by the heat."

A few moments later Billoo stood revealed,

a fat white silhouette against the opposite shore. He stepped from the float into the water; it came to his ankles. Then he waded, gingerly but with determination, toward the passing door. He went as if he expected the water to get suddenly deep, but it didn't. At no time did it reach to his ankles, until, just as he was reaching out his hand to catch hold of the door, and just as the men on the float set up a cheer, he stepped off the middle ground into deep water.

The splash that he made lifted the door half out of water, and shot it away from him, the wind filled its sail, and when Billoo came to the surface and looked for it, it was thirty feet off. But he set his teeth (I think he set them) and swam after it. Just as he reached it, he fetched an awful yell. He had been seized with cramps. Still, he had sense enough to cling to the door, and, when the first spasm of the cramp had passed, to sprawl himself upon it. There he lay for a while, lapped by the water that came over the door, and writhing in his fat nakedness.

Meanwhile, the door was caught in the full strength of the ebbing tide, and began to make for the open Sound. Poor Billoo was in a bad way, but he had sand—I'll say that for him—and when he had turned the ice-tub upside down for a seat, and wrapped himself in the canoe sail, I invited the women to come out and see for themselves how brave he was.

He waved his hand to us, and just as he and his well-provisioned craft rounded a corner of the island he selected a bottle of champagne and deftly extracted the cork.

I told some of my men to follow along the shore and to let me know what became of him. I couldn't do anything more for Billoo; but I liked the man, and took an affectionate interest in his ultimate fate—*whatever* it might be. And I call that true friendship.

Pretty soon the middle ground on which the float was stuck began to show above water, and as it was evident that we could do nothing further for the relief of our shipwrecked friends, we decided to go back to the house, change our muddy boots, play a rubber or so, and have lunch. But first little Miss Tombs called to young Fitch, and told him if he found himself starving to dig clams in the mud.

VI

THE only fault that I could find with the way things had gone so far was that Sally

had a disgusting headache that marred her pleasure and her sense of humor. She hadn't said very much, and had laughed with only a half-heart at things that had seemed to me excruciatingly funny. For instance, when Billoo was seized with the cramps she had barely smiled, and once or twice when I had been doing the talking she had looked pitying-

see the doctor," I had a sudden awful, empty, gulpy feeling. Suppose she was going to be really sick! Suppose she was going to have pneumonia or scarlet fever or spinal meningitis! Here we were, cut off from medical assistance till Wednesday morning. And it was our own fault—mine; mine, for being *too* funny. Then I thought, "Maybe those men



I HERDED THE WOMEN BEHIND THE BOAT-HOUSE.

ly at me, instead of roaring with laughter, the way a wife should do.

And when we got to the house, she said that if we would excuse her she would go to her room and lie down.

"I've just got one of my usual headaches," she said.

That remark worried me, because it was the first headache she had ever complained of to me; and when, after she had gone up-stairs, Miss Randall said, "Maybe Sally ought to

on the float are losing all the money they've got in the world," and that made me feel pretty glum; and then I thought, "Maybe poor Billoo is drowned by now," and I went cold all over.

"Why don't you make the trump, Sam?" said Mrs. Giddings.

"Good heavens!" I said. "Did I deal? Won't somebody play my hand? I'm worried about Sally."

Then I bolted up-stairs, and there was Sally

lying on her bed, with a glass tube sticking out of her mouth.

"How are you," I said, "and what are you doing?"

"I feel rather sick, Sam," she said. And she looked so pale that I could have screamed. "And I'm taking my temperature."

"Do you think you've got fever?" I cried.

"I don't know," she said.

"O Sally—Sally," I cried. "Forgive me—it's all my fault—and I love you so— My God! what shall I do? I know——"

Then I kissed her, and ran out of the room, and all the way to the boat-house. I found a bathing-suit, undressed, put it on, tore down to the pier, and went overboard. I suppose the water was ghastly cold, but I didn't feel it. I suppose I never should have gotten all the way across to the mainland if I hadn't been boiling with fear and excitement, and besides I walked and waded across the middle ground and got a rest that way. The men on the float kept calling to me, and asking me questions, but I hadn't enough breath nor reason to answer them; I just swam and swam and swam.

About fifty feet from the pier on the mainland I began to get horrible pains up and down the muscles of my legs; and they wanted to stop kicking, but I wouldn't let them. I had to sit on the pier for a while to rest, but pretty soon I was able to stand, and somehow or other, running and walking, I got to the doctor's house in Stepping-Stone. He is very nice and an old friend, and the moment I told him Sally was desperately sick he said she wasn't, and I felt better. He gave me some brandy to drink, and we started for the island. I begged him to run, but he wouldn't. He walked leisurely and pointed out this tree as a very fine specimen and well grown, or that one as too much crowded by its neighbors. He was daft on forestry. Patients didn't interest him a bit. Finally, however, we got to the pier, and stole somebody's rowboat, and I took the oars, and then we went faster.

When we entered the house we found all the women except Sally surrounding Billoo. He was very red in the face and dressed only in the canoe sail; but he wasn't in the least embarrassed. He had a self-satisfied smile; and he was talking as fast and as loud as he could.

We told him to go to bed and be ashamed of

himself, and sleep it off. And he said that nobody understood him, and he denied having drunk the whole case of champagne, and he said that he was in perfect control of all his faculties, and that if the ladies wished him to, he could dance a hornpipe for them that he had learned when he was a sailor. . . .

The doctor and I went up-stairs; and while he was with Sally I changed into proper clothes; and then I waited outside the door for him to come out and tell me the worst. After a long time he came. He looked very solemn, and closed the door behind him.

"What is it?" I said, and I think my voice shook like a leaf.

"Sam," he said gravely, "Sally is by way of cutting her first wisdom tooth."

"Good Lord!" I said, "is that all?"

"It's enough," said the doctor, "because it isn't a *tooth*."

"Oh!" I said, "oh! What ought I to do?"

"Why," said he, "I'd go in, and tell her how glad you are, and maybe laugh at her a little bit, and make much of her."

But I couldn't laugh at Sally, because she was crying.

I took her in my arms and made much of her, and asked her why she was crying, and she said she was crying because she was glad.

When the doctor had returned to Stepping-Stone, he got the Hobo's captain on the telephone and told him from me to bring the Hobo back to Idle Island at once. She came about six, just as the tide was getting high, and she brought rescue to the men on the float, and, better than rescue, she brought the evening papers.

There had been a big day on Wall Street; one of the biggest in its history. And the men whom we had kept from going to business had made, among them, hundreds of thousands of dollars, just by sitting still. But they were ungrateful, especially Billoo. He complained bitterly, and said that he would have made three times as much money if he had been *on the spot*.

When the men paid the bets that they had lost to me, I turned the money over to my father's secretary and told him to deposit it as a special account.

"What shall I call the account?" he asked.

"Call it," I said, "the account of W. Tooth."

THE SHADOW WORLD

A Realistic Account of Occult Phenomena.

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Author of "The Tyranny of the Dark"

V

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Are there spirits? This is the issue to which we are narrowed in this instalment. The most rigidly conducted investigations of leading scientists of France, Italy, and Russia, and the investigations of Mr. Garland all tend toward an answer in the negative. But we seem to be on the eve of discoveries that will revolutionize our whole theory of natural forces. The experiments with Eusapia Paladino, herein described, have developed the most astounding phenomena in the history of psychic research. Yet the noted scientists by whom she has been tested have been forced to the conclusion that it is through natural means that Paladino performs feats heretofore credited to "spirits."

CAMERON'S Amateur Psychic Club, which had so nearly disintegrated by reason of the long series of barren sittings, was drawn together again by the news of my startling success at Fowler's house. Cameron at once decided to call the members together to hear my story, and I was notified to be ready to relate my experiences in full. We met, as before, at the dinner-table, and even before the soup-plates were removed the interrogation began, and by the time the company was in full possession of the facts the coffee and cigars had appeared.

"Why didn't these wonders take place in our presence?" asked Mrs. Quigg, who had returned to something like her original truculence of doubt. "Why should you believers be so favored?"

"In this business everything comes to him who waits," I replied, a note of triumph in my voice. "Harmony and patience are essentials in the production of these marvels."

Miller continued firm in his agnosticism. "Although puzzling, I cannot grant so much

as one of the phenomena. Belief in the smallest of those manifestations at my house would be uprooting to all established theories of matter."

"Were not the notions of Galileo and Darwin also subverting?" asked Fowler. "Is there anything sacred in error? If we are wrong in our theories about the universe, let's correct them. You do not stand out against wireless telegraphy or the Röntgen ray?"

"I'm not going to take instruction from a tipping table or a flying hair-brush," retorted Miller.

"I'll take illumination from any source whatsoever," declared Fowler.

Here I interposed: "The only question that concerns me at this stage is: Does the table tip and the brush really fly? No physical fact is trivial, for it stands related to mountains and the clouds."

Fowler's eyes gleamed with contempt. "That's the way of you so-called scientists: you narrow the mighty fund of occult phenomena down to a floating feather. As a matter of fact, there is a sea of evidence accumulated by the investigations of far greater men than you, testimony that is neither trivial nor ignoble. It is because you and your associates are so petty in methods that the tables and the chairs play leading parts in your drama."

"Good for you!" cheered Brierly. "You're quite right. When these materialistic investigators get done with trying to prove that independent slate-writing exists, they'll begin to give some attention to the fundamental truths of the message. Going after small things, they get small things. If Garland and his like went forth seeking the essentials of the faith, they would find miracles instead of foolish tricks of hand."

"Essentials such as what?" interrupted Harris with snappy suddenness.

"Such as—as—direct spirit communication, a knowledge of the astral, the reincarnation of souls, and—and—a faith in the upward progression of the self."

Here again I interposed a quieting word: "I confess that it begins to look as though the theosophist's theory of the astral (at which some of us have smiled) were in a fair way to be proved scientifically—through the entrance of Eusapia Paladino into the physiological laboratory of Cæsar Lombroso. I regard this as the most important event in the history of psychism. Nothing pertaining to mediumship since Crookes's experiments has had such value for the scientist."

"We have heard of Lombroso, but who is Paladino?" asked Mrs. Quigg.

"She is the most renowned psychic now living. Though only an illiterate Neapolitan woman, she has been able for more than twenty years to baffle every scientist who has studied her."

"Tell us about her! Who is she? Where does she live?"

"She was born at Minervino Murge, a mountain town near Bari, in Italy, but she has been a resident of Naples since her girlhood. According to Lombroso's daughter, who has written a sketch of her, she is about fifty-three years of age. Her parents were peasants. She is quite uneducated, but is intelligent and rather good-looking."

"What does she do?" asked Cameron.

"What is her 'phase,' as you call it?"

A CONQUERING MEDIUM

"It must be confessed that most of her performances are of the *poltergeist* variety. She produces the movement of mandolins, chairs, sofas, and small tables without contact—at least, such is the consensus of opinion of nearly a score of the best-known scientists of France and Italy. But there is vastly more than the *poltergeist* in her. She has conquered every critic by the force of her psychic powers. Take, for instance, Lombroso's conversion, a fairly typical case. He was not only skeptical of spirit phenomena, but up to 1888 was openly contemptuous of those who believed in them. However, in an article called 'The Influence of Civilization upon Genius,' published in 1888, he made this admission" (here I drew out a small book and read from it): "*Twenty or thirty years are enough*

to make the whole world admire a discovery which was treated as madness at the moment when it was made. . . . Who knows whether my friends and I, who laugh at spiritualism, are not in error, just like hypnotized persons, or like lunatics?—being in the dark as regards the truth, we laugh at those who are not in the same condition."

"True enough," said Fowler.

LOMBROSO CHALLENGED

"It was this candid statement that moved Professor Chiaia, a friend of Eusapia's, to write Lombroso a letter that was in effect a challenge. After recounting a score or two of the wonderful doings of Paladino, whom he had studied carefully, he ended in this amusing fashion: 'Now you see my challenge. If you have not written the paragraph cited above simply for the fun of writing it, if you have the true love for science, if you are without prejudices—you, the first alienist of Italy—please take the field. When you can afford a week's vacation, indicate a place where we can meet. Four gentlemen will be our seconds; you will choose two, and I will bring the other two. . . . If the experiment does not succeed, you will consider me but as a man suffering from hallucination, who longs to be cured of his extravagances. . . . If success crowns our efforts, your loyalty . . . will attest the reality of these mysterious phenomena and promise to investigate their causes.'"

"I hope Lombroso was man enough to accept the challenge," said Cameron.

"He did not at once take up the gage. It was not, in fact, till February, 1891, that he was able to go to Naples to meet Eusapia, who had begun to interest some of his trusted scientific friends. At this time—in 1891—Eusapia was the wife of a small shop-keeper in Naples, and a decent, matronly person, quite untouched by mysticism. Although not eager to sit for Lombroso and his party of scientists, she finally consented. Among those who took part in this celebrated sitting were Professor Tamburini, an eminent scientist; Dr. Bianchi, the superintendent of the insane asylum at Sales; Dr. Penta, and a young nephew of Lombroso, a resident of Naples.

"Lombroso had charge of the séances, which were held in a room of his own choice and with the medium entirely under his control. He was astonished at the prompt response obtained. At the first sitting, while he

and Professor Tamburini held the psychic's hands, a bell was carried tinkling through the air and a small table moved as if it were alive. Many other mysterious movements took place. Lombroso was very much disturbed by these inexplicable phenomena, and could not rest till he sat again. At the second séance spectral hands developed, profoundly mystifying every sitter. Lombroso went away, promising to carry forward a study of spiritism, and in a letter written the following June he manfully said: *'I am filled with confusion, and regret that I combated with so much persistence the possibilities of the facts called spiritualistic. I say facts, for I am opposed to the theory.'*"

"Did Lombroso say that?" asked Harris.

PRINT OF SPECTRAL HANDS ON PAPER

"He wrote it, which is still more to the point—I am reading you his own words. And it was his acceptance of the main facts of Paladino's mediumship that led other groups of scientists to take up her case. Professor Schiaparelli, director of the observatory at Milan; Gerosa, professor of physics; Ermacora, doctor of natural philosophy; Aksakof, councilor of state to the Emperor of Russia; Charles du Prel, doctor of philosophy in Munich; and Richet, of Paris, were in the next group, which met at Milan with intent to settle the claims of this bold charlatan.

"The sittings took place in the apartment of Monsieur Finzi at Milan, and the tests were more rigid and searching than any Paladino had ever passed through, but she was again triumphant. Lombroso himself was present at part of these séances, the results of which were very notable and very far-reaching."

"What happened? Let us know details."

"For the first time, so far as I know, a table was photographed while floating in the air——"

"No!" shouted Howard.

"Yes—and certain other telekinetic happenings were proved, to the stupefaction of most of those in the group. One special experiment, the success of which confounded the shrewdest, was the attempt to secure on a smoke-blackened paper the print of a spectral hand. The impression was made while Paladino's hands were imprisoned beyond all question, and, what was most singular of all, the hand *that made the print smudged the*

wrists of one of the experimenters, and yet not a particle of black appeared on the fingers of the psychic.'"

"That ought to have convinced them of her honesty," remarked Fowler, with a note of amusement in his voice, "but it didn't; these scientific folk are so difficult."

"No," I replied, "it didn't entirely convince them, but it jarred them not a little. In their report they admitted this much. They said, 'We do not believe we have the right to explain these things by the aid of insulting assumptions.' (By this they thought that they cleared the psychic of the charge of fraud.) 'We think, on the contrary, that *these experiments have to do with phenomena of an unknown nature*, and we confess that we do not know what the conditions are that are required to produce them.'

"This seems to me like a very mild statement, but really it was epoch-marking. From this time forward learned men in Russia, France, and Italy successively sought Paladino out and tried to expose her to the world. Professor Wagner, of the department of zoölogy at the University of St. Petersburg, made a study of her in 1893, and found her powers real. A year later M. Siemiradski, correspondent of the French Institute, experimented with her in Rome, obtaining, among other miracles, the plucking of the strings of a closed piano under strictly test conditions."

"You got that, didn't you?" asked Mrs. Cameron.

"Yes, I've experienced that."

"How do you account for a thing of that sort?"

RICHET INTERESTED

"I don't account for it—at least, not just yet. But to go on: Among the most eminent and persuasive of all Eusapia's investigators was Professor Charles Richet, the French physiologist and author. He, too, was bowled over. He tells the story of his conversion very charmingly. 'In my servile respect for classic tradition,' he writes, 'I laughed at Crookes and his experiments—but it must be remembered in my excuse that as a professional physiologist I moved habitually along a road quite other than mystical.' His attention, he goes on to say, was first drawn to spiritualistic phenomena by a friend who had discovered a power that caused a table to move intelligently. He was trying to explain this (and one or two

other little things like telepathy and prophetic vision) by the word somnambulism, when his friend Aksakof, a great psychical expert, reproached him for not interesting himself more keenly in experiments with mediums. 'Well,' said Richet, 'if I were sure that a single true medium existed, I would willingly go to the ends of the world to meet him.'

TESTS PALADINO FOR THREE MONTHS

"That's the spirit!" exclaimed Fowler. "That is the way the scientist should feel. What then? Aksakof told him all he needed to do was to go round the corner, didn't he?"

"Not exactly. Two years later Aksakof wrote to him: 'You needn't come to the end of the world; Milan will do.' So Richet went to Milan, and took part in those very celebrated séances with Eusapia. 'When I left Milan,' Richet says, 'I was convinced that all was true—but no sooner was I back in my accustomed channels of work than my doubts returned. I persuaded myself that all was fraud or illusion.'"

Here Harris interrupted: "Miller can testify to this inability to retain a conviction. He, too, has slumped into doubt. How about it, Miller?"

"I never professed to believe," quietly declared Miller.

"You were pretty well convinced of telekinesis that night in your study, weren't you?" I asked.

"I was puzzled," he replied guardedly.

There was a general smile at his evasion, and I resumed: "Richet went to Rome, and, together with Von Schrenck-Notzing and Siemiradski, made other and still more convincing experiments—and yet doubt persisted. 'I was not yet satisfied,' he says further. 'I invited Eusapia to my house for three months. Alone with her and Ochorowicz, a man of penetrating perspicacity, I renewed my experiments in the best possible conditions of solitude and quiet reflection. We thus acquired a positive proof of the reality of the facts announced at Milan.'"

"By George, that's going it strong!" said young Howard. "You've got to believe that a man like Richet has seen something after three months' experiment in his own house."

"Yet let me read you again his confession of doubt—some of you have heard it," I said. "He writes: 'It took me twenty years to arrive at my present conviction—nay! To make one last confession—I am not yet ab-

olutely and irremediably convinced. In spite of the astounding phenomena which I have witnessed during my sixty experiments with Eusapia, I have still a trace of doubt. . . . *Certainty does not follow on demonstration; it follows on habit.*' So don't blame Miller or myself for inability to believe in these theories, for our minds are the kind that accept the mystical with sore struggle."

"Go on with Eusapia's career," said Harris. "I am interested in her. I don't care what you and Miller believe; I want the story of those old-world investigations."

"Her story broadens," I resumed. "Her fame spread throughout Europe, and squad after squad of militant scientists grappled with her and 'John King,' as her 'control' was named. She was called before kings and emperors, and everywhere she triumphed—save in Cambridge, where she made a partial failure, but redeemed herself later with both Lodge and Myers, so that it remains true to say that she has gone surely from one success to another."

BOTTAZZI'S EXPERIMENTS

"The crowning wonder of her career came when she consented to enter the laboratories of the universities of Genoa and Naples. It is in the writings of Morselli, professor of psychology at Genoa, and in the reports of Bottazzi, head of the department of physics at Naples, that skepticism such as Miller's and my own is met and conquered. I defy any man of open mind to read the detailed story of these marvelous experiments and deny the existence of the phenomena produced by Eusapia Paladino."

"You speak with warmth," said Harris.

"I do! I am at this moment fresh from a reading of the reports of Bottazzi's recent experiments, and I must say he has not only sustained Crookes at every point, but has gone beyond him in his ingenuity of test and thoroughness of control. He adds the touch of certainty that we all needed to complete our own experience."

"Can't you tell us about it?" pleaded Mrs. Cameron.

"It is too long and complicated. You must read it for yourself. It is too incredible to be told offhand."

"Never mind, Garland; we'll take it as a phase of your fiction," bade Brierly. "Go ahead."

As I looked about me, I could detect in the

faces of some of my friends an expression of apprehension. It was plain that Harris and Miller considered me on the highroad to spiritualism. Quite willing to gratify their wish to be startled, I proceeded:

"You will find the latest word on these matters in a small but valuable review, published simultaneously in London and in Paris, called *The Annals of Psychical Science*. It is edited by Cæsar de Vesme in France, and by Laura I. Finch in England, and is a mine of reliable psychism. Its directors are Dr. Dariex and Professor Charles Richet. Its 'committee' is made up of such men as Sir William Crookes, Camille Flammarion, Professor Lombroso, and others of like character."

"We don't want the review, we want your account," said Harris. "Don't spare us."

"Thank you; you shall have it hot-shot, but I'll have to generalize the story for you. It's long and full of machinery. The most decisive of all the tests have been made during the past eighteen months, and the final and most convincing of all within the year, under the direction of Lombroso, Morselli, and Bottazzi. It is safe to say that with these experiments (and the reports that accompany them) a new era has dawned in biology. The facts of spiritualism are at last in process of being scientifically observed by a score of the best-qualified men in Europe."

Fowler took issue with me here: "It is absurd to say that no one but these physicists is properly qualified to study spiritualistic phenomena; spiritualists themselves have put the screws on quite as effectively as ever Crookes or Richet has done. Some of the best investigators ever known have been spiritualists."

PSYCHISM AND RELIGION

"Even if that were true, their testimony would lack the convincing power that flames from Morselli's book or Bottazzi's report," I answered. "The essential weakness of the spiritualist's testimony lies in the fact that for the most part he assumes that the facts of mediumship are somehow, and necessarily, connected with somebody's religion. Whereas a man like Morselli is concerned merely with the facts; he lets the inferences fall where they may. Bottazzi was not concerned with whether Eusapia's manifestations opposed Christian theology or not—he wanted the phenomena."

He was amazed at their bearing on biologic theories, but he did not shrink from making report of them. So far as I am concerned, my lot is cast with these men who put the clamps on the fact and wait for larger knowledge before constructing a system of religion on the half-discovered. But to return to Paladino. Above all else, she deserves honor for breaking away from the traditions of mediumship."

Mrs. Quigg caught me up on this: "What do you mean by 'traditions of mediumship'?"

"I mean that for the most part investigators have been kept at arm's length by the fiction that the 'guide' should control everything, that the séance is a religious rite, that the medium must not be touched nor exposed to the light, and so on. The scientist has been hedged about till he was reduced to the rank of an onlooker *in the dark*, so that no definitive test was possible."

EUSAPIA CONVINCES SCIENTISTS

"I am ready to grant that some of these rules were justified. But *Eusapia* has set a new pace for mediums. She has gone into the lion's den alone and unarmed, not once, but a hundred times. She entered Lombroso's study, a room previously unexplored by her, and there placed herself before a cabinet that she was not permitted to examine—a cabinet filled with machines of satanic ingenuity, capable of dividing the true from the false. She submitted to tests the like of which not even Crookes was permitted to apply. All sacred rules and regulations, all ideas of religion or questions of morality, vanished when she entered the cold, clear air of that bare-walled laboratory."

I had the strained attention of my audience now. Time was forgotten, and cries of "Tell us!" "Tell it all!" arose.

"Well, up to the beginning of last year Bottazzi confesses that he had read little or nothing on the subject and, like our friend Miller here, considered it beneath the dignity of a scientist to be present in spiritualistic circles. It is highly instructive to note that Paladino, the most renowned medium of her time, was living in Naples at his very door; but that doesn't matter—a scientist is blind to what he does not want to see. Bottazzi's eyes were opened by a young friend, Professor Charles Foà, of Turin, who sent him an account of what he and Dr. Herlitzka had witnessed in Eusapia's presence."

"They appear to be taking the phenomena very seriously over there," said Harris.

"They certainly are. These particular sittings at Turin made a great sensation in Italy. They were under the direction of Doctors Herlitzka, Charles Foà, and Aggazzotti, assistants to Professor Mosso of the University of Turin. Dr. Pio Foà, professor of pathologic anatomy, was also present during one séance. The conditions were all of the experimenters' own contriving. They were young men and had been companion workers in science for many years, and were accustomed to laboratory work. They all came to this experiment perfectly sure that no mediumistic phenomena could endure the light of science. At the end of their three sittings they manfully announced, '*Now that we are persuaded of the authenticity of the phenomena*, we feel it our duty to state the fact publicly in our turn, and to proclaim that the few pioneers in this branch of biology (destined to become one of the most important) generally saw and observed correctly.' You will note that they relate their tests, not to theology, but to unexplored biology."

PALADINO'S ENTRANCE INTO LABORATORY

"I like the ring of that declaration," said Fowler.

"With ingenuity that would have seemed diabolic to Paladino (had she known of it), they had laid their pipes and provided for every trick. They were confident that nothing genuine could occur, but as a matter of record weird performances began at once. Bells were rung, tables shifted, columns of mercury lifted, mandolins played, and small objects were transported quite in the same fashion as the books were handled during our own sittings at your house, Miller. A small stand was broken to pieces under the very eyes of the learned doctors, *and hands hit and teeth bit those whom the medium did not like*. Each of the machines for registering movement, though utterly out of reach of Paladino, was operated, and some of these movements were systematically recorded.

"It was this care, these scrupulous and cold-blooded tests, that so profoundly affected Bottazzi.

"After reading these articles with avidity,' he says, 'Professor Galeotti, my associate, and I looked at each other astounded, and the same thoughts in the same words came simultaneously to our lips: "We, too,

must see, must touch with our hands—and at once!—here in this laboratory where experiments of the phenomena of life are daily carried on with the impartiality of men whose object is the discovery of scientific truth, here in this quiet place where sealed doors will be superfluous. Everything must be registered. Will the medium be able to impress a photographic plate? Will she be able to illuminate a screen treated with platinocyanide of barium? Will she be able to discharge a gold-leaf electroscope without touching it?" And so we traveled on the wings of imagination, always having before us the plummet of the strictest scientific methods.'"

"Now you're getting into my horizon," said Miller. "That is the way I should like to proceed. Did he get these things done?"

"Not too fast," I replied, much amused at his eagerness. "First you must catch your medium. Bottazzi succeeded at last in getting Paladino's consent, through the good offices of Professor Richet, whom she deeply loves and reverences. Bottazzi invited his friend Galeotti, professor of general pathology in the University of Naples, Dr. De Amicis, professor of dermatology, Dr. Oscar Scarpa, professor of electro-chemistry at the Polytechnic High School of Naples, Luigi Lombardi, professor of electro-technology at the same school, and Dr. Pansini, professor extraordinary of medical semiotics—a formidable platoon, indeed, for a poor peasant woman to pit her forces against. The room in which the experiments took place was an isolated one belonging to the laboratory of experimental physiology, and to that part of the university set aside for Bottazzi's exclusive use. Nothing could have been farther from the ordinary stuffy back parlor of the 'materializing medium.' No women were present, and no outsiders."

MARKS NEW ERA FOR SPIRITISM

The members present nestled into their chairs with looks of satisfaction, and Mrs. Cameron said, "Don't leave anything out. Tell it all."

"It is hardly necessary to say that every precaution was taken. Photographs of the interior of the cabinet were made before the sittings and afterward, in order that all displacements might be recorded. Eusapia sat with her back toward the curtains of the little cabinet, which Bottazzi himself had constructed, and which she had not so much as

touched. Bottazzi declares in italics that she neither put her hand into the cabinet nor knew the contents of it. 'Rarely has she been surrounded by such an assembly of unprejudiced minds, by such strict and attentive intellects,' he declares; and I am ready to agree that a new era began for spiritism when Eusapia entered that room, April 17, 1907."

"Poor Paladino!" sighed Mrs. Cameron. "I tremble for her."

PALADINO MOVES OBJECTS AT A DISTANCE

"Bottazzi grimly says: 'We began by restraining her inexhaustible mediumistic activity. We obliged her to do things she had never done before. We limited the field of her manifestations. . . . I was convinced that it was much easier for her ["spirit hands"] to drag out of the cabinet a heavy table than to press an electric knob or displace the rod of a metronome,' and this theory he set himself to prove. It was beautiful to see the way he went about it."

Howard was also impressed. "I see Eusapia's finish. She won't do a thing. The influences will criss-cross."

"She was controlled throughout by at least two of her stern inquisitors," I continued. "At the beginning she was very uneasy, as though finding the conditions hard. Nevertheless, *even at this first sitting, everything movable in the cabinet was thrown about.* The table was violently shaken by an invisible power and the metronome set going. Bottazzi ends his report by saying, 'The séance yielded very small results, but this is always the case at first séances. Nevertheless, how many *knowing* people and *savants* have formed a judgment on phenomena after séances such as this one.'"

"That's a slant at you, Miller," remarked Harris.

"Yes," I agreed, "it's a slant at all commissions and committees that think they can jump in and settle this spiritistic controversy in the course of half an hour. Bottazzi, like Lombroso and Richet, was aware that he had entered upon a long road. He knew that a tired or worried medium was helpless. He called the same circle together again, willing to try patiently for developments. All came but Lombardi, whose place was taken by M. Jona, an engineer."

Harris seized the chance to pun: "I hope he did not prove a real Jonah."

"He did not. The second sitting was a wonder. Warned by his first experience, Bottazzi nailed or screwed every movable thing fast to the walls of the cabinet. He was resolute to force 'John,' the supposed 'spirit,' to touch an electric button and press a ball of india-rubber, which connected with a mercury manometer. He intended to teach the spirit hand to register its motions on a cylinder of smoked tin. He wanted graven records, so that no wiseacre like Harris, here, could say, 'Oh, you were all hypnotized!'"

"Did he get the records?" asked Harris.

I refused to give away my climax. "Among other things, he put into the cabinet a small table weighing about fifteen pounds, and on top of it arranged a hair-brush, a hen's feather, a bottle full of water, and a very thick glass. These articles and the table were the only objects that could be moved. Well, while the medium was before the curtain and fully guarded, *that little table came out of the cabinet of its own accord in a light that made it perfectly visible.* But that is not the most remarkable thing. The psychic's feet were held by the engineer, and he observed that *at the exact moment when Paladino pushed against his knee, the table moved.* 'Each advance of the table corresponded,' says Bottazzi, 'with the most perfect synchronism, with the push of Eusapia's legs against Jona's knees—in other words, she really executed movements identical with those that she would have made had she been pushing the table out of the cabinet with her *visible* limbs.'"

As I paused for effect, Fowler said, "You say that as if you considered it very significant."

THE THEORY OF SYNCHRONISM

"I do! In my judgment, it is the most significant fact developed by these most searching experiments. Flammarion noted this same synchronism, and so did Maxwell. Maxwell proved it by experiments on his own person, and now Bottazzi set about proving it in a larger way. 'A few moments later,' he says, 'a glass was flung from the cabinet by these invisible agencies, and this fling coincided exactly with a kick which Paladino gave to Jona, as if the same will governed both movements.'"

Miller was thinking very hard. "That certainly is very strange," he said, "but I observed nothing of it in Mrs. Smiley's case."

"Hasten!" urged Fowler. "Come to the phantoms. I see his theory, but it will be upset later by the materialized forms."

"On the contrary, Bottazzi declares that the phantoms also conformed to this same law. He kept insisting that the 'spirits' press the rubber ball, or lower the registry balance, or set the metronome going, and Eusapia repeatedly moaned, '*I can't find, I can't see, or I don't know how.*' Once she complained that the objects were *too far off—that she could not reach them!*—all of which sustained Bottazzi in his belief that these activities were absolutely under her psychic control, just as the synchronism of movements convinced him that she was 'the physiologic factor in the case.' All of this is very interesting to me, for I have had the same feeling with regard to every psychic with whom I have sat. Are you not thinking the same thing about Mrs. Smiley, Miller?"

He answered very thoughtfully: "It certainly opens up a new way of escape for the psychist. I can't but think that our control of Mrs. Smiley was complete, and yet I could not (under the conditions) assert that she was not the author of the acts we witnessed in my library."

"Yes, here you have an alternative theory. Bottazzi plainly hints at his conclusions by saying, '*The invisible limbs of the psychic explored the cabinet.*' He goes farther and says, '*I am convinced that these "mediumistic limbs" are capable of being taught unfamiliar duties like pressing an electric button or squeezing a rubber ball,*' and this he proceeded patiently to exemplify. The ball was squeezed and the movement registered.

A PHANTOM KISS

"At the third sitting Madame Bottazzi was present (Lombardi and Jona being absent), and the 'force' was much greater and more active than before, probably because of the psychic's growing confidence. A small table floated in the air, '*while we watched it in amazement,*' Bottazzi says. Furthermore, a big black hand came from the curtain and touched Madame Bottazzi on the cheek, and frightened her from her place beside the medium."

"I can understand that," said Mrs. Cameron. "I shudder to think of being touched by the spirit of even my own father."

"Professor De Amicis not only was touched on the arm, but was forcibly pulled as if by an

invisible hand. The curtain of the cabinet then enveloped him as if to embrace him, and he felt the contact of another face against his, and a mouth kissing him——"

The women turned pale and cried out at the thought, but I hurried on to make Bottazzi's point: "*At the same time [that the phantom embraced De Amicis] Eusapia's lips moved as if to kiss, and she made the sound of kissing, which they all heard.*" Here again, you see, is that astounding synchronism between the mysterious movement of objects at a distance and the unconscious contraction of the medium's muscles. Bottazzi pauses to generalize upon this: 'Whatever may be the mediumistic phenomena produced, there is almost always at the same time movement of one or several parts of the medium's body.'"

EDUCATING ASTRAL HANDS

"What does he mean? Does he mean that Eusapia performed all these movements with her 'astral hands'?" asked Mrs. Quigg.

"That is precisely his inference. 'Ethereic hands,' Lombroso calls them."

"But how will he account for the difference in size between Eusapia's hands and the *large black hand* that Madame Bottazzi saw and felt?" asked Fowler.

"Bottazzi himself remarks this discrepancy. 'To whom does this hand belong?' he asked. 'This hand, a half a yard away from the medium's head, seen whilst her visible hands are rigorously controlled by her two neighbors. Is it the hand of a monstrous long arm which liberates itself from the medium's body, then dissolves, afterwards to materialize afresh? Is it something analogous to the pseudopodium of an amœba, which projects itself from the body, then retreats into it only to reappear in another place? Mystery!' Furthermore, one of the professors saw remnants of legs and arms in the cabinet."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Cameron. "I'd rather believe in spirits than in such ghastly arms and legs."

"So should I," declared Miss Brush. "Ghosts are nothing like so grisly."

"Now, then," said I oracularly, "in the light of these experiments my own sitting at Miller's and especially those that I held at Fowler's house take on the greatest significance. Miller, Mrs. Smiley's *visible limbs* did not handle the books—of that I am positive—and yet I am equally certain that her

mind or ours governed every movement. At one sitting, Dr. Giuseppe Venzano and several others *saw* an arm emerge from Paladino's shoulder and seize a glass of water—this is what must have happened with Mrs. Smiley. In fact, I have seen these hands in the case of another medium."

"But what about the voices?" asked Fowler. "Does this theory cover the whispering personalities we heard? What about 'Wilbur' and 'Maudie'?"

"That's easy," retorted Howard. "Once you explain the manipulation of the cone, the rest is merely clever ventriloquism."

"There is nothing 'easy' about any of these phenomena," I answered. "As Richet says, they are absurd, but they are observed facts. After seeing a mandolin move and play of itself, after having the metronome set in motion, stopped, and set going again, after having the registrations he most desired, Bottazzi concludes the record of his third sitting by saying: 'An invisible hand or foot *must* therefore have forced down the disk, *must* have leaned on the membrane of the receiving-drum of my apparatus, because I assured myself next day that to obtain the highest lines registered the disk had to be pressed to the extreme point. This was no ordinary case of pushing or pulling. The mysterious hand had to push the disk, and push upon it in a certain way. *In short, the "spirit hand" was becoming educated to its task.*' And this 'spirit hand' was Paladino's."

"To grant the possible putting forth of a supernumerary hand and arm makes physiological science foolish," said Miller. "It is difficult to accuse such a man as Bottazzi of neglecting precautions, and yet he must not be permitted to claim too much."

VIOLET FLAMES APPEAR

"But let no one think he stands alone," I answered. "These facts of Bottazzi's are in effect only a kind of splendid climax to the experiments of Crookes, Zöllner, Wallace, Thury, Flammarion, Maxwell, Lombroso, Richet, Morselli, and scores of other equally shrewd scientists. Bottazzi gives the final touch of convincing proof to experiments that even with Richet never quite reached the conclusive point. Bottazzi's laboratory was the crucible wherein came the final touch of heat that fused all the discordant facts into a solid mass of proof."

"Was this the culmination of his series?"

Is this *all* he is willing to affirm?" queried Harris with ironic inflection.

"Oh, no, indeed! The greatest marvel is yet to come. At the fourth sitting a new person, Professor Cardarelli, was introduced, and this disturbed conditions somewhat. Nevertheless, the inexplicable took place. Small, twirling violet flames were seen to drift across the cabinet curtains, and hands and closed fists appeared above Paladino's head. These hands have been photographed, by the way. Some of them were of ordinary size and others seemed at least three times larger than the psychic's own. The flames interest me very much, for I have seen them on several occasions, but could not believe in them, even though Crookes spoke of getting them. I must admit their objective reality now. It is absurd to suppose that they were fraudulently produced in Bottazzi's laboratory."

INVISIBLE LIMBS PERFORM WONDERS

"A stethoscope was taken from Cardarelli's pocket and put together—by two hands. The movement of fingers running over the keys of a typewriter in the cabinet was plainly heard, although no writing came. And a small electric machine placed in the cabinet was wound up and its motors whirled. At the fifth sitting the mandolin again moved as if alive (no one touching it), in a light that made all its movements observable; and as it did so *Eusapia's hand* (tightly controlled by Bottazzi) *made little movements as if to help the instrument to move. Each movement, though it ended in the air, seemed to affect the mandolin.* Bottazzi says: 'It would be necessary to have Paladino's fingers in the palm of one's hand, as I had that evening, in order to be convinced that the evolutions, twangings of the strings, etc., all synchronized with the very delicate movements of her fingers. . . . I cannot describe the sensation one experiences when seeing an inanimate object moved, not for a moment merely, but for many minutes in succession, by a mysterious force.'

"He obtained the print of human hands in clay and also on smoked glass. He demonstrated that the invisible limbs of the psychic were able not only to move objects at a distance, *but also to feel at a distance.* 'Eusapia's attitude was that of a blindfolded person exploring space with her hands to find a lost object,' he exclaims at one point; and he adds: 'While the fingers of her visible hand were pressing my index finger, she lit the electric globe within

the cabinet—she repeatedly lit this lamp, the switch of which was utterly out of her reach.' Not only this, but she lit a lamp (in the cabinet), by means of her 'etheric hands,' when the switch lay in Professor Morselli's pocket! And once, when a contact-breaker was thrown on the table, she called out, 'See how it moves!' '*We all directed our gaze towards the small object,*' says Bottazzi, '*and we saw that it oscillated and vibrated at an elevation of an inch or two above the surface of the table, as if seized with internal shivering—Eusapia's hands, held by Monsieur Galeotti and myself, being more than a foot from the contact-breaker.*'"

My auditors were now in the thrall of Bottazzi's story, and the silence was eloquent. At last Cameron said: "It certainly seems like a clear case of invisible hands. I begin to believe in our first sitting with Mrs. Smiley. What do you want us to do, announce ourselves converted?"

"SPIRIT HANDS" DISSOLVE

"Certainly not!" was my warning reply. "We must not relax our vigilance, even though Bottazzi, Morselli, and their fellows seem to have proved the genuineness of the phenomena. At the same time, I admit it is a source of satisfaction to me, and a reassurance, to know that these Italian scientists, with conditions all their own, are willing to affirm that Eusapia '*feels with her invisible limbs,*' and explores a cabinet while sitting under rigid control more than a yard away from the objects moved. Bottazzi was not convinced that Eusapia could 'see with mediumistic eyes,' but my experience with Mrs. Smiley and several other psychics seems to point to this. How else could the cone be handled with such precision as was shown at your house, Miller? Lombroso observed that chairs and vases moved as if under the guidance of eyes, and that the psychic could see as well behind her as in front. I noted that Mrs. Smiley could always direct me *exactly* to the point where the cone or pencil had been flung. And how can letters be formed so beautifully and so precisely as is done on the inside of slates, without some form of seeing?"

"Spirits are clairvoyant," asserted Fowler. "Darkness does not exist for them. Didn't 'Wilbur' say as much?"

"But this is not all," I resumed. "Bottazzi apparently proved that the invisible hand of

Eusapia's invisible arm could not penetrate a cage of wire mesh that covered the telegraphic key in the cabinet. 'How then can we consider it to be a "spirit hand"—an immaterial hand—when a wire netting can stop it?' he very pertinently inquires."

"What difference does it make?" retorted Fowler. "Isn't the latest word of science to the effect that matter is only a condition?"

I agreed. "Every advance along the line of these experiments goes to prove the dominance of mind over matter. It almost seems to me at times as though these psychic minds were able to mold the ether to their will," I admitted, "and this, indeed, is Maxwell's tentative theory. Witness the phantoms that began to thicken toward the close of Bottazzi's sittings. In the seventh sitting, with the same rigorous restraint of the psychic, a vase of flowers was transported, a rose was set in a lady's hair, a small drum was seized and beaten rhythmically, an enormous black fist came out from behind the curtain, and an open hand seized Bottazzi gently by the neck. Now listen to his own words: 'Letting go my hold of Professor Porro's hand,' he says, 'I felt for this ghostly hand and clasped it. *It was a left hand, neither hot nor cold, with rough, bony fingers which dissolved under pressure. It did not retire by producing a sensation of withdrawal; it dissolved, "dematerialized," melted.*'"

I paused to say: "Remember, this is not the tale of an imaginative spiritist. These things did not happen in a back parlor. On the contrary, they are the words of a physiologist of high rank. The incident is not part of a séance in a medium's house, full of side doors and trick windows. It is a registered phenomenon in the laboratory of a great university, occurring under absolute test conditions. I confess it gives verity to many a doubtful thing I have myself seen."

"It certainly staggers me," said Cameron. "How does he explain it?"

FOWLER SCORNS PSYCHO-DYNAMISM

"He goes on to say: 'Another time, later on, the same hand was placed on my right forearm—I saw a human hand, of natural color, and I felt with mine the back of a lukewarm hand, rough and nervous. *The hand dissolved (I saw it with my own eyes) and retreated as if into Madame Paladino's body, describing a curve.* If all the other observed phenomena of these seven séances were

to disappear from my memory, this one I could never forget."

Looking up from the book out of which I had been reading, I saw that Fowler was smiling with calm disdain. "Let him go on with his psycho-dynamic theories. He will be confounded yet. Suppose he proves that Eusapia can liberate from herself an arm. The next step is the birth of a complete form like 'Katie King,' one that can speak and reason and love. From this it is but a step to the spirit hypothesis. These are only the first stages of the game. I am content to let these scientists play out their hands."

"But all this happened with the psychic merely held," protested Miller. "Why didn't Bottazzi handcuff her, or nail her down as we have done with Mrs. Smiley?"

MATERIALIZED ARM VISIBLE

This amused me. "There you go again! Not satisfied with wonders, you want miracles. Happily, you may be satisfied. In the eighth sitting, which took place in the same room of the physiological laboratory, with Bottazzi, Madame Bottazzi, Professor Galeotti, Doctors Jappelli and D'Errico present, Eusapia submitted to the most rigorous restraint of her life. Two iron rings were fastened to the floor, and by means of strong cords, which were sealed with lead seals like those used in fastening a railway car, her wrists were rigidly confined. She was, in fact, bound like a criminal; and yet the spectral hands and fists came and went, jugs of water floated about, and as a final stupendous climax, while Galeotti was controlling Eusapia's right arm, which was also manacled, he *saw* the duplications of her left arm. 'LOOK!' he exclaimed, 'I SEE TWO LEFT ARMS IDENTICAL IN APPEARANCE. ONE IS ON THE LITTLE TABLE, AND IT IS THAT WHICH MADAME BOTTAZZI TOUCHES. THE OTHER SEEMS TO COME OUT OF THE MEDIUM'S SHOULDER, TO APPROACH AND TOUCH MADAME BOTTAZZI AND THEN RETURN AND MELT INTO THE MEDIUM'S BODY AGAIN. THIS IS NOT AN HALLUCINATION. I AM AWAKE. I AM CONSCIOUS OF TWO SIMULTANEOUS VISUAL SENSATIONS, WHICH I EXPERIENCE WHEN MADAME BOTTAZZI SAYS SHE HAS BEEN TOUCHED.'

"After this stupefying declaration, the account of the sittings ends in these words, from Bottazzi himself: 'From henceforward skeptics can only deny the facts by accusing

Galeotti and myself of fraud and charlatan-ism. I should be very much surprised if anyone were bold enough to bring this accusation against us, but it would not disturb our minds in the least.'"

In the pause that followed I studied Miller and Harris, neither of whom wanted to be the first to speak. Mrs. Quigg was the one who asked excitedly: "Well, what is the upshot of it all? *Are* there spirits? What does Bottazzi conclude?"

"He does not conclude. Perhaps his state of mind is best expressed at the close of his statement concerning the registration of the movements of the 'spirit hand.' He says, in effect: 'These tracings demonstrate irrefutably that the keys were repeatedly pressed with perfect synchronism, the outside key by Eusapia's left hand, the one inside the cabinet by another, which a convinced spiritualist would call that of a "materialized spirit," and which I believe to be nothing of the sort, although I am not able to explain what it was.'"

"Oh, lame and impotent conclusion!" exclaimed Brierly. "After that superb test, why didn't he frankly say the discarnate had been proved?"

"Because he was not convinced of that. 'One thing is certain,' he asserts. 'It is not a being foreign to the organism of the medium who produces the mediumistic phenomena.' Morselli says, 'I await more light.'"

"Lombroso goes farther," declared Fowler, "and so does Crookes. They admit that the theory of disembodied spirits is the only one that meets *all* the facts——"

"Yes, but do they endorse the theory of the return of the dead?" asked Harris.

"No, they stick on the question of identity."

MRS. SMILEY'S "ETHERIC DOUBLE"

Miller now took a hand: "What about the rest of these Italian physicists? What is their present position? Do they sustain Bottazzi?"

"They practically all admit the facts. Dr. Foà believes the phenomena to be in the domain of natural forces, and the result of a transmutation of psycho-dynamic energy accumulated in the medium. He calls this 'vital energy' or 'psychic energy,' and adds: 'If these phenomena appear strange by virtue of their comparative rarity, they are not really more marvelous than the bio-

logical phenomena which we witness every day."

"According to this theory, then," said Miller, "Mrs. Smiley's material self has remained, as you believe, motionless in her chair, but has been able to 'energize' at a distance."

"More than that. According to Bottazzi's theory, she has been able to emit a complete etheric double of herself, which moves with lightning speed and perfect precision, yet with a certain waywardness—a double that is molded by the will of the psychic or by the combined will of sitters and psychic. It is this actual externalization of both matter and sense that makes darkness so essential to the medium. Vivid light forces this effluvium, this mysterious double, back into its originating body with disrupting haste. Witness the several times when Mrs. Smiley was convulsed merely by being touched at the wrong moment."

"There is a different interpretation to be put upon the psychic's hatred of light," remarked Howard.

"I know all about that, and so did Bottazzi and Morselli; but they now understand the psychic's position much better. By the way, yet bearing on this very subject, I read of a singular experiment a few days ago. A certain Dr. Encausse, in giving a lecture before the Society for Psychical Research at Nancy, told of a study he had made of direct writing. He said that in 1889, having heard that a certain magnetizer named Robert was able to put a subject into such a state of hypnosis that he could project lines of writing on paper without use of pen or pencil, he was curious to see the performance.

MEDIUM DEMATERIALIZED

"Together with a colleague, Dr. Gibier, Encausse hastened to witness this marvel. One of the subjects was a girl of seventeen. The magnetizer put her to sleep, 'and during this séance,' says Dr. Encausse, 'we were able to obtain in full light on a sheet of paper signed by twenty witnesses the precipitation of a whole page of written verses, signed "Corneille." I examined under the microscope the substance that formed the writing, and I was led to the conclusion that it consisted of globules of human blood, some smattered as if calcined, others quite distinct. I thus verified the theory of

the occultists of 1850 that the nervous energy as well as the physical force of a medium, the material of which he is constituted, such as his blood, could exteriorize itself and reconstruct itself at a distance."

"What a stunning experiment!" exclaimed Cameron.

"Important, if true," sneered Harris.

"What do you know about this learned doctor?" asked Miller.

"Nothing—but you will see that these later experiments of the Italian scientists are sustaining Rochas and Aksakof, who claim that the medium is in a sense dematerialized to build up the phantasms. Dr. Encausse goes on to say: '*Moreover, the medium who had produced this phenomenon was preparing for the stage and had been studying Corneille during the whole of the preceding day. I was thus able to discover the origin of the substance of the materialization of the writing, and also its psychic origin.*'"

SHAPING THE ASTRAL BODY

"You mentioned Rochas—what is his theory?" asked Harris.

"He claims to have proved by practising upon hypnotized subjects that the astral body, or 'fluidic double,' can be liberated from the ordinary body, and that this body can be molded or modeled into shapes in conformity with the thought of the psychic, or of the sitters in the circle. By throwing the subject into trance, he is able to *will* this exteriorization. The astral body appears to the subject in halves, one on either side, outlined as a kind of gray vapor. He claims to be able to demonstrate this externalization by pinching the air without permitting the psychic to see him do so. The psychic shows sensitiveness. He concludes that not merely force and substance but sensibility also are thus exteriorized—and he has gone so far as to state that this astral body can be made to shape itself instantly to the will of the hypnotizer—that it follows the imagination of the subject—all of which has a bearing on our own experience. Mrs. Smiley's 'Wilbur' and 'Mitchell' and 'Maud' would seem to be (according to this theory) fixed 'parasitic personalities,' which manifest, more or less automatically, from the recesses of the medium's mind, while the feebler, fugitive, shy 'spirits,' able only to give their names, are formed from the subconscious minds of the sitters. The whole process,

though mysterious, is in the region, as Bottazzi says, of 'unexplored biology.'"

"Oh, piffle!" shouted Brierly. "Why go to all that roundabout explanation? The plain fact is that the material body is only the husk of the astral. The soul is the heart of the astral. Death attacks the outer husk, but does not affect the inner self, which is above and beyond the laws of matter."

"Not so fast," put in Miller. "I am content to plod with these Italian scientists. Let us establish one supernormal fact and then reach for another. You fellows with your reincarnations, and the spiritualist with his foolish messages from Cleopatra, Raphael, and Shakespeare, have confused the situation. We must begin all over again. I have not read these reports Garland speaks of, but if they are true, then it is our duty to take up the scrutiny of these facts as a part of biologic science."

Fowler clapped his hands. "Bravo! that is all we ask of you. To study frogs and mosquitoes, to peer close into the constitution of the blood or the brain of man, is considered useful by our schools; but, to my mind, the questions raised by these Continental experimentalists are the most vital now clamoring for answer."

"Will they ever be answered?" asked Mrs. Cameron. "Are we to know the secret of death?"

To this I made cautious answer: "Perhaps the secret of death is the ultimate secret, which will forever allure us. Of this I am fully persuaded: Men will be discovering new laws of nature ten thousand years from now, just as they are doing to-day. It is inconceivable that the secrets of the universe should ever be made entirely plain. Nothing is really explained—what we call familiar facts are at bottom inexplicable mysteries, and must ever remain so."

"Then why go on? Why not stop now

and save ourselves the trouble of investigation?" Mrs. Cameron asked.

"Because there is joy in the pursuit—because it is in the nature of man to follow this quest. Who knows but the observations of Morselli, of Bottazzi and Foà, have opened new vistas in human nature? These supernormal powers may chance to be of immense value to the race, quite aside from their bearing upon the problem of death. Furthermore, these reports come at a time when a hard and fast literalism of interpretation is the fashion among our scientists. Perhaps they and the art of the day will alike be offered new inspiration by these mystifying enlargements of human faculty. At any rate, it is up to our American biologists to take notice of these experiments by Bottazzi and his brave fellows."

"Well, now," said Cameron, "the practical question is this: Are we to go on with our investigations?"

"I am ready," said Miller promptly. "Garland, will you purvey another psychic, and conduct the expedition into this unmapped biological territory?"

"Yes, provided you all come in with spirits attuned, ready to toil patiently and observe silently. The law of these psycho-dynamic reactions seems to be this: the forces of the psychic are proportional to the harmoniousness of the circle and in inverse proportion to the light. Accepting this law as proved by our illustrious fellow experimenters abroad, are you ready to try again along the lines they have marked out?"

As with one voice all agreed. "Very well," said I; "I will see what I can do for you in the way of a new psychic and new phenomena. I know of one young psychic who says he will submit to any test, and I am hoping others will volunteer. Only in this way can we advance toward a solution of this all-important problem. We will now experiment with design to prove the identity of 'discarnate intelligences.'"

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—These articles are drawn from records of my actual personal experiments, and in all essentials they are as true as the reports that I made to the American Psychical Society. For literary purposes I have thrown them into a series of conversations, and for other, more obvious reasons I have concealed names and places; but no important phenomena have been consciously distorted. Without allegiance to any theory, I have followed where the evidence led.



In the September number Mr. Garland will describe some remarkable experiments in which **Spirit Identity** is tested.



A Symphony in B Flat

By ELEANOR ATKINSON

Author of "Mamzelle Fifine," "Lincoln's Boyhood," etc.

Illustrations by Rose Cecil O'Neill



Allegro

IN quest of a young draftsman whom he sometimes employed, Hollister turned into the cool, white vestibule of the Winona Apartments, viewed the row of brazen letter-boxes in either wall with a considering eye, and—rang the wrong bell.

Instantly, as if he were expected, there was an answering click, and the glass-paneled door at the top of the short flight of marble steps unlatched. This opening of a locked door by an invisible agency was one of the little incidents of well-ordered city life that gave Hollister a sense of satisfaction when he had business to despatch. But on a moonlit June evening like this, when the wooded park he had just passed might have been the Forest of Arden, it reminded him of his remoteness from Arcadia.

It would be a great deal more entertaining now, for instance, to be on his way to meet a lady just "as high as his heart," in a certain plantation of oaks beyond the lagoon, than to be seeking a young man in a hall bedroom, Hollister was thinking idly. But romance and electric buttons were incompatible.

And then he saw her! As he pushed open the upper door of the vestibule, the door of Flat B on the left was opened cautiously, disclosing the face of a dryad—innocent, gay, fearless—in the aperture. A swift glance of inquiry at the stranger, and the door was flung wide in a laughing abandon of welcome. The girl called back to some one within as she rushed into the hall:

"Here he is at last, Daddy! What makes you so late, Billy Boy?"

"Why, I've been carving your name on the trees in the park, Rosalind!" Hollister murmured, with remarkable presence of mind.

"Did you hear that, Daddy? And he thinks there are no lovers in these degenerate days!"

They were in a tiny reception-hall now, under a rosy light, with the door shut. The girl had both hands clasped on Hollister's arm. Her face, brilliant with excitement, was lifted to his with audacity and yet with appeal. She was laughing and talking rapidly, now aloud, with merry assurance, to the invisible person in the room beyond, then to Hollister in a hurried whisper.

"Daddy, if you come out here you'll see a good imitation of a beautiful girl in love with a fine young man! *I'm in an awful scrape! You'll see me through, won't you? My name is Alice! Quick!*"

"All right, Alice; I'm with you!" Hollister laughed easily.

"Good boy!" Alice said aloud, and patted his arm ecstatically, so that delightful little tingles ran up it and diffused themselves over Hollister's anatomy. With her back to the hanging stuff that screened the opening into the drawing-room, and her scarlet lips three inches from his, Alice delivered herself of a loud, convincing stage kiss.

It nearly bowled Hollister over, but he was braced by an amused chuckle from behind the drape.

"That wasn't Original, Alice," he

murmured with gentle reproach. "Give me another one!"

"No, indeed, greedy boy! One at a time and they'll last longer."

She eluded him skilfully, hung his hat on the hall-rack, and swung herself within the circle of his arm with one hand, parting the drapery with the other. She held him there a full half-minute, under the blaze of the electrolier, while a comfortable, prosperous looking man of sixty rose from an easy chair and adjusted his glasses in front of a pair of shrewd, humorous gray eyes. Alice's father was not a man who could be hoodwinked with impunity, Hollister decided instantly, yet here was this reckless girl clinging to a spurious lover, and wearing an adorable air of proprietorship over him.

"Well, Daddy, here's my best young man. What do you think of him?"

"I'll have to take him on faith now, Alice; but I promise you to look him up afterward," he said genially, and he extended a sufficiently cordial hand to Hollister.

"Not in Bradstreet, I hope, sir; I haven't got that far yet," Hollister protested, with a readiness that surprised himself. Alice squeezed his arm delightedly, and escaped to adjust a window-shade.

"No, I wouldn't expect that in so young a man. But if you can tame that girl of mine, I should say you were equipped to go up against almost any game."

Alice lifted her chin saucily. It was a very determined chin for all its dimpled roundness; and it was a very wilful little head, with its coronet of burnished copper hair. The black-lashed gray eyes met Hollister's candidly, like those of a child, then drooped demurely with irrepressible coquetry. Her lips were full, red, distracting. She was not tall, but she stood erectly, and moved with the grace and freedom of a nymph. She was entirely feminine, from the lace arabesques of her lingerie blouse to her tailored white skirt and the tips of her little white shoes; yet, if she had been a young man, Hollister would have described him as "feeling his oats."

"I've done a few things, sir, in the engineering line," Hollister said with becoming modesty.

"H'm-m! Alice forgot to mention it—love's young dream, etc. Lord! I never thought she'd do such a sensible and satisfactory thing as to fall in love. If you'll bring her back home to me, Billy, you'll

have no cause to complain of your welcome."

"You're coming along too swift for us, Daddy," laughed Alice. "No wedding-bells nor rice yet, please! But, really, Billy, he's hungry. It's 'cook's night out,' so you are to come with me and make yourself useful."

They went down the narrow hall hand in hand. In a moment Alice switched on the light in the dining-room and shut the door softly. Then she dropped into the nearest chair and laughed like an excited child.

"Splendid! Billy, you're a brick!" she said, when she could get her breath.

"I think I did pretty well myself, without a rehearsal," admitted Hollister. "My name isn't Billy. Still, if you like it, it's all the same to me. What's the plot of this piece?"

"You do look—well, plausible. Daddy was beginning to grow skeptical when Billy didn't turn up. The plot? Oh, yes, you are impersonating the character of my fiancé."

"Did you notice how it fits me? So that accounts for your violent affection?"

"Billy, please!" faltered Alice.

"Well, I won't. But don't think I'm complaining. By the way, who is the stern parent? If he should think me an impostor, he looks quite capable of throwing me down an air-shaft."

"Yes, indeed!" laughed Alice. "That's why I didn't dare leave you together. I'm not sure but that he would drop me down, too."

"What happiness—to die together!"

"I prefer to live——"

"——together," finished Hollister promptly. Alice blushed charmingly.

"Billy, you're a bright young man, as well as very presentable. Daddy was wonderfully taken with your 'sir.' He thinks young men have no manners nowadays. I'm proud of you! I have a right to be, you know, because I made you up out of my own head, and you come right up to the specifications!"

"A custom-made lover! Now, I never imagined there was such a girl anywhere in the world as you, but you suit me as well as if I'd had you made to order."

"The commercial manner isn't becoming to you, Billy. Find a corkscrew to open that Apollinaris, please. Yes, there's wine in that cabinet, but it is not my—it is only

to look at. Wine is a mocker. Why, Daddy gives temperance lectures to the men at the camp."

"Camp? Military?"

"No, dear boy; camp-meeting!"

Hollister laughed skeptically.

"He doesn't look the part. I've seen his type in the wheat-pit."

"Well, you shouldn't be so curious. And another thing: would you mind speaking casually of our mutual friends, the Spencer-Joneses? They're in Europe, so it's perfectly safe. You met me at their house, you know, at Mabel's wedding."

"Of course, and proposed in the conservatory. Did you ever notice that weddings are contagious?" She ignored this philosophical observation.

"No," witheringly. "In the garage."

"Oh, yes," reminiscently. "But it wasn't a stage kiss that time, Alice."

"You take the cue like a veteran, Billy. You make an ideal stage lover!" admiringly.

"I could do the real thing infinitely better. Just try me," coaxed Hollister.

"You're—so—sudden!" laughed Alice. She blushed in a way that finished Hollister's demoralization. A thought struck him as he was carrying a bowl of cracked ice to the built-in buffet, so that he nearly dropped his burden.

"By the way, Alice, is there a real Billy, and am I only the understudy?"

"Certainly not!" with gratifying emphasis.

"Then why this interesting comedy?"

"It's a special-benefit performance. Daddy thinks I need a young man."

"He's right! You see, you needed me so badly you had to kidnap me."

"Just for an emergency," she returned with gay inconsequence.

"Emergencies will happen in the best-regulated hearts. But how long is this piece scheduled to run?" he asked, following her into the kitchen. "It's growing very popular with me."

"One night only. Daddy leaves for New York on a night train. Then curtain, and lights out!"

"The plot thickens!" mused Hollister.

Alice clapped her hands in applause. "It's as good as a play. You deserve a reward. Shall I fess up?"

"No, no!" Hollister protested. "It's a dream, an idyl! Dreams and idyls don't grow on every telegraph-pole in Chicago,

so leave me mine a little while. Afterward—" Alice was startled by a look in his eyes—a look that implied consequences. Hollister's raillery was gone.

"Alice, sometimes, in reckless moods, I have dreamed that romance might consent to dwell in a flat built for two. This soft-colored casket here is so shut in and so small that two people couldn't get very far apart if they tried. It's got a vine-wreathed cottage beat a mile. Do you think we could find another one like it? In this tiny kitchen, now, one could scarcely get around the cook without——"

There was mischief in his eye as he reached around her, taking the longer and pleasanter way toward a plate of butter. Before Alice could extricate herself and retreat, the dining-room door opened softly and closed again. Her father walked slowly back to the drawing-room and lit a big, black cigar. If Hollister had seen him at that moment, he would have described the old gentleman as looking as if he were in the middle of a big deal in wheat. But presently he brought a humorously critical eye to the table.

The board was bright with what looked suspiciously like brand-new wedding silver and glass and china. There was an art-glass canopy shading the light over the table, hung by verdigris-brass chains from a beamed ceiling. The picture was so artistic and delightfully intimate that, although Hollister was used to dining well, the canned soup that Alice ladled hot out of a chafing-dish tasted like ambrosia. Her father ate it without audible comment, but he passed up the cold roasted chicken with a facetious remark:

"Papier-maché! Looks as if it had been varnished!"

"Daddy!" gasped Alice.

"Now, young lady, you got this whole outfit at a delicatessen, didn't you? Billy, that girl has been putting up games on me since she was three years old."

"It serves you right for inviting yourself to dine with me," laughed Alice, unabashed.

"How about Billy? Did he deserve to be poisoned, too?"

"Oh, Billy!" she answered airily. "He knows better than to dine with me—at this stage of the game. But you insisted on doing the domestic act. Billy, I've got a stiff-necked parent. Aren't you afraid to belong to our family?"

"I could not perish in a better cause," declared Hollister, with his hand on his heart. Daddy's appreciation expressed itself in a grin.

"Youth is rash and prone to self-sacrifice. You'll be a year older next year. I'll put you on now, Billy, that such behavior in a woman is actionable."

The little party broke up rather hilariously over the coffee that Alice made to perfection in the urn on the buffet. She cleared the table and put everything scrupulously in place like a well-trained maid. She even sorted the silver and slipped it into flannel cases. Hollister wondered at that, since it was likely to be needed for serving breakfast; and he wondered also at the perfect order in which she left the drawing-room when, at half-past nine, they started for a local train, to accompany her father to the Park Row Station. The old gentleman lectured them virtuously, on the way, on the folly of late hours. As for him, he went to bed with the chickens and got up with the cows. Witness his going to his berth now instead of two hours later at train-time. Hollister listened with amused tolerance, but was puzzled by Alice's curiously guarded expression.

They delivered her father over to a Pullman porter and started back through the train-shed.

"Keep up your air of devotion, Billy, until we get outside. Daddy is standing on the observation platform watching us. He's a regular 'foxy grandpa.' When he looks guileless, you want to watch out. I believe he more than half suspects us now," said Alice.

"Well, this ought to convince him. Almost it persuades me." Hollister slipped an arm round her for a second. They turned and waved their hands at the solitary, pathetic-looking figure inside the brass railing, for a moment, before they disappeared down the subway exit.

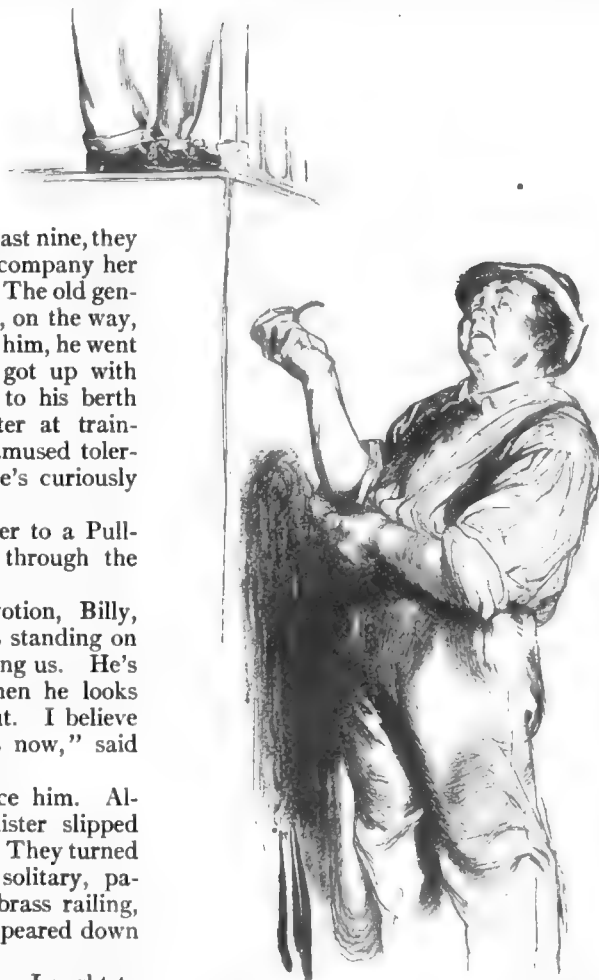
"He's the only father I've got. I ought to be kinder to him," admitted Alice penitently. This was a new, more adorable Alice, and Hollister promptly lost his head.

"I'm the only young man you've got, I hope! You ought to be kinder to me."

"I intend to be," she said, with a dazzling smile, as they emerged into Park Row

in front of the station. "Do you see the Logan monument on the lake front? I always wanted to go up the steps and sit on the pedestal as long as I liked, when there was no policeman about to drive me away. We are going up there now to watch the automobiles go by on the boulevard, and listen to what the wild waves are saying to the breakwater; and there I'll tell you the whole story. Then we are going to quarrel desperately and part forever after."

Hollister turned this over in his mind



"SAY, BOSS, IF THERE'S ANYTHING THE MATTER WITH YOU, YOU OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING FOR IT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE."

a moment as he stood smiling down at her.

"That isn't the way fairy stories end, Alice. Besides, it takes two to quarrel."

If Alice took alarm, there was not the flicker of an eyelash to betray her.

"Oh, I can quarrel for both of us. You'll need a cigar to brace you up."

"Sweet Alice!" murmured Hollister, un-reproved. In utter content he turned to the cigar-booth in the station foyer for a light. It occupied him a scant half-minute. But when he turned back again, Alice was gone.

Andante

Although the motor-cab in which Alice had escaped was just turning into Michigan Avenue when he stepped out of the station, and another stood near for the hiring, Hollister did not take up the pursuit. Alice could but resent crass haste after the finesse with which she had closed an incomparable incident. She had given the last possible zest to a feast that might well have cloyed. An acquiescent, apologetic Alice was less to Hollister's taste than this gallant girl, who flung dust in his dazzled eyes and fled from his threatened importunities.

He stood in the station entrance, smoking his cigar, and watched the cab break the speed laws, through the arc-lights and the shimmering poplars that bordered the boulevard, until it disappeared. He strolled after it slowly, feeling delightfully like one of the heroes in Robert Louis Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights." To prolong the sensation, he imagined himself at the beginning of a vacation (which he suddenly decided had long been due him) and spending it right here in this dream city, now palpitating with potential romance, in the pursuit and capture of the elusive Alice.

It was a matter of not a little pride with Hollister that he succeeded in behaving like a normal human being in the morning. He took a leisurely bath at the club, ate his usual breakfast, read the morning paper, and called up the office to say that he had an engagement that might detain him all day.

An hour later he suddenly paused with his thumb on the bell-button of Flat B, Winona Apartments, while the name on the letter-box slowly penetrated to his understanding. It was Howard Sherwin.

"So this is where good old Howard hangs out? Whom did he marry? Alice—!" Hollister nearly had heart-failure. Then that erratic organ jumped back into place and resumed its peaceful jog-trot. "Why, it

was Miss Mabel Spencer-Jones, of course; and Alice was at the wedding. So was I. She must be their guest now, and they were out last night. What extraordinary luck! Don't I owe the happy pair a postnuptial call? That's right; that's what I'm here for. So there'll be a formal introduction to Miss Alice Will-o'-the-Wisp. Just watch 'Billy' now, and see things happen."

He pushed the button, and nothing happened for two minutes. Hollister looked surprised, but he pushed it again, hopefully. Two minutes later he looked pained. The third time he kept a determined thumb on the button until something did happen.

It was the unexpected, as usual. An irate janitor, disturbed in the pleasing occupation of stoking a hot-water furnace on a June morning, poked his head up the area-way outside.

"Say, are you turning in a 4:11 alarm?"

"I'm only trying to get into this apartment," explained Hollister, inoffensively. "The people don't seem to be at home."

"Guessed right first time," said the janitor with mild sarcasm. "You might guess again that you're going to give it up and go away."

"Well, I might, and then again I might conclude to wait here until some one comes back."

The janitor grinned his appreciation. "You'd wait a good while. Them folks ain't never been at home."

"What! Why, I dined there last night!"

The autocrat of the Winona Apartments looked concerned. "Say, boss, if there's anything the matter with you, you ought to do something for it before it's too late."

Hollister never argued. "Have a cigar?" he said diplomatically. He lit one himself and sat down on the vestibule steps. The janitor condescended to come up and sit down also.

"Sure! About two for a quarter? This is a good brand to get up steam on."

"Rather expensive fuel."

"Depends on how bad you want steam. I can get it up in twenty minutes, but there have been times when it took half a day. No goods on this counter for tenants who won't loosen up. See?"

"I see." Hollister deftly extracted a coin from his pocket and slid it along the marble tread and under the janitor's hat. That functionary became communicative.

"Ain't been married long, them Sherwins.

In and out here every day for six weeks before their wedding, linin' their nest, just like them hard-workin' robins over in the park."

"Haven't they got back yet?"

"Nope."

Hollister had an inspiration. "Oh! I see; expected to be gone some time, so they left friends in charge?"

"Not much! Payin' me to look out for suspicious characters," said the janitor, impersonally. "Say, boss, was it a lady you dined with?"

"There was a lady in the party."

"Well," soothingly, "don't take it too hard. When you're with a lady you don't always know where you're at. There's another building in the next block that's a twin sister to this, the Winnebago or the Wheatena. Pipe-dream names they give these flats! You don't know whether it's a Pullman sleeper or a new brand of breakfast food. You might try the Winnebago for that tired feeling."

Arranging with the janitor to call him over the telephone as soon as the Sherwins returned, Hollister went back to his rooms and hunted for the Jones-Sherwin wedding cards. "At Home after September the fifteenth," he read. It was now the twentieth of June!

The salt of life suddenly lost its savor. It was a humid day, and the incessant noise and smoke got on Hollister's nerves. He was ready to adopt a Frenchman's comparison and liken the city of his affections to St. Lawrence's gridiron. He smoked seven cigars in succession and read the latest best-selling novel. But in the evening the justly celebrated lake breeze came up, and he recovered his philosophy.

During the next two months Hollister



"LET ME THINK!"

attended strictly to business. If the nights were given up to dreams that would have been listed at 0 on the stock-market, no man saw it in his face. Late in August he took his usual fishing trip, returning to find the telephone message on his desk: he Sherwins were none.

He did not wait for them to be "At Home." As he had but the slightest acquaintance with the bride, he should, in all propriety, have called in the evening, when Howard was likely to be in. But, on reflection, he deliberately presented himself at ten o'clock in the morning. Although himself a very recent victim of the tender passion, Hollister's plight would excite only ribald mirth in Howard. A bride, on

the contrary, would be all sympathy and discretion.

Mrs. Sherwin floated into the reception hall in a ravishing silk kimono that was a revelation of domestic intimacy to a club-hardened bachelor. She was a fair, plump, placid girl, whose apparent lack of guile would disarm suspicion.

"Is it the man with the luggage—trunks? Oh, I beg your pardon! How do you do, Mr. Hollister? I am so glad to be back in a land where trunks are trunks. Luggage, indeed!" She looked polite inquiry at him.

"Mrs. Sherwin," he hastened to explain, as she led him into the drawing-room, "I dare say you never noticed me, but I was among those 'also present' at your wedding."

"Oh, yes, I noticed you. I still have eyes for other men. Besides, Howard says we are to be particularly good friends, so we might as well begin now." She tucked her voluminous draperies under her and sat down informally on the piano-bench, smiling encour-

agement at his evident embarrassment. He startled her by saying:

"I feel as if I began three months ago, when I dined at your table."

"When you dined at my table? Why, dear man, I haven't dined at my own table yet."

"I assure you I have—with Alice."

"With Alice? Alice who?"

"Ah, yes, indeed! Alice who? That's what I should like to know, Mrs. Sherwin."

"Here? With a fair unknown? Without a chaperon? What a delightful, improper adventure!"

"Her father was with us. Perhaps I would better say her alleged father, for as she purloined an apartment and kidnapped a lover, a father might easily be within her resources. He was a Jim Hill, empire-builder sort of man. You know the type."

A light came to Mrs. Sherwin's puzzled eyes. "Tell me all about it; every word." She sat with her chin in her palm, listening with absorbed interest to the story, which was brief, for Hollister had his reserves in the telling.

"The little wretch! She deserves to be pilloried! But she always was a good actress," laughed the bride. "She was our 'star' at Wellesley. It seemed to be perfectly natural to her—just a bubbling over of high spirits and pure invention. But I don't know why she did this. She must have been in a desperately tight place."

"Who is she?" begged Hollister.

"Ah, my dear sir, if Alice did not tell you, how can I betray her? But there is more than one kind of fly for catching trout. To be sure, there must be justification." A significant pause; then: "Mr. Hollister, are you in love with Alice?"

"Oh, Lord, yes! I throw myself on the mercy of the court. Mrs. Sherwin, will you help me?"

"Will a duck swim? Howard says I'll never be happy until I get all the men I know into the same scrape he's in. No, don't thank me. Let me think!" She wrinkled her pretty nose charmingly, and planted a beautifully manicured finger in the middle of a fair forehead.

"What's your telephone number? Thank you. No, I won't tell Howard a word! Trot along, now. This is my busy day—unpacking trunks. Keep your ear to the receiver, and I think you'll hear something to your advantage."

Hollister lived in a fever of expectancy and impatience for four days. It was just as he was leaving the office at five o'clock on the fourth day that the call came.

"Hello! Is this Mr. Hollister? Yes, this is Mrs. Sherwin. Come around this evening at half-past eight. Understand? No, don't send in a card; just ask the maid for Howard and me. No, don't come a minute earlier! What's that? Your good angel?"—a laugh—"I suppose that compliment is a crumb from Alice's table. Thank you. Good-by. Good luck!"

Scherzo

Exactly on the minute, a trim little Dutch maid, who walked as if she still wore the wooden shoes of her native land, ushered Hollister into the drawing-room and left him in the dark. In a moment there was a quick, light step in the hall, and a flute-like voice was making apologies:

"I beg your pardon. Mrs. Sherwin would be annoyed. Annetjé is a diamond, but in the rough. Where is that button? Oh, thank you!"

The light flashed out, blinding her for a moment. Then: "Oh, Billy!" Alice sank into a chair, and stared at him in startled dismay.

"Why, Alice!" Hollister simulated a surprise as great as her own.

"How do you come to be here asking for the Sherwins?"

"I *was* at that wedding, you know"—apologetically.

"I didn't see you there"—with marked skepticism.

"Didn't you? Well, I wasn't there very long, so my offense is small. As I didn't know any one, I got peevish and told Howard I was going home. He called it his star-spangled wedding. There were guests from every state in the Union. Were you one of the stars, Alice? We revolve in the same social orbit, anyhow. We'll be properly introduced now."

"Mr. and Mrs. Sherwin have gone to the theatre," demurely.

"Ah!" ecstatically. "How considerate of them! If this is only a dream, please, dear lady, don't wake me up!"

Alice laughed, for the first time, like the enchantress of that never-to-be-forgotten night whose memory had tantalized Hollister for a long quarter of a year; but she retreated the length of the room before the ardor of his



"YOU'RE NOT PLAYING FAIR, BILLY!"

eyes. He pursued her relentlessly and drew up a chair facing hers. It was a strategic position, for he had her neatly cornered in an angle between the piano and the steam-radiator. If she saw his advantage, she scorned to notice it.

"What have you been doing these three months?" he demanded, with a masculine directness that admitted no evasion.

"What should a perfectly normal young woman be doing but just 'sitting in the sun, a-wishing and a-wishing for a nice young man'?" Her eyes danced like an impish child's, while she kept time with her gay little head to the nursery rhyme.

"And me here, wasting my sweetness," he said plaintively. "Why didn't you put me on, Alice?"

"Didn't you get any of my wireless messages? There were times when I called for help. Billy, I've been having a sweet, sentimental time acting the engaged young lady all summer. Daddy never let up on me a minute. He was in a beatific state of satisfaction. He took a violent fancy to you."

"He must have been stringing you," Hollister answered indulgently.

"Well, I kept him guessing. I managed every now and then to let him come upon me holding a letter and looking pensive. 'Why don't you wire Billy to come and cheer you up?' he'd ask. Then I'd make big, serious eyes at him—like this—and answer: 'Billy's got to *work* if he's ever to go up against the matrimonial game with an expensive girl like me.'"

"No-o, I don't have to, Alice. I've got all the time there is for a girl like you."

"But, you see, I really didn't need you, anyhow. There were others."

"There's safety in numbers," complacently. "Did you kill them all off?"

"And after I had killed them all off, there was still"—tenderly reminiscent—"Mike—Maloney." It brought Hollister up with a jolt. He regarded her warily.

"I really wouldn't advise you to trifle with the affections of a man named Mike Maloney, Alice."

"I wasn't trifling with him. I was playing politics with Daddy. He has a forty-mile belt of woods up north. That's where *he* lives and breathes and has his being. Mike's the foreman of his lumber camps. Billy, I've made Daddy believe for three years that if I had to spend a winter in his rude little village, I'd be driven to marry Mike before spring."

"You're too many for me, Alice; you don't seem to have a conscience," Hollister commented cheerfully.

"Oh, yes, I have; but what's the use? Daddy doesn't need me. He's acquired the great American habit of living by hard labor, except in the summer, when we go camping. It's primitive, idyllic, up there then. I get as brown and muscular as a little squaw."

"I'll take you fishing with me next year, Alice." Hollister felt as if his arteries were charged with seltzer water.

"Oh, will you?" delightedly. "I know how generous that is. Mike thinks women are a nuisance in the woods, and Daddy expects me to 'stay put' in one spot. All Daddy can think of for me is to get me married—tiresome person, who takes himself seriously, preferred, as an offset to my levity."

"Pardon a very personal question, but what kind do you prefer?"

"Why, where's the fun of being married unless you have a husband you can flirt with?"

"Good Lord! what luck—for the right man," he added hastily. He didn't want to startle this rare quarry—yet.

"That's just it! I told Daddy I would marry when the right man came along. But he hurried—*hustled* me—Billy. He said if I didn't get married he'd take me home—to the woods. To make him easier in his mind I—invented—a lover." She had the grace to blush. "It was a risky expedient, I'll admit, but if you would have omelet you must sacrifice eggs. And then, the right man was likely to come along any day."

"Sure to! Didn't I turn up at the psychological moment?"

"Of course," she returned gleefully. "But it was a close call when Daddy telegraphed me one day that he was coming the next to dine with me and meet 'Billy.' Mrs. Sherwin had given me a latchkey, so I brought him here where there would be no witnesses to my humiliation. And then you rang the bell! How did you come to do it?"

"Fate," Hollister answered promptly. "Are you sorry, Alice?"

"N-no; I wouldn't be so ungrateful. You looked like first aid to the injured to me. And didn't we play it well? Daddy was com-
plaisant about my returning to Chicago this fall. A lover is a perfectly legitimate object of absorbing interest to a girl, and he thought I—simply—couldn't—live—another—day—without you!"

It went to his head like a complicated cocktail, but he put on the brake.

"Singular coincidence; same here."

"Oh!" cheerfully. "But we've quarreled, you know. Nothing would satisfy Daddy but that we should marry in haste, to repent—in Chicago. So we had to quarrel. Now he wants to take my poor broken heart home. Billy, I've got to the end of my rope."

"We might make up again," suggested Hollister, with an air of impersonal interest.

"Billy, you're a dear! That would answer for all winter!" she exclaimed enthusiastically.

"It would have to answer for—ever," he returned, catching his breath. He felt himself beginning to let go. To Alice it was like the snapping of a twig to a wood nymph.

"Forever's a long day," she said archly. She started to slip past him to freedom, but he barred the way. She threw back a glance over her shoulder as bright and direct as that of a friendly child.

"You're not playing fair, Billy!"

"I'm not playing. I never have played. I've been up to my ears in love with you from the first instant, and I definitely intended to marry you. I'm in dead earnest. Don't make any mistake about that." He was white to the lips.

The words tumbled over one another like water from a burst dam. Alice met his immemorial look a moment gallantly, before her lashes went down in defeat. But she still had the last weapon of the Eternal Feminine. It took just two big tears to reduce Hollister's spinal column to the consistency of a cotton string.

He begged her forgiveness if he was too precipitate, but he had to persist. He had been in purgatory when he thought he had lost her. Good heavens! Didn't she know it made him feel like a brute to see her cry? Well—then—if she felt that way about it—a long, helpless sigh—Hollister was all in!

When she had him properly reduced to a pulp, Alice recovered. She threw up her head and laughed excitedly, through scarlet, trembling lips and flashing tears.

"Other young men take their refusal and go!" she said imperiously.

"But you haven't refused me, Alice." He spoke with meek discouragement. She failed to see this plain, broad opening, and made an utterly irrelevant observation:

"You're a very determined young man. I don't know what to do with you."

Before Hollister could make the obvious suggestion, the hall clock chimed the half hour after eleven. Alice started in alarm.

"You must go now. The Sherwins may be home any minute! I should die to be discovered like this."

"It wouldn't matter if we were engaged, Alice. It demoralizes anybody to get engaged."

She pushed him into the hall and forced his hat into his hand.

"Yes, I'll go; but I'm coming back tomorrow to take you out in an automobile. We'll have a chauffeur, because I can't give my mind to a machine. But no chaperon, understand. I'm going to make love to you all day, you darling!"

"Good-by," she whispered.

"Good-night, not good-by. Alice, you *are* just as high as my heart! What are you struggling for? When lovers make up, they always kiss, like this—and this—and this!"

Finale

Mrs. Sherwin was standing on guard at a front window when Hollister pulled up at the door at ten o'clock the next morning. She tapped on the pane and called down.

"Send that noisy machine around the corner, and come right up without ringing the bell." When he came, she put an index finger to her lips and ushered him into the drawing-room.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Mr. Hollister," she said, with distinct disapproval, "I'm afraid you didn't use your opportunity very well."

"On the contrary, I assure you, Mrs. Sherwin——"

"Why did you leave so early, then? Did Alice show you the door?"

"Yes. I filed a protest, but at exactly eleven-forty she turned me out into the cold world." Mrs. Sherwin's hands went up in a gesture that admitted her inadequacy to the situation.

"That—girl's—duplicity is something appalling!"

"I told her she had no conscience. What's she been doing now?"

"We got home at midnight, exactly, to find the house dark, and Alice asleep, apparently for hours."

"Quick work! She intimated that she didn't intend to be caught with the goods."

"You don't mean that you proposed?"

"That's my best recollection."

"And she accepted you?"

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that," he admitted, reflectively, "but do I look like a man who has been turned down?" Mrs. Sherwin clapped her hands with enthusiasm.

"You look like 'Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes!' I have no doubt that you can manage Alice—when you can get at her. At present there are difficulties."

"Has she run away again?"

"I am not to tell. I have orders to deny that I ever heard of such a young person, if anyone inquires for her. Mr. Hollister, Alice came out of her room this morning gowned for the street, even to her hat. She was going home. She lives away out on the North Shore, with two dear old ladies, friends of her father's, who are supposed to chaperon her."

Hollister picked up his hat and demanded the address.

"Wait a minute! At breakfast a telephone call came for her. Her father was just in on a night train. She offered to meet him downtown. No, he wouldn't hear of it. She stormed at him, refused, pointblank, to remain here, begged, even wept a little into the telephone. He told her she could suit herself, but as he was leaving for the East to-night, he wouldn't have time to wait for her anywhere, nor to go out to the North Shore to see her."

"Shall I need a search-warrant?"

Mrs. Sherwin waved her hand comprehensively. "You can see into every nook and corner from the hall. An apartment is as open to the public as a crocodile's countenance. The only private room in this one," significantly, "belongs to the maid."

"Then she has coaxed Annetjé?"

"Bribed is the word, Mr. Hollister. Alice repays my hospitality by corrupting my servant. She gave Annetjé a beautiful, long, copper-brown automobile veil that she spent one hour matching to her own hair."

"Ah!" Hollister conjured up a russet vision. "She needs that veil when she goes out with me. Well, I have a bank account," he added recklessly. "Mrs. Sherwin, have you a list of your wedding guests? It would be making some progress to learn her name."

"You idyllic young couple!" She breathed a long, reminiscent sigh, of whose sympathy Hollister was blissfully oblivious. His finger ran down the typewritten list that she handed him, and stopped.

"Away up in the Lake Superior region

there is a lumber king named Hugo Farley. Is this Miss Farley here, by any chance——?"

But Mrs. Sherwin had her fingers in both pink ears, and was gazing at her own pleasant reflection in the console mirror. "I think, after all, it's likely to rain, Mr. Hollister," she remarked, in her most impersonal society manner.

"Would you mind if I camped here until the clouds roll by?"

Mrs. Sherwin considered. "I couldn't very well conceal anything so large as you. Oh, there is another private place!" She led him through an alcove library, and past a door paneled with amber bull's-eyes that opened upon a tiny, stone-balustraded loggia, sunk in the front of the building over the entrance door. It was a coign of vantage. Hollister lit a cigar and gave himself up to distracting memories and delightful anticipations.

It was two hours before a stout, energetic man of sixty turned the corner as if he had to catch a train. Hollister leaned over the flower-boxes on the stone ledge.

"Come right up without ringing, Mr. Farley. I'll let you in." In a few moments he had rushed Alice's father through to the loggia.

"I had a pressing engagement with Alice," Hollister explained affably, "but Alice takes a different view of it, so I'm on sentinel duty." Mr. Farley studied him through narrowed eyelids.

"Don't intend to let her give you the slip again, eh? What did you let her do that for?"

"If it will be any satisfaction to you to know it, Mr. Farley," he answered with engaging candor, "I have spent three months calling myself all the fifty-seven varieties of wild ass. But how did you know she gave me the slip?"

"My train didn't leave for two hours after you put me on it. That talk about going to bed with the chickens was all poppycock. When you dropped down the subway, I strolled out through the waiting-room, trailed you to your club, and invested a dollar in the darky at the door. And I followed that information up. There isn't much you can tell me about yourself that I don't know, Hollister." His eyes were twinkling humorously. "So you have just found her?"

"Yes, sir; but I haven't lost any time since."

"Why is Alice in hiding, then?"

"I think," carefully weighing his words, "that she thinks she needs time to consider

a few things I said to her. I guess I rushed matters a little."

"Didn't sign up with her?"

"Well," smiling, "if I'd got as next to a man on a business proposition as I got to Alice, I'd act on the supposition that I had him." Farley nearly exploded.

"I guess we can do business together all right. Have a smoke," he said genially. "It's a pretty stiff brand for a youngster, but you might as well get used to it. Well"—he looked at his watch with the misty eye of resignation, but he spoke briskly—"I have to go on to New York to-night. It would free my mind for serious business if I could leave Alice in your hands. She picked you out herself, and you suit me, so if you think it's safe, we'll just call Alice's little bluff."

Hollister brought his hand down on Farley's with a thwack that might have been heard in Alice's retreat in the rear. They went immediately into a committee of ways and means with Mrs. Sherwin. At the end of the session, Mr. Farley peeled a bill off a roll.

"This is my blowout, Mrs. Sherwin. Tell the caterer to throw himself. Sorry you have to go, Hollister. Guess I'll borrow your buzz-wagon and take Alice out for a spin, to get her mind off her troubles. Then you will have a chance to get busy with the telephone, Mrs. Sherwin. Better put up some money on this combination—it's a sure winner."

At five o'clock the ladies were dressing for dinner, Mrs. Sherwin keeping up a running fire of small talk.

"Put on your white chiffon, Alice. You ought to dress up for your own father. And here's a half-wreath of white ribbon rosebuds for your hair. Sheer magic what those department-store girls can do with a bit of ribbon! . . . Dr. and Mrs. Chenoweth are to be here. I told Howard that the very first people to dine with us should be the

minister who married us. . . . Now you're ready, and sweet as—a bride. There's the door-bell. What makes you jump every time the bell rings, Alice? Who is it, Annetjé? Mr. Hollister? Alice, dear, would you just step into the drawing-room and keep that inadvertent man going until I finish dressing?"

"Who is Mr. Hollister?" doubtfully.

"Oh, an old fossil of a family friend. I think Howard inherited him, along with his great-grandmother's cameos. He means well."

A moment later Alice parted the draperies of the arch. Her half-uttered cry of dismay was smothered against the front of Hollister's best dress coat.

"Be quiet, Alice! If you make a noise, some one will come, and then there'll be a scandal," he whispered, laughing. He arrested her hand—raised to box his ear—and slipped a ring on the third finger.

"You don't want to get away now, do you, sweetheart?" Her rigid figure suddenly relaxed to a limp submissiveness.

The telephone bell rang. Mrs. Sherwin frou-froued to the closet at the rear of the hall.

"That you, Howard?—Yes, the stage is set.—What!!! Can I go to New York to-night?—Why, we've just got home!—You've arranged to turn the apartment and the maid over to—?—Oh, you bright boy!—Be here in five minutes with the whole bunch?—All right!—Get that kiss? Good-by."

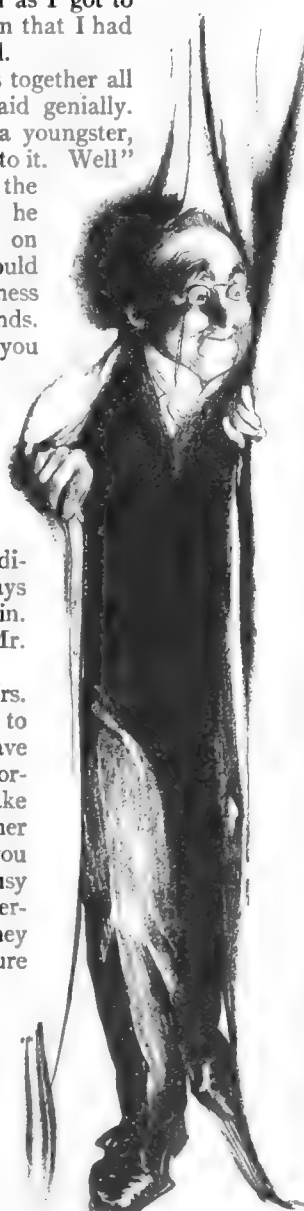
She hung up the receiver and slipped noiselessly to the concealing draperies. Hollister smiled at her over Alice's unconscious head.

Mrs. Sherwin clasped her pretty hands in speechless admiration. Then she assumed the correct attitude

and uttered a little shriek.

"Why, Alice Farley!"

Alice whirled free and blazed out her wrath.



"GOT THE LICENSE, PHILIP?"

"It's abominable of you to be shocked, Mabel. Billy and I are engaged."

"Billy," indeed!" with virtuous indignation. "His name isn't Billy; it's Philip." Alice turned her insulted back on Mrs. Sherwin and collapsed into a chair.

"It's just a pet name she has for me, Mrs. Sherwin," Hollister explained, as if eager to placate the offended proprieties. "I'm her property—she may call me anything she likes." But Mrs. Sherwin intended to be scandalized for all it was worth.

"I'm surprised at you, Mr. Hollister! She didn't know your last name, either, five minutes ago. Oh, there's the bell. I wonder what your father will say, Alice!" With this parting shot Mrs. Sherwin disappeared to meet the confusion of arrival in the hall.

"She'll tell him something outrageous! I didn't know Mabel could be such a little cat! Oh, Billy, what will Daddy say?" Mr. Farley put his head between the portières, and this is what he said:

"Got the license, Philip?"

"Yes, sir. Here is the fatal document."

"Oh, all right. Brace up, Alice. You really shouldn't try to play poker with an old hand like me," and he vanished.

"*The license!*" gasped Alice. Hollister kissed her on the lips with laughing assurance. A conspiracy? Well! She rounded up her stampeded wits as at the crack of a lash. When the laughing crowd of Hollister's friends and her own broke into the drawing-room, she faced them with smiling self-possession. Howard Sherwin made a rush for the two.

"Hello, Phil! Still up to your old college trick of sliding to base. Well, here I am, in time to do the last sad office for a friend. Better give me that ring; you're so nervous you might drop it. Mabel, step round there and support the blushing bride. Mr. Farley, if you don't look out, the bride will give herself away. All ready? Now, give 'em the life sentence, Doctor."

As the peals of laughter and scrambling for places were hushed by the clergyman's uplifted hand, some one in the next apartment struck the opening bars of "Oh, Promise Me" on a pianola. And for the wedding-march to the dining-room, Annetjé

patiently banged the Chinese gong in the hall.

It was ten o'clock before the bride's cake was cut, the last cork popped, and the last witticism expired in laughter. The chief guests departed on a journey, leaving the happy pair in the apartment for the honeymoon. Howard emptied a hatful of rice over them, and fled to a waiting carriage.

When the door was shut and they stood under the soft rose light of the hall lantern, Hollister waited with an air of conscious expectancy.

"Fair lady, if you were thinking of doing something pleasing to your lord, you might repeat that imitation of a beautiful girl in love with a fine young man."

But before he finished Alice was regarding him with piquant reproach over the top of a high-backed chair in the drawing-room.

"An artiste never repeats herself." He considered a moment.

"Then, for second choice, you might do a turn in 'The Reformed Coquette.'"

"Alas!"—with an inimitable gesture of French comedy—"that is not in my repertoire." He unexpectedly executed a flank movement and held her at arm's length.

"Mrs. Philip Hollister, in your mad haste to commit matrimony you overlooked one little detail: Am I the right man?"

Alice looked up through her eyelashes and blushed to her hair. Hollister laughed a little deliriously, pinioned her arms, and lifted her chin.

"Since when?" he asked with soft insistence. Alice was suspiciously submissive.

"You won't be conceited about it nor throw it up to me, ever?"

"Oh, won't I?" Hollister threw caution to the winds. "Wasn't it the very first—instant—sweet—witch?" he demanded, punctuating the question in judiciously selected spots.

A sigh as of resignation to the inevitable. "The *very* first instant—" She slipped free, flushed, disheveled as to hair, alluring, poised for instant flight, and blowing frivolous kisses to him between mocking laughs.

"The very first instant—that I saw—*Billy*. As for you, Mr. Hollister—O-o-oh! don't crush me—quite—please! Yes—oh—yes—Phil, darl—"





The Quest of the Gentle Sizzlybow

By BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

Illustrations by E. W. Kemble

MEBBE I'm wrong, but I'd ruther be able to think fast than to run a hundred in ten flat," said Limpy Hawes meditatively, one day in Louisville, as we sat swinging our heels from the top of the monkey-wagon because a midday downpour was flooding the low lot on which the animal tent was pitched. "Another man thunk fast enough to ladle himself out of a Mulligan stew-pot onct. He would 'a' been frickyseed and forgotten if he hadn't had a high-gear'd brain, and I git to wishin' sometimes I had a little more edgashun in my nut and a little less eye-blackenin' up my sleeve. Honest, my boy, if I hadn' 'a' been and seen and done as much as I have, I really wouldn' have sense enough to know I hain't a real smart man."

He relapsed into a tantalizing silence. I had thought he was beginning one of his surpassing tales, but he vouchsafed nothing further, and a half hour later I had given up hope, when he suddenly threw out his quid, pulled his slouch hat over his eyes, and I knew all was well. The yarn was ready.

"That feller Doogan-Dhugann was sartinly a queer streak of weather. I'm surprised he was willin' to use the same alphybet other people do. He trained himself to be left-handed, he's so contrary, and I bet he'd have et with his ear if he could. You never was able to tell what he was thinkin' about, and you was gener'ly lucky if you never found out. He knowed about all that six colleges could pump into him, and he could do anythin', or make anythin', with his hands he could think of, like that sea-sar-pent and that autymatic god I told you about. And top of it all, the terrors of death seemed to tickle him inside some place. He just loved to play ring-around-a-rosey with his finish. But he got a full dose this time, I tell ye. I got about three doses. There ain't been but *one* hunt

for the gentle Sizzlybow, and if there's another of the like, to change the words of the hymn feller:

"'When the roll is called out yonder,
I'll *not* be there.'

"Ye see, a bunch of onthinkin' Buffaler citizens put up a lot o' money for some old plantation promotin' mish'nary to bring a real section of West Africa to the Pan-Americkan Axposishun Midway, and the old fever-rack fetched some mighty strange clumps of life out of that mighty strange country. Doogan-Dhugann with his eekally strange idees was jest drawn to the spot. The Old Man sent him and Doc Smith to see if they was anythin' from Fred Cummins's Injuns on one end to the Eskimos on t'other that we wanted for the show. They picked up some little acts that they signed, and some they bought, but both was jest bustin' over somethin' else Doog had run into.

"Think I told you Doog talked all kinds of gabs, and he'd hooked up in this African village with a black Kroo sailor chief who'd been a kind of a pirate and a slave-hunter all around that cave-in you see in the map of the west coast. Well, this dingy thug told Doog that in the goriller country south of the Ogaway River there was dwarfs and giants that talked to the monkeys, and there was one awful big goriller that everybody knowed about, that was tamed and was like a spring lamb minus mint sass, he was that gentle and sociable. Everybody in that country knowed him as the Sizzlybow.

"Says Doog: 'Say what they please, there's no genywine goriller in captivity. Let's get that one and a nigger family to chat with him.'

"'Darwin Done to a Dreary Drab! Won-

der of the Wilderness—' begins Doc Smith, too axcited to wait.

"'Nuff said. Great! Great!' says the Old Man, and his eye lit on me. I purtended not to be listenin' and tried to sneak along to the canteen coach, because I saw my old friends Trouble and Axcitement liftin' their frowsly heads over the horizon of the future, and they was makin' faces at me. 'Twarn't no use. Before I gits the door shet the Old Man yells:

"'Hey, Limpy! Come back! See here! Put Early Jim Butts to runnin' the critters, 'cause you're boss of a new and entertainin' job. Here's a good wad of the root of all evil legislation. You and Doog and Hans Myer start for New York termorrer, ship down to the Gulf of Guiney, and bring back this here Sizzybow.'

"By gosh a'mighty, I felt bad. I know Africy is goin' to git me yit. But I didn' say nothin', and went down-town and bought me a couple o' collars and a hand-satchel to pack up in.

"When we gits to New York, we has three daystill a steamer sails for England, and Doog says that seein' as how the Sizzybow might not be jest as refined and delicate a gentleman as the perspectus called for, we better take along a good steel-rod cage six by six-and-three. So we orders it made in a rush and sees her put on board, all boxed in a new smooth pine case jest like a big pianner-box.

"Off we goes to Liverpool, and then down to the Gold Coast, where we had to take a dinky little steamer over to Cape Lopez. Mebbe you won't believe it, but she was so old, so rotten, and so dirty, they wouldn' 'a' used her to carry axcursions on round New York. As it got hotter, we got kinda less boiling over with anxiety fer work, and Hans Myer says, as he looks at the box containin' that cage that we had got to lug along, now resting on the fore hatch it was, lashed tight:

"'By Yiminny, Limby,' says he, 'dot boxes look like he been growin' since we come away, yes?'

"Thinkin' of the tussle we was goin' to have gettin' it up country, it sartinly looked about a foot bigger each way to me, too. Tak' m' oath, if I'd 'a' knowed just what that tussle was a-goin' to end in, I'd 'a' swum out fer St. Thomas right then and there, a-singin' the Portygeeze hymn.

"There was a Canadian Frenchman goin' to Mayambo along with us. He was some kind of trader. Prob'ly hymn-books, beads,

and licker. The day we come in sight of Lopez, and seen the mountains liftin' up back of them mangrove swamps, Hans Myer was talkin' to him, and then he come to me with his chin a-tremblin' and his eyes all wet.

"'Limby, dose Vrench yentlemans says dot he knows I was a reg'lar goner.'

"'Don't say?' says I.

"'Ach, Limby, he says dem hills ain't no nice place to go in over up.'

"'Why?' says I.

"'Up by der north is dey Fans mit dey sharp spears.'

"'Um—hah!' says I.

"'Yes, und back behind beyond is dey Nyam-Nyam chiantzes mit dey great big cloobs.'

"'That so?' says I.

"'Und down around vere ve gotta go in dey front is dey Obongos mit dey teeny pizent arr's und dey big cooking-pots.'

"'Yes?'

"'Limby, lissen by me, Limby, he says dey shoots a vite mans und den go *by cookings him in dey pots*.'

"'What the heck about it?' says I.

"'Den he comes by being eats. Oh-yaw-umpf-ahoo!'

"'Aw, shut up,' says I. 'Course they is savages. But you're safer than in Bridgeport. They ain't cultivated up to imported Dutch sassages yit, Hans,' says I.

"Then I walked away, leavin' him to figger it out.

"There warn't no trouble gittin' landed on shore, axcept I kinda had to pry the Dutchman away from the ship. If they'd 'a' been six of us, they wouldn' 'a' been enough shore to land on that wasn' knee deep in sea-mud, but bein' only three, we lit on terry-fermy in the early mornin', and the settin' sun seen a dug-out fleet goin' up the Ogoway with the tide, the cage-box and Doog's chist 'crost two of them dang little skiffs, and about forty niggers in charge.

"They was in two sizes, one bunch as big as Zulus, reg'lar whoppers, Perfecto Maduros, and t'other didn' have a man in the crew that weighed a hundred pounds. Diplomatic Claros, they was. They had an awful row which bunch would take us up stream, and was jest about to argy the matter with anythin' they happened to be carryin' when Doogy jibjabbed a bargain with 'em to git us to high ground on a kind of partnership plan.

"Besides the cage-box, Hans and me had a satchel apiece, and Doog had that chist he

had all his tinkerin' things in. By gosh a'mighty, he'd tinker with the climate if he could. I bet he starts mendin' the hinges of the Golden Gate the first day he's inside.

"That night we camped on a rock in the middle of the water, and all we had to do was to look over the aidge any time after dark, an' we'd see green eyes a-shinin', an' hear some hungry critter splashin' round.

"'Twarn't so hot with the sea-wind blowin' that night, but in the mornin' the old sun jest natchelly reached down and kicked ye in the neck. Hot? The devil would 'a' built hell there if he could 'a' bluffed off the 'skeeters.

that I was sittin' against. Tell ye, I wasn' feelin' jest the most unconsumed. That night two of them, a big one and a little one, dropped out o' sight, and the next mornin' Doog come to me and he says:

"'Say, Limpy, these niggers all been sayin' that the Sizzlybow don't live in this country, but I think they lie. Now the river-boss of one gang says he calls to mind that the river that joins this one a little further up runs to the country where he thinks the Sizzlybow is. The two gangs have got some kind of a bargain between them, but I reckon we'll turn off there where he says.'



"ONE GORILLA WAS LIKE A SPRING LAMB, HE WAS THAT GENTLE AND SOCIABLE."

They was so thick the ground was kivered with them that'd bumped into the trees and fell down. The equator's right around there some place. Bet I could 'a' baked a pie on it if I hadn' been too durn busy keepin' the bugs and ants from crawlin' over me.

"All them niggers had tried to make open work out of their hides, and some of them looked like black hand-embroiderin' done under grease. One set had their teeth filed into curlycues, and t'other had every other one missin', and them that was left filed sharp as needles.

"Second day up the river, we was restin' in the shade durin' the middle o' the day, when I woke up out of a doze. One of them little saw-teeth niggers had jest taken a feel of my arm, reachin' around a bread-fruit tree

"'All right,' says I. 'His guess is as good as mine.'

"Second day after that, we come to a rapid with a big pool below it, and without an aye, yes, or no to us, the walkin' delegate of them niggers steers for the left shore of the pool. Just then I hears a sound I'd heard before—*a tump-tump-tum-tum-tum-tum-tum!*

"'Vot is dem noises, Limby?' says Hans.

"'Them is rawhides pulled tight over gourds bein' beat by some gentlemen on shore to git themselves axcited,' says I, feelin' that wisht-I-was-goin'-t'other-way sperit in me. When we got closer, Hans says, tickled to death:

"'Ah, g'wan! You make fun by me, Limby. Dem is trums. Haw-haw-haw! Dey is a moosic band up in der bush.'

"I hope you'll like the tunes they play," says I.

"The minute we touched shore, the bush jest popped open with niggers that riz up like a bunch of bromo-seltzer, and all sizes they was. The little ones had fistfuls of pizened arrows, and the big ones was carryin' spears with blades as big as your two hands and clubs the size of wagon-tongues, jest to show how cheerful and lovin', sympathetic and welcomin' they was to furrin visitors.

"Front of the bunch was the two niggers that had left us down river, and they was flankin' a big old feller that wore a purty little Paris model toque made out of a hand-painted dead man's face with mussel-shell eyes, trimmed with a Africy tiger-cat's head on one side and a wild pig's on t'other. His hide was peppered so full of holes that he looked like home-made crowshay work. He was boss, it was plain to see, and he welcomed us to his city with three grunts, two bounces, and a coon-dog howl.

"Try one of your college yells on him," says I to Doogy, but, by gosh a'mighty, before we could do anythin' really perlite and respondin', them niggers just assembled with us, and before we knowed it, we was headed inshore away from the river, a bunch of niggers to each white man, Doog bein' last in line, and twenty bucks totin' the cage-box behind. A-leadin' the merry party was the old Human Tidy. Tak' m' oath, I felt mighty fretful.

"And I reckon I felt worse when they begun to sing '*Mar-a-roo-umph-a-bah-unk-unk-unk-you! Yow!! Yow!!! Bas-a-wee-ee-ee,*' with the drums goin' *tump-a-tump-a-tump-a-tump* all around us.

"Says Hans: 'Ve get a pig recepshuns. Dey is glad ve camed.'

"Heluva sight glad-der'n I am,' says I.

"I never hear such bad moosics,' says Hans.

"Says I: 'Likely 'nuff you never will agin—after supper-time.'

"We didn't have fur

to go till we come to a town up on the hill—hundreds of basin-shaped huts upside down, made of long grass, with a hole to crawl inside of—and bunches of wimmin and little snickers standin' outside along the main street.

"One half the town was on one side of the hill and t'other half on t'other. The parade was kind o' stringin' out when we got there, and the bunches Hans and me were in got over and out of sight of Doog and the cage-box. I was lookin' back kind o' anxshus when all to once I hears a screamin':

"Hey, let go mine leg. You pum! You don't *dare* hit me mitt dot cloob. Hellup! Hellup! Ach, Limby!"

"I looks around jest in time to observe Hans bein' chucked head first into a cage made out of straight saplin's, with plenty of air space like a dog-crate, and before I could make a move I was grabbed by about twenty of them big bucks and landed in another coop a hundred feet further on. The big fellers done it; all the little fellers had faded away, which 'peared funny. I put a line of ter-baccer juice in one feller's eye, thumbed another one's nose around to where his ear usually hung out, and heeled one other one till he had a dent in his chest like as if he'd rid on the B. & O. onct too often. But it didn' do no good. No star player can beat good team work. In eight seconds I was in my little coop, beyond the temtayshuns of this

sinful world, and sartinly in no danger of walkin' myself to death.

"Up the avenoo was a poor unfortunite critter-walloper by the name of Myer, bellerin' like heck. He was doin' it in Dutch, and it was hard on the nerves of anybody that was thinkin' about t'other bank o' the Jordan and gittin' ready to play hot-country headline to a special bill-o'-fare. Anyhow, the rum-pus he was makin' drawed the crowd around him, and they left me alone. Well, sir, Hans howled so that the chief himself come along. 'Peared to me for a minnit like he was goin' to ca'm the mourner with



"DOSE VRENCH YENTLEMANS SAYS DOT I WAS A REG'LAR GONER."

a club. S'pose he was afraid Hans might wear off some of his appetizin' fat. Hans thought the cook was makin' the last call for supper in the dinin'-car, and leaked a stream of Low Dutch woe that was pityus. An' fin'ly the old Human Tidy makes all the gang clear out, and they goes trapsin' over the hill to tantalize Doog, I s'posed, wherever they'd shut him up.

"Now ye see, my boy, no bunch o' trouble ain't so bad that it can't git worse. I 'lowed, as the hymn feller says, that I was lookin'

"On the last declinin' sun
That marks my final arthly
day,"

when I put my hand in the hip pocket of my britches and found I didn't have *one good-sized chaw of terbaccer*.

"Just then a nigger woman that didn't have on 'nuff duds to tuck a handkerchief into, come along and shoved a gourd of boiled rice and goat's meat in at me. I didn't have sperit enuff to tech it. But as she santered around waitin' for the gourd, she kep' singin' over and over somethin' I knowed, and all to onct I ketched on to what it was.

"*Hi-la ka, koo-koo-la, teck-a-lo
Ta-kay-me, oh-lo-see laka-bah!*"

"By heck, I opens up with the silvery tenor that I used in the Dobbersville choir the time I kep' store and post-office in Missouri:

"There's a *land* that is fairer than *day*,
And by *faith* we can see it *ajar*."

There'd been mish'naries around there! I bet they didn't last long. The nigger woman luffed and luffed, and she give me an idee. I thunk it over and over before I went to sleep. Them nigger tribes never has more'n two 'r three hundred words of talk, and I 'lowed they was put together on the west coast same as the east. Mebbe I could pull enuff together to git her to go swipe my papers of terbaccer out of my satchel, wherever it was. The next mornin', after yellin' up the pike to

Hans, I was settin' on the ground watchin' the kids makin' faces at me, when she come along agin. I sprung a word or two on her and she ketched right on. I give her two

bone collar-buttons and a vest-buckle, and we got quite thick. She stayed there all mornin' tellin' me the names of things, and sung me a couple more hymns she knowed, and, tak' m' oath, in two days I was sailin' right along in home talk. Then I showed her the tin-foil paper out o' which all my fine-cut was gone by then, and beseeched her to go fetch the other papers. I give her the tin-foil and my blue suspenders. By the jumps-o'-Juno, she come back the next mornin' pleased to pieces with herself, wearin' the suspenders in a fresco round her middle, and handed me two more tin-foil

papers empty and all smoothed out flat. Tak' m' oath, I purt' near cried.

"Also I was clost to crazy answerin' the fool questions Hans kep' yellin' at me forty times a day—"Vas I dedt yet? Do dey make him first into soups or spare-ribs? Do dey cook him und den kill him? Vas dey vaitin' for a pig Sunday dinner?" and so on.

"I asked the nigger woman about the Sizzlybow, about Doog, the cage-box, etc., and she 'peared skeered to tell me anythin'; when she didn't wanta say, she pertended she couldn' onderstan'. Anyhow, she let me know that there wasn' enuff to go around—they must fix up the white meat with a little dark, and I felt some better. It seemed mighty funny too, that the whole dang town, axcept this woman and some kids, hung around on t'other side of the hill all the time they was awake. I heard a lot of knockin' and poundin' one day, and one evenin' a whole durn percession of niggers come by. One of the old Human Tidy's main fightin' men come by with a new jumpin'-jack whittled out of green wood and marked with a colored pencil, and a dwarf nigger in trouble 'peared to be a pris'ner. They dumped him into a cage right acrost between me and Hans from t'other side of



"SHE COME BACK PLEASED TO PIECES
WITH HERSELF."

the pike. The man that had the jumpin'-jack was pullin' the string with all the whole crowd of his niggers jest a-fightin' to watch him, laffin' theirselves to death. I reckoned they'd caught the dwarf and took the jack away from him, and so I knowed Doog was up to somethin'.

"That same day I first seen somethin' else new the little nigger in the cage kept doin', a kind of hoppity step, leanin' backwards and hummin' somethin'. The next day it was worse. It 'peared kind o' familiar and it had me guessin'. The next evenin' a bunch of niggers come over the hill and dumped three more little ones in the cage, and they begun doin' that funny movement right away.

"Hey, Limby, vat kind of a tanz is dose plack nickahs makin' yet?' yells Hans.

"It bust on me all to onct. Dance? Sure! They was *cake-walkin'*!

"I knows dot moosic dey vas tryin' to make,' says Hans.

"What is it?' says I.

"I can't say it,' says Hans.

"Why?' says I.

"I haf forgot it,' says that beautiful bologny-head.

"I was purt' near crazy for a chew by now, and the nigger woman acted like she was goin' to cry when I pestered her about it. But the morning after we ketched on to the cake-walk, a big buck come by with one of my papers o' fine-cut hung round his neck by a string, like a locket. I guess I hollered some.

"Now dey is killing Limby alretty,' Hans begins to yell.

"I shut him up, and jest then my nigger woman come with breakfast, and I showed the tobacco man to her, and in two minutes I'd traded my toothpick and a horseshoe nail for the fine-cut, and drawed back into a corner.

"Afterwards, as I 'uz settin' there, Hans calls down:

"Hey, Limby, I have remembered dot moosic.'

"What is it?' says I.

"I can't say der name of it yit,' says Hans.

"Aw, shucks,' says I.

"You chust vait, I tells you dot moosic soon,' says Hans.

"Well, sir, I reckon I must 'a' slep' purty sound that night, for the goin's-on that must have happened before mornin' all got by me. The first thing I seen was a piece of pine board, real American pine board, a-layin'

bang in front o' my cage, and on it a bit of wrappin' muslin. Some nigger had been trimmin' and carvin' up the board, but they was a stencil left on the muslin, 'Rocco Palacci, Pianos, New York.'

"What the heck was any dago pianner-maker doin' sendin' a pianner down to this nigger heaven?' thinks I, but jest then I sensed somethin' else. The cage 'crost the way was plumb jammed with about eight more little niggers, and Hans was whinin' because two had been put to live with him. They was a guard with one of them big rib-separators in front of each place. Nigger wimmin was goin' by carryin' round stones up the hill, and blowin' down from the top come the strong smoke from green wood. A soljer nigger 'stead o' my woman brought me twict as much breakfast as always. Up by the chief's house the drums was goin' *tump-tump-a-tump-a-tump*. By gosh a'mighty, the cooks was gettin' ready to make American pie.

"I nefer *didn't* like nickars,' says Hans. 'I vanta get out of de inside.'

"You'll go out to get inside purty soon,' says I.

"All day the crowd hung around with their mouths waterin', and 'peared to me that a lot o' soljers that 'd been away was back. Been on a marketin' trip, I reckon. Some of 'em had little figger things that I knowed was Doog's. By heck, he'd tinker if the last horn was blowin'. Kind o' pitiful, though, him makin' them gim-cracks to please the soljers, a-hopin' to get let out to show what he really could do. I wisht he was on our side of the hill so's I could holler to him onct in a while. Reckoned, though, I'd see him at supper that night. Mebbe not all at the same time.

"The smoke kep' gittin' thicker'n thicker'n thicker, and every now 'n' then I could hear the poppin' of the fire or the bustin' of some of the stones, so't I knew they was gittin' red hot. More stuff to eat was settin' in front of my door than I knowed what to do with.

"Hey, Limby,' says Hans, 'bout four o'clock, 'I near 'most yust now sedt oudt der name von dot moosic pieces. I 'most vistled vun chordt.'

"If you don't hurry up, you'll only hear your lost chord in heaven,' says I.

"Tell ye what, my boy, all jokin' aside, I was feelin' purty bad. The sun was gittin' down all red and fiery, shinin' through the stinkin' smoke, and up there on the hill the

whole town was gathered singin' some chant as an appetite tonic:

*"Mar-roo-umph a-bah
Bar-a-mah! Bar-a-mah!"*

"Some kind of a harp they had was ting-tang, ting-tangin' away, while all the time come the tump-a-tump of them dang drums. Reckon the mish'naries had got in their work on the little fellers too, for them in the cages was kneelin' down, kind o' sittin' on their legs and squealin' away on a mish'nary hymn. They knowed durn well what was comin', and was doin' their best to square themselves:

*"There 's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar."*

"Not so gol blame afar, boys,' says I, and jines in with my A1 tenor. If Hans hadn' cried so hard, I'd 'a' kep' it up some time.

"Then the dark come down thick'n sudden, and up there on the hill showed out the big red glow of the fires, makin' black shadders agin the red light spots.

"Off in the bush around the wild critters

was chatterin', and all was peaceful and quiet like, with the monkeys puttin' their kids to bed, and the big birds floppin' from tree to tree, gittin' fixed for the night.

"The big full moon was blushin' up the east, when the little fellers in the cages begun to squeal away louder than ever, and I looked out to see about a hundred of them big soljers in double lines comin' marchin' down the hill to'rds the coops. In half a minute we was all let out. I took a last good big chaw of fine-cut and stepped inside that fence of ten-inch spears. Hans and me led the mourners, or rather the parade of pervisions, and says I to Hans:

"Hollerin's no help, so shut up. If you must make a noise, sing."

"Vat shall I make a singin's about?" says he.

"Why don't ye try "There's no place like home"?"

"We come swingin' up before the chief's house like a couple o' quarters of beef, with them little niggers behind us like so many pork chops, still a-squealin' about the land that is fairer than day.



"THE LITTLE NIGGER KEPT DOIN' A KIND OF HOPPITY STEP."

"Ah, my boy, my boy, that was sartinly a sight up there.

"The whole town was packed in a great big circle in the open square, all kneelin' down, and in the middle was a long heap of red-hot stones half kivered with about two tons of wood coals. Over on one side was a hundurd drummers and rattlers, and that mighty tang-a-tump they made jest natchelly smothered everythin'. Nowhere was any sign of Doog, and yet all the eatin' and cookin' things about was jest as clean as ever they was. He hadn' led the way to the beyond.

"Now we was drawed up in a line close by the fire, and I tell ye what, the water was runnin' down the side that was next it. A soljer with a club 'bout like a crowbar come out and stood behind each of the pieces of white and dark meat, and the other soljers begun to dance. It 'peared like they was a thousand in the ring they made around us, and back of them the wimmin and old men was singin' that song about

" 'Mar-roo-umph a-bah
Bar-a-mah! Bar-a-mah! "

"The row was jest terrible, and with a big ring of black sky, a ring of black woods and a ring of black devils with the red fire shinin' on 'em, it was awful, plumb awful. Hell of a nice place for a feller to say his prayers!

"They danced and danced till they was plumb wore out, and the delicksies they was goin' to have for supper was meltin' down where they stood. Then they quit the fun and stopped to feed.

"The drums was rollin' and bangin' as the old Human Tidy stepped out into the ring and come singin' a song that I guessed was to wind up with the word to swing the clubs.

"He lifted his hand and I knowed the end had come. For the first time in three hours there was quiet.

" 'Ach, Limby, lissen, der's dot moosic pieces,' says Hans, grabbin' my arm.

"Thinks I: 'Poor Hans, this is marciful. His mind's gone.'

"But by gosh a'mighty I heard it too; the old chief heard it, and the people heard it.

"From down the side of the hill to'rds the river *come the rattle and bing of a reg'lar American street-pianner. It was comin' up the hill and comin' fast.*

" 'Dot's it! Dot's it!' yells Hans, beginnin' to dance and sing:

" 'Tara-ra-ra boomst de-ays. Tara-ra-ra boomst de-ays.'

"My boy, my boy, you oughta seen the breakin' up of that fam'ly dinner party!

"Most of 'em fell down and howled or run around in rings and yelled. Purty soon they was a rush from those at the end of the pike up which the music was comin'. I didn' know what it all meant, or what was goin' to happen, but it beat the reg'lar program all holler.

"The rush become a push and then a panic to get out t'other side o' town, as an army of the little kind of niggers showed up, marchin' in a fine column of eights. In front, *in a electric-light juggler's costume he must 'a' had in his kit, was Doog.*

"Surrounded by the main guard was the moosic, a reg'lar dago street-pianner carried on a platform, backed up with a big sheet-tin thing to throw the sound, and turnin' the handle as fast as he could push her around was *a great big cheerful-lookin' goriller! The gentle Sizzybow!*

"The minnit they struck the open they begun to yell that Tara-ra-ra boom de-ay, and to cake-walk. Sufferin' Jews, when the big nigger tribe seen and heard it all, 'specially them flashin' lights on Doog, even the paralyzed got up and flew.

"When the town was burnin' and the little niggers were totin' back home all the stuff they'd looted, Doog axplains to me:

" 'You see, the two gangs had agreed to divide us.'

"I knowed that all the time.

" 'You and Hans to the Nyams, and me and the treasure-box, as they called it, to the Obongos. Their town is four miles off on that other hill. I'd found out that the Sizzybow was where I was goin', and just laid low. I whittled my way out of jail, got a-hold of these things they'd been afraid to put a hand on and had been a-dancin' around, and I won the whole lot over. It's no use to preach the Gospel to them until they've forgot about me. The two chiefs, all their wives, and a lot of others are goin' back with us, and the Sizzybow, who is a peach. I've been waitin' four days for this supper, so I could spoil it. Wonder what the feller who was expecting a hand-piano in Cape-town will think when he gets a steel-rod cage?'

" 'Der ship's peoples was carefuleess,' says Hans. 'Ven ve go back ve vill sue dem.'

"Says Doog: 'Heaven keep you mild and innocent always, Hans.' "



THE BOARD-WALKERS

Ten Days with Bertha at Atlantic City

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

DOWN at Atlantic City—or daown t' Atlantic, as Philadelphia says it—is the place to see the appealing eyes and the peeling noses. Back in the tall timber Bertha, the vivacious saleslady, is thinking of all this and much more on the last Saturday night before the beginning of her ten days' vacation, as feverishly she covers with cheesecloth the dress-goods in her department at Heimer and Hofheimer's dry-goods emporium in Main Street. Now she quite has forgotten even the instances of unbearable insolence on the part of Mr. Cooper, the floorwalker, instances so irritating that really they cannot properly be muckraked in an article that has to do primarily with Atlantic City and its ecstatic joys. She is thinking instead only of the wondrous things she saw the previous summer at the sandy city, of the delirium of the Boardwalk and the three parts into which it is divided—the middle and two ends.

At the very moment that Bertha is thinking of these ecstasies, so is the wife of Bertha's wealthy employer, Mr. Hofheimer, remembering them, as she packs the trunks with her own and the children's fluffiest summer frocks to start for "the shore." On Clay Boulevard there's a lawn-bordered residence of pretension wherein at the same time Mrs. Reynolds, the wife of the millionaire paint manufacturer who owns the building occupied by Heimer and Hofheimer, is supervising the packing of her trunks for the same destination.

Before the train that perhaps carries Ber-

tha, Mrs. Reynolds, and Mrs. Hofheimer reaches Atlantic City, it probably will number among its cargo parsons and pugilists, jockeys, college presidents, millionaires, milliners, politicians and their wives, settlement workers, chorus girls, college boys and girls, gamblers, comedians, and undertakers. The ultra-swell and almost no one else go to Lenox, Bar Harbor, Newport. Swell and near-swell and folks "just comfortable" go to places like Asbury Park. Into Atlantic City every day in the season are dumped ultra-, almost-, and near-swell, folks comfortable and uncomfortable, and absolutely every other kind by the thousands; for that's Atlantic City.

Bertha knows that they'll all be there, and so do Mrs. Hofheimer and the parsons, pugilists, song writers, and undertakers. That's why they're going, too.

Wherefore, after the glory of Bertha's crowded hour spent in Philadelphia and the ride across the Delaware River has flickered out, it's maddening when she settles herself in the day-coach for the rush across Jersey from Camden to the sea to learn before many miles have been reeled off that the longer she rides the farther Atlantic City is from Philadelphia. Now, as a matter of fact, the distance is not any greater than it really is, but because of the slipshod computations of some painter of pickle sign-boards scattered along the railway tracks, Bertha soon begins to doubt that she's going in the right direction.

"Philadelphia is 46 Miles Atlantic City 46

Miles," she reads from a corner of the pickle man's sign at one point, and she sighs happily. Fifty-six miles in all before perfect joy is attained.

"Philadelphia 11 Miles—Atlantic City 47 Miles," reads Bertha from the sign-board a mile farther on. There's a total of fifty-eight miles now to be covered, you see, and no credit received at all for the mile traversed since one was assured that Philadelphia and Atlantic City are only fifty-six miles apart. Even the conductor's word for it that the whole distance really is only fifty-five and one-half miles is forgotten when, other miles farther along, Bertha reads, "Philadelphia 21 Miles—Atlantic City 38 Miles," or fifty-nine miles altogether. Oh, birdseed! The nearer you get to the place the farther it is away. Bertha and her two friends from the store have moved across the aisle where they can't see the old signs. It's most distressing.

Even pickle signs, however, can't always be killjoys. For now the maples and the horse-chestnuts are giving way to gnarled oak and pine trees that are cripples, trees quite unlike the kind that grow back home. The dark soil grows lighter, until the scars in the banks along the tracks show a pale gray sand. Flatter grows even flattened Jersey, and now there are glorious mosquito-pools among the spiny rushes, and perhaps a faded blue shack perched high on stilts to keep its feet dry. Suddenly Bertha's train thunders out upon a great billiard-table of dull green that reaches unbroken to the ends of the world, unbroken except for more and more of the boatmen's shanties rising on their stilts from the shattered oyster-shells, and, far away on either side where the green billiard-table merges hazily with the blue sky, a long strip of fog bank that faintly is dotted with tiny gay colored cottages and the towers of hotels and the fantastic catchpenny Ferris wheels and minarets that probably haven't any side to them except that which faces the audience.

Best of all, Bertha notes the salty smell of the sea ozone, and as her train races across

the meadows she opens her car window still more to breathe it in deliciously. Really it is the combined smells of rotting seaweed, derelict oyster-shells, and other marine flora and fauna that just have passed away, but why tell Bertha so? What's the use in letting her know that even the sea ozone is bunk? She's going to be bunked very steadily anyway during the next ten days in almost everything else, till the moment comes when, tanned and tired and regretful and eight pounds lighter, she steams westward again back toward the tall timber and Main Street and the bolts of dress-goods that have to be covered with cheesecloth forever and forever.

The minute Bertha and her friends get their suit cases and stuff out into Atlantic Avenue in front of the railway station, they find that it's frightfully towny, like Main Street. Hurry away to some other spot, girls. The very trolley-cars are run by electrical power, whereas new arrivals have a vague notion that they are at least sloop-rigged and started by motormen garbed like a sailorman. Freight-cars are being shunted along the principal business street by



APPEALING EYES AND PEELING NOSES.

shifting-engines. The permanent population (there's really a permanent population of about 40,000, it is alleged) objects to the freight-cars' holding up traffic quite as much as Bertha does and with more reason. The townspeople realize that the railroads—a railroad, rather—owns the town and that perhaps as much of the strength of the sea ozone comes from the city government as from the rotting seaweed. Simply because the new asphalt on Atlantic Avenue is well laid the population is content to—

But what's the use? Bertha and the things she is going to see and do are far more interesting.

For out toward the ocean—ah! Dinna ye hear the skirling? Bertha and her friends know that all the Atlantic City they have come to see is summed up in that simple pattern of iron pipe railing against the horizon, for that is the Boardwalk! Framing the long vista down which she looks wistfully toward



INTO ATLANTIC CITY ARE DUMPED ULTRA-, ALMOST-, AND NEAR-SWELL, FOLKS
COMFORTABLE AND UNCOMFORTABLE. AND EVERY OTHER
KIND BY THE THOUSANDS.



OCEANWARD ARE THE AMUSEMENT PIERS THAT WADE 1000 FEET OR MORE BEYOND THE BREAKERS.

the Boardwalk is a conglomeration of frame "hotels," with sign-boards swinging merrily. To one of these side-street hotels, as the converted cottages call themselves, Bertha and her two girl friends are going, and they have a choice of any good name from Burke's Peerage and Landed Gentry that will look well on ruled paper. They're jammed and crowded together—the hotels—and they are—well, jammed and crowded together applies to Bertha and her two friends, too, for they're all going to occupy one room containing a bed and a cot, and hardly large enough to permit one sufficient space to change one's politics in—and are, I say, distressingly ornate with yellow paint (we're talking about the hotels again) and bay-windows, and ambitious flights of wooden steps, and

balconies and more balconies, and planing-mill gingerbread, and ominous mosquito-netting covering windows and stretched between the curlicue wooden pillars of still more balconies.

Bertha can get room and board for \$7 a week in Atlantic City, but she and her friends probably will pay about \$10. While she is completing arrangements with the hotel proprietor, many of her fellow passengers are registering at hotels where they will pay \$20 a week. Probably no one ever has listed all the hotels at Atlantic, but certainly there are more than 700 and probably less than 900, and so you may go as far as you

like. You may pay \$500 a week and some do. I saw one hotel bill for housing and feeding and salt-water bathing a man, his wife, one



IT'S A CINCH.

child and nurse—\$755 for the week, and if—

But oh, come on out to the Boardwalk. That's what Bertha is here for, to grapple it feverishly and race along it throughout the evening under the strings of lights that stretch away to Nowhere like the sparks of a rocket. The whole length of the island it runs—for seven miles—and Bertha and her two friends will race it all the next day and the next and the next, amid the smells of the ocean and cooking popcorn and candy

couples in the double rolling-chairs who are oblivious; five-legged cows, a live but youthful whale in a tank, Johnstown floods, pennants and flags snapping in the sea-breezes overhead, and folks, folks, folks, folks. And from nine o'clock in the morning until after midnight they all swarm through a setting as theatric as stage scenery itself and almost as flimsy, and all designed to scream at you with tragic intensity to "have a good time" during your brief summer's "rest." Have you ever spent a vacation traveling with Barnum's circus?



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ROLLING ON THE SANDS OR SQUIRMING AMID THE BREAKERS ARE MORE THAN 150,000 BATHERS.

and some good tobacco and perfume, with vats of both that are bad.

Newsboys are crying the Pittsburg papers. Never before did even Bertha realize the variety of coiffures into which a girl can worry her hair. Babies are everywhere. Automobile veils flirt by that never were redolent of gasoline, and you hear the "tomp, tomp" of yachting shoes that don't get beyond fishing excursions. Passing by Bertha constantly are countless very evil and very innocent faces. She sees wide women in white, and women in pinks and pale blues that hurry and stare and are stared at; hatless youngsters who invite the tan; pale new arrivals and bronzed old-timers; spooning

If that Englishman of Lowell's, whose notion of America was that of a great stretch of bargain-counter strung along the seaboard, founded his conception of the United States upon a glimpse from a schooner off Atlantic City, neither Bertha nor anyone else would blame him. The Boardwalk is a string of shops on one side facing the sea, and to Bertha they are, next to the thousands of promenaders, the most interesting things there. She may have hurried away from the towny shops back in Atlantic Avenue when she noted that they sported grossly material things like heads of cabbage and sides of beef, but out here among the Boardwalk shops she will find nothing on sale except

everything in the world that she hasn't the slightest real use for. They've thrown away the fronts of the shops so that Bertha the better may see the near-Japanese gimcracks that our studious and spectacled and suave little brown brothers are selling through the medium of a well-groomed white auctioneer, who repeats the bids offered as though he were revealing a great secret sorrow. Here are Persian, Syrian, and Turkish rugs, some designed and built in a post village like Bagdad centuries ago, no doubt, and many more that were designed there centuries ago but only recently have been built for the Western rich in the applied art centers of Camden, which is in New Jersey. Toy-shops fairly embrace one another. Picture post-cards are even more numerous than around the Hotel Venus at Santiago—rows and racks of them that litter tables and climb ceilingward along three walls.

So many of the shops have only one story that Bertha, if she knew anything about second-story men, would find herself wondering what would happen to one of them of nervous temperament whose physician sent him to Atlantic City to recuperate after a hard season. From the backs of the shops she can see leaping skyward the ocean-front hotels, with "arcade" entrances between the shops leading far back from the Boardwalk to the hotel clerks' desks and the rubber plants and mahogany and wicker chairs of the great lobbies. The hotels all were of wood even when Bertha first began to go to Atlantic City, but now there are many of concrete and brick, the eaves decorated with tiling molded into the forms of lobsters, crabs, and other à la carte things.

Oceanward across from all this array of bazaars are the amusement piers that sometimes wade a thousand feet or more beyond the breakers, occasional pavilions for shaded rest, and the stretch of bathing beach

with its life and movement. As to movement, the whole arrangement could not be better staged. A master showman like Frederic Thompson, when laying out the new Coney Island, grasped that no matter where one stands at gaze within his park one must see something in motion. Well, when the curling waves first began to smash their plumes, motion perpetual, which always is attractive, was established on one side of the Boardwalk, and on the landward side of the railing is cluttered all the man-made fantasy that could be imagined to make onslaughts upon Bertha's pocketbook. Finest of all, between the two is the Boardwalk itself, which means all life, hurrying helter-skelter and flirting and scheming and preening and being silly and looking wise and fussing and altogether having the most intense, and

therefore artificial, "good time" on sale perhaps in any place on earth.

The strand, the hotels, even the Atlantic Ocean itself, are but overflows, boundaries, of this seven-mile ribbon of planking, for the Boardwalk is Atlantic City. That's where Mrs. Hofheimer meets Bertha and the two other girls from

the store, and perhaps Mrs. Hofheimer runs across Mrs. Reynolds, the millionaire paint manufacturer's wife, to whom Bertha is introduced by Mrs. Hofheimer; and that's something not at all likely to happen back home. And Atlantic City, ever watchful of the ethics of professional entertaining which is its sole mission, knows that to Mrs. Reynolds as well as to Bertha the Boardwalk is the be all and the end all of the place. Wherefore the city strings her attractions along the Boardwalk and keeps it well policed. There are no beggars around to bother Bertha; they and the tramps are run out of town as soon as discovered. And Atlantic City won't let you suffer any inconvenience other than your tired feet. Even this



THE GARDEN OF CAPTAIN YOUNG'S SUMMER RESIDENCE
BUILT OUT ON HIS PIER.



THOUSANDS OF EXCURSIONISTS COME FOR THE DAY ON SUNDAY.

item is looked after. At one spot there's a sign in front of a shop that reads:

BOARDWALK FEET
RELIEVED HERE

There are cottagers at Atlantic City, especially to the west of Florida Avenue, which separates Atlantic City proper from Chelsea, where the butcher's boy doubtless leaves pork-chops at the back door during the forenoon, and where the maid is directed to sweep the sitting-room to-day and to put that frayed chair in the garret for good and all before the Joneses see it, and where tired men come down from Philadelphia every evening about five o'clock to join their families—men who would rather sit on the front porch of their cottages and smoke than race the Boardwalk. Neither Bertha nor Mrs. Reynolds has come, however, to see these prosaic folks, for to the visitor the hotel district with its jamming and packing is the thing to see. Who cares that Atlantic Avenue with its trolley-cars is followed by Baltic Avenue, and that even farther out is another aqueous avenue called Arctic and pronounced Artic. Rumors are afloat that still farther out on the meadows is another, which perhaps is called Chinese Sea of Hippodrome Tank

Avenue, but wouldn't Bertha be the foolish thing to go that far from the Boardwalk to find out?

For look who's here—there, rather, coming out on to the Boardwalk from the arcade that leads back to a block-wide hotel. Only in dreams or on the vaudeville stage or the Boardwalk are visions like this young man and his girl companion possible. Also they are joining the thousands of promenaders at the very moment, perhaps, when Bertha is recovering from the delirium of having pointed out to her Richard Harding Davis, or Dr. Munyon, or Cecilia Loftus, or James J. Corbett, or Finley Peter Dunne, or Laura Jean Libbey, or Ada Lewis, or heaven knows what celebrity. Maybe this young couple are not Who's-Whoers, but don't their clothes make anything that Bertha ever saw back home look as prehistoric as a stone hatchet or even a high-wheeled bicycle? Bertha wouldn't be surprised in the least if they walked to the strand edge of the Boardwalk, bowed to the bathing audience, and began to sing:

"While strolling in the park one day
In the merry, merry month of June—"
(Break with feet.)

At home Bertha and Mrs. Hofheimer never have seen anyone that would think of dressing



FOR THE AMATEUR YACHTSMAN—THE INLET.

like these two except the song-and-dance artists on the dreamy side of the footlights at Poli's, corner of Main and Market—take Ragweed Junction cars from Public Square and transfer at Washington and State. Transfixed, Bertha and her friends watch the two merge into the thousands, and the uncanny part of it all is that the young couple seem not to grasp that they're both dressed up like show-offs. One would fancy from their nonchalance that they imagined themselves fixed up merely like home folks! Whereas (Bertha is listing the two in the composite to save time and space) they are wearing:

One scarlet four-in-hand.

One cream colored sack coat faintly striped with light blue.

One flaring white piqué skirt.

One pair cream colored trousers striped with light blue.

One butterfly cravat of pink China silk.

One soft-boiled yellow shirt with embossed pattern of light green filigree overlay.

Pair white canvas yachting-shoes.

Pair white kid slippers.

One perforated shirtwaist of light blue silk.

One barber's-pole parasol.

One pair blue silk honeycombed stockings.

One pair Scotch plaid silk half-hose.

Hats, walking-stick, fobs, bracelets, seal ring, stick-pin, lace, ribbons and things and stuff to taste.

They circle around a party of three women from the prairies dressed in the fashion of two years ago, and they're gone and almost forgotten by Bertha and her friends the moment a wide person comes wheeling in a wicker rolling-chair from the other direction. This one is dressed like a coach-dog, all ripples and billows of fluffy white goods spattered with

black polka dots the size of a quarter, and with hair gleaming like the display in the showcase of an advertising dentist. She has just been regilded. Only now and then, of course, do glories like these explode by; if the explosions were incessant, the Boardwalk soon would



Pair white canvas yachting-shoes.

onous as 5 o'clock P. M. of July 4, 1876. In fact, it's the joyousness of contrasting these outbursts with the backward clothes worn by the thousands that makes Bertha feel when retiring at night, after smashing with a wet towel the last mosquito visible on the bedroom walls, that the day has been quite worth while.

And say, do you know something? Right on that Boardwalk Bertha or anyone else may see men, even on nights when the Elks are not holding a national convention at Atlantic City, walking along in evening clothes and with no intention of doing anything except just stroll. If these men were going to a party or something, then one could understand it, but they're not. They walk right by folks and wear their evening clothes *without covering them with an overcoat!* Perhaps this is true only in part, inasmuch as most of the wearers of the evening clothes will tell you that in their own opinion they are wearing them WITHOUT AN OVERCOAT!! After wives and daughters have made them don the derved things for a few successive evenings, perhaps the wearers grow so accustomed that they could subside into mere italics while describing their innermost thoughts on the subject; but even a whole summer at "the shore" isn't quite long enough to enable one to learn to settle all the way down from capital letters to lower-case type. And side by side with them on the Boardwalk are men who if they were not in evening clothes after sunset would feel as uncomfortable as an English earl.

One reason why this Boardwalk affair is of so much importance at Atlantic City is that the principal thing you do down there is to walk and walk and walk and walk and walk and walk and walk and walk and walk. Watch Bertha and her friends sprint, if you doubt that Americans enjoy their vacations by the sweat of their brows. Perhaps the theory advanced by Major Woodruff in his book, "The Effect of Tropical Light on White Men"—that ultra-violet rays irritate the whites into greater nervous activity—explains this racing through the blazing sunlight. It's no place, so one Philadelphia neurologist who is famous told me, to send a neurasthenic. The sea, the hot strand, and the Boardwalk itself send the sun rays aglance, and if any ray bounces away to escape, straightway the light-colored buildings slam it right back on the racing Bertha again. Don't forget, either, the diamonds, amethysts, rubies, carnelians and things on the morning

gowns and cravats flashing by as Bertha swings along, all combining to light up the weather still more. Bertha herself doesn't notice it, but it's true that she and everybody else slow down to a second speed on gray days. But always she is walking, walking, walking, walking, like everybody else.

Except the hundreds upon hundreds being wheeled along in the rolling-chairs. Once the rolling-chairs, with which one always associates the Atlantic City Boardwalk, were large enough for only one, and the man that paid the dollar for the chair also supplied the motive power and any part of the conversation with the lady in the chair that he wanted to—except, of course, the last word. Now there is room for two in the chairs and they are run by Afro-American power. Bertha, like everybody else, found the chairs and their luxury-loving occupants interesting at first to look at, but after a bit they grew to be a nuisance to her: they were always in the way, and when one walked backward to see how a waist that had just flashed by was made in the back it was dollars to a Canadian quarter in New Orleans that you sat down hurriedly on the bowsprit of an oncoming rolling-chair.

But one day Mrs. Hofheimer invited Bertha into her rolling-chair to ride up to the Inlet. It was exasperating the way people *would* get right in the way of that chair when they had fifty feet of Boardwalk to use to walk around Bertha's chair. It's the point of view.

All day long the chairs wheel by noiselessly, except when it rains. Perhaps Bertha doesn't know it, but when it rains in Atlantic City the average fall is almost impossible to learn accurately because of the difficulty of separating the rain-water from the Japanese tears and the weeps of the other Boardwalk shopkeepers, the tear ducts of whom go into commission as soon as the gentle rain droppeth down from heaven unstrained. If ever the United States Weather Bureau permits the rain to fall for seven days in succession at Atlantic City, Bertha'd better beat it from there before the Japanese fleet opens fire on the hotels. A cold, rainy season like the spring and summer of last year doubtless frazzled the nerves of more earnest tradesmen than the combined horse-power of alcohol, coffee, and tobacco.

Never forget, though, that rain makes roses as well as mud. Ask Bertha's landlord or the proprietor of Mrs. Reynolds's ocean-front hotel. Bertha has to stay in her hotel when it rains and so do Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs.

Hofheimer and their friends and the friends of their friends, until finally Bertha and some 200,000 others or more are all indoors. They have to do something, of course, to keep amused, and to do things at Atlantic City you have to pay for doing them. And so the billiard-balls all are clicking on rainy days, the bowling-alleys are thundering and rumbling, and the Demon Rum, escorted by bell-hops or waiters, is being hoisted steadily in the elevators to the lady whist and gentlemen poker games on the upper layers of floors. The mission tables in the hotel cafés are clustered with glassware and cracked ice and are tinkling like a chandelier.

It is in the glorious, glamorous, the velvety, witching eventide that the hotels really take a wallop out of the high spots, however, rain or no rain. We're back now to the hotels that stay open all the year around, and that are as well appointed, save for the onyx pillars and marble stairways, as any in the world. Bertha had gone into them timidly at first, because one never could tell at what moment a haughty bell-hop would assert his authority and order one out. But now she has reached the stage where she knows that she is quite as well dressed, because less flashily and with more simplicity, than many of the girls staying there. She would be happier, perhaps, if she only knew that the dowagers seated among the potted plants didn't know any more than she did (when they first arrived) that the Marlborough-Blenheim isn't pronounced a bit like that and that Chelsea has only two syllables. It was from Mrs. Reynolds herself that Bertha and her friends learned that it's Marlbra-Blenem (the letter *i* is clipped as in patty cake, or, for that matter, as in dachshund), and all by herself she learned that it's "Chel-see." In fact she tipped Mrs. Hofheimer off to that "Chel-see" stuff.

Before the dinners of either Mrs. Reynolds or Bertha have worked down to the conventional pie one probably has pronounced a tentative decision upon the weighty question of where to spend the evening. All the Boardwalk is jeweled with lights now. Strings of incandescents are stretched across it, arbor-like, every few paces. The façades of the hotels are picked out with countless glowing windows.

Music is everywhere. Excellent brass bands (if there be excellent brass bands) are holding forth in "grand concert" on the piers, and there is a barrel-organ attachment

to any kind of amusement device that seems to feel the need of a barrel-organ. There are no "barkers" to rasp at one's ears, as at Coney Island. Softly lighted gardens twang with Hungarian music. At least three theatres offer stage attractions, and the piers are alive with whirring roller-skates, dancing-floors that are crowded, and with weird and foolish amusement devices.

Like live coals the piers themselves reach out into the blackness that is the Atlantic Ocean, and as Bertha and her friends approach nearer to them the showers of electric bulbs that outline columns and eaves and minarets become a great pyrotechnic set piece. You may rest in a rocking-chair near the business end of one of these piers—although resting at Atlantic City requires fortitude and effort—and as you watch the endless stream of rolling-chairs and the stomping strollers go by, you can hear rolling under your feet the last efforts of the ocean. Out of the seaward blackness the long, ghostly wraiths twist shoreward toward the lighted zone in unbroken ribbons until they are shattered and spread and tilted and curled back at their advancing milky edges on the slope of the vague strand. If Bertha only would stop racing for a moment and get a quiet, intimate nook along the gun'l of one of the piers at night she'd forget even the two-step the band is smashing out near by, as she watched in the moonlight the United States of America fling the Atlantic Ocean backward every few seconds to show the ocean its place. That's real vacation, Miss Bertha. They've been fighting it out for a good many million years, the Atlantic and the States have, but so heavyweight is their class that you'd never tire of watching the scrap.

For when all is said and done, there is an ocean at Atlantic City. It's uncanny the way Bertha and everyone else learns about ten o'clock every morning, as secret political news spreads all over India in a day, that in some mysterious way the ocean is now open for business and will stay put until about one o'clock in the afternoon. After that it becomes uninteresting to the average vacationer. Bertha may see straggling bathers use it until sunset; but there are crude persons that wear frock coats after six o'clock and that can't help going even so far as to call them Prince Alberts. Bertha must have gasped when she glimpsed that ocean and the strand on her first Sunday morning from the vantage-point of a pier railing; for then the billows and

beach are a strip of fly-paper whereon, lolling on the sands in the brilliant sunshine or squirming amid the breakers that are plumed like a charlotte russe, there are more than 150,000 bathers.

With the exception of the appallingly heavy swells, almost all the large cities from Chicago to the Atlantic are well represented. There are some of the very weightiest swells there too, of course, but these mostly visit Atlantic City during Easter week. While Bertha is back home studying over her Easter hat with knitted brow, the "society" persons find Atlantic City, with an Easter population of about 100,000, much more agreeable than when the 300,000 there during July or August cause the town to explode. Pittsburg ever is present.

A big part of Philadelphia is there. Atlantic City is Philadelphia's Coney Island raised to the *n*th power. Philadelphia department stores deliver parcels there as if it were a part of the Quaker city. In about forty-five or fifty minutes, or quicker than a New Yorker can get from Forty-second street, New York, to Coney, thousands of Philadelphia professional and business men rush down to the sea every evening. They revel in the ocean on Sundays because usually they arrive too late and depart too early the next morning on week-days to take a swim. Thousands of cheap excursionists from Philadelphia and from Delaware, Jersey, and Pennsylvania towns come for the day on Sunday, too, and they all join the hotel folks and the cottagers in an omnibus bath.

Bertha early has learned that she won't find any of her friends in bathing at the foot of Texas Avenue, near the Chelsea dividing line, for here the dark-skinned residents of the vicinity of Eighth and South streets, Philadelphia, have a pier and about a city block of the strand and Boardwalk for their very own. Here Bertha may see the splendiferously dressed quadroons with Mendelian reversions to darker shades intermingled. There's no hard and fast color line, of course; but if an Eighth Street resident wandered up the strand to the part where Bertha and Mrs. Hofheimer bathe, and there should be a mix-up in the waves, and the Eighth Street resident suddenly, while coming up for air, should be bumped violently by the rough ocean against a tall lawyer, say, from Culpeppuh Co't Haouse, V'ginyuh, just as *he* came up for air (one has one's razor checked with one's clothes in one's bath-house all this time, re-

member) and the lawyer— Well, anyway, Bertha doubtless would see one gentleman concentrating his mind upon trying to bust up the whole day's pleasure of another gentleman, that's all.

The Eighth Street negro and the Southern gentleman both are at Atlantic City; and the pleasures there of Bertha, and these two extremes, and the poor foreign quarter that is being built up not far from the negro pier, and the Mrs. Reynoldses of the bustling hotel district, differ in degree only, not in kind. Folks will flock, that's all; for even Bertha must know that four aces in one hand get along much better than when they are scattered all around the table. No thoughtful man would bother with a deck that didn't contain at least all the kinds of aces there are, and the only reason Bertha goes to Atlantic City is because she'll see there all the kinds of folks there are.

She may go to many other watering-places where merrymakers may fish and flirt and sail and golf and motor and crab and drink highballs and bathe and lose weight, but there's no other resort where she can so easily take part in a chain of three-ring circuses simply by stepping into outdoors. She and Mrs. Hofheimer have learned long ago that almost anything may happen there, since they've doubtless heard that one bright morning Reuben Castang, the animal trainer, strolled—started to stroll, at least—down the Boardwalk with a half-grown leopard in leash. Never will the leopard's nervous system quite recover from the shock resulting from all the things that happened then. Again, three young men and a blonde person got a touring-car on to the Boardwalk once at midnight and shot along its length, the siren shrieking like a lost soul, as if they were Chief Croker going to join one of his three-alarm fires in New York even more anxiously than usually he does. You see, you never can tell.

When the summer crowd has all gone, in the first weeks of September, and the beach has grown very gray and very beautiful, then the ocean comes into her own. All winter long she smashes inland exultantly, as if in sheer ecstasy that she, at least, is real and is to go on forever. It's too bad that Bertha can't see her then, for when the summer crowds return the sea lady sullenly irons out her exultation and shatters her jewel bags on the beach sulkily; but she shatters them, for she simply can't help being beautiful.

THE GUARDED HOUSE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "The Silver Poppy," "The Wire Tappers," etc.

Illustrations by Gordon Mallett McCouch

THE cool and quiet of midnight hung over the city. The narrow cross-streets, lonely defiles of brownstone and brick flanked by still lonelier gas-lamps, dipped and fell away into the unbroken darkness of the East River.

I turned into one of these cross-streets. It lay before me as desolate as a glacial crevasse. Its midnight emptiness reminded me of a flume run dry, of a conduit waiting for its current, of a tideway eaten out by its daily life. It undulated off into darkness so quiet and sullen that I swung about, quickly, at the sound of an opened door.

I could make out the figure of a little old man, lean and stoop-shouldered. He was waving an arm at me. So I turned back, reluctantly, still thinking of supper in my all-night chop-house that smelt of broiling steaks and hot coffee.

"Get me a policeman!" called the thin and stooped little figure, as I came to the foot of his house steps. Instead of doing what he commanded, I went calmly up the wide brownstone slabs.

"I want a *policeman!*" he snapped, like a terrier, blocking my advance, with one hand on his tarnished brass door-knob.

"Well, I'm one!" was my indifferent answer.

I stood there, confronting him. He made a strange figure, in his German felt slippers and his ragged old crimson dressing-gown, held together at the waist by a piece of well-frayed window rope.

"No, no; an officer; a police officer!" he repeated, more impatiently. And still he blocked the door.

"Didn't I tell you I was an officer?" I retorted.

"Hey?" he squawked, to gain time, with his hand behind his ear.

"I'm a plain-clothes man, I say, from the City Detective Bureau!"

"Where's your badge, then?" he demanded, squinting out at me. I turned back my coat-lapel and showed the nickel shield I'd wheedled out of "Lefty" Boyle, the stool-pigeon, three weeks before.

"What's wrong in here?" I asked. The man's eyes were still on the badge.

"Take it off and let me see it!" he insisted, stretching out a clawlike hand. I unpinned the nickel trinket, and dropped it in the waiting palm. The man withdrew from sight, with a preoccupied and swinish grunt, promptly locking the door in my face as he did so.

Just as promptly I got my ear against a panel of that door, to make sure he wasn't 'phoning Headquarters. In two minutes they could have told him my nickel shield had been out of service since the days of McAdoo.

But the unmannerly little rat was merely satisfying himself that it *was* a police-shield. The door was unlocked in a moment, and the shifty old eyes were once more squinting out at me. I caught the sound of his second little grunt; this time it seemed almost one of satisfaction, as he returned the shield.

"You're an *honest* officer?" he still parried, turning from me and peering up and down the deserted street. His eyes, I could see, were still furtive and frightened.

"Look here, you!" I cried, now in actual exasperation. "I'm getting tired of this! Go back in there and 'phone Headquarters, and maybe they'll take a night off and let you know my whole family history and who's my second great-aunt on my mother's side——"

"That's just it!" cut in the wizened little ogre, querulously. "I *can't* telephone! I can't call up anybody—I can't get help! Something's been done to my wire!"

Things were getting interesting, after all.

"What you want is a lineman then, not a policeman!" I started down the steps.

He called me back, in alarm, as I felt he would do. He seemed afraid of me. But he seemed even more afraid of being left there alone. I returned his stare, with a show of rising indifference.

"Come in!" he said at last, with his odious and animal-like little grunt. "Come in!"

He held the door back a foot or two, and I squeezed inside. Then he promptly turned the key in the lock. That done, he slid the heavy bolt beneath it back into its socket, and hooked the wrought-iron chain that still further guarded his house entrance.

I had time for only one glance about me. On an old-fashioned marble-topped table stood a small kerosene lamp, meanly lighting the dim and cavernous hallway. In the half-light, to the rear, I could see the steps of a carpetless stairway, and the shadow of a door-frame or two. But that was all. The place was as bare and silent as a tomb.

"Well?" I asked, and my own voice echoed back out of the quietness with startling clearness.

The owner of the house peered through the surrounding darkness for a minute or two. Then he motioned for me to follow him. It wasn't until he took the lamp up in his shaking hand, and the light fell full on his face, pinched and wizened and pebbled with wrinkles and beaded with little drops of perspiration, that I realized the stress of feeling under which he was struggling. He stood there, wheezing heavily, with his head on one side, like an old crow, still listening for some sound or movement. Then he shuffled across the uncarpeted boards of the hallway, and cautiously swung back a great door of oak. I noticed, as he did so, that he carefully turned down the wick of the lamp. The door opened into what seemed a dining-room, a musty-smelling chamber of quietness.

"You're armed, of course, if you're an officer?" he ventured, as he crept guardedly into the twilight room.

I took my Colt out of its padded resting-place above my hip and dropped it loose into the side pocket of my coat. The frightened householder noticed the movement, with a guttural little sound of approval.

"You haven't been robbed?" I asked, as he put the lamp down on a wide table of walnut, black with age.

"Robbed?" he echoed. "What have I to be robbed of?"

"Then why d'you want me here?"

He peered about the gloom, from under his shaggy brows, meditatively. Then he turned and looked at me, almost fawningly, with his shoulders hunched up.

"I'll see you're paid for this," he declared. "I'll—I'll see you get a couple of dollars for your night's trouble!"

He wagged his head prodigiously, as though he'd just threatened me with a fortune.

"Cut it out!" I retorted. "The force can't take money, and you know it!"

"Ah, good, good!" he wheezed, rubbing his skinny old hands together. "It's a rare treat, nowadays, to see a man above graft and greed, a rare treat!"

I was getting tired of his gibbering.

"Give us some gas there!" I said, with a motion toward the huge, glass-prismed chandelier that cascaded incongruously down through the gloom.

"Gas!" cried the little old hypocrite. "D'you suppose I'd pour *my* money into the hands o' robbers! Gas! There'll be no gas burnt in *my* house!"

He must have observed my passing look of disgust.

"Oil-lamps are easier on the throat, you know—soothing to the tubes!" he explained. Then he added, with a touch of pride: "And I've got three of 'em!"

I could make out the mockery of an open fire smoldering in a little mockery of a marble grate, at the far end of the room. And as I looked at it, through the cold and the silence, the truth of it all came home to me. The man was a miser, a mean and penurious-minded old harpy, a niggardly-souled old lickpenny, a Harpagon out of his time!

I had never dreamed, in a city of such over-swollen fortunes and riotous living, of such loose-handed and prodigal wealth, that a person like this could still exist! I had thought such things belonged to the Middle Ages, to old women's tales, to the extravagance of comic opera.

I looked at the sly little figure in wonder, at the dissembling old face fretting under its burden of half-hidden fears. I began to hate the man, and to be afraid of him.

"But if nothing's happened here, and you haven't been robbed, what are you wasting my time for, anyway?" I demanded.

The earlier look of unguarded terror came back into his face. Still again he blinked apprehensively about the room, and shuffled to the door and peered furtively out.

"It's to see that I'm *not* robbed!" he cried, with a vehemence that startled me. I noticed his bony knuckles tremble against the black walnut table-top as he spoke. It seemed, almost, as though he were addressing, not me, but the silence about him.

"I'm an old man, and alone, *but I will not be robbed!*" he burst forth, with a sudden fury of defiance that made me think, for a moment, that I was alone in the house with a lunatic.

II

My eyes, grown accustomed to the meager light, coasted about the great barrack-like room. It seemed as comfortless and sepulchral as the hall, with here and there a piece of somber horsehair furniture, and a ghostly armchair or two in soiled ticking.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" I asked the owner of the house.

"I want you to go over this place with me, and see that it's safe—every inch of it!"

My sudden laughter brought his furtive eyes back to my face. He peered up at me without the least sign of resentment.

"I can't see what they'd be robbing you of!"

"That's just it!" cried the wizened little dissembler, with updrawn shoulders. "But this morning I found my basement door tampered with! And what am I to think—with my wire cut off, and Weaver deserting me this way, without a word, and my old house-dog gone!"

"You're alone in the house, you mean?"

He acknowledged, by a movement of the head, that he was.

"Who is Weaver?"

"Weaver's my man—my house-servant."

I began to understand the situation a little. It was not without interest to me.

"Then the sooner we look things over, the better!" I said.

He wagged his head at this, and motioned for me to take up the lamp. I had to smile at the look on his sly old face, as he drew back and waited. Then our eyes met; and I felt that he was either an arrant coward, or that he knew of some peril he had not seen fit to explain. So instead of taking up the light, I stepped back and drew out my Colt, and looked it over carefully. Then I advanced toward the door and waited. He understood the movement.

"Let's have a look at that telephone of yours first!" I commanded. Without a word he

took the lamp and preceded me through the gloom of the hallway. There, under the stairs, he pointed out the transmitter, dark against the wall-paper of faded yellow.

"Turn up that light!" He did as I ordered, grudgingly.

I quickly inspected the installation wires, examined the diaphragm, unscrewed and tested the receiver. The wire was "dead"; it had obviously been cut somewhere outside the house.

"Your doors and windows are all locked?" I asked him, as I worked over the transmitter.

"Every blessed one of them!" was his answer.

"No neglected cellar manholes?"

He chortled a little, down in his pendulous old throat. "I attend to that sort o' thing myself!" he replied.

"Then what else is wrong?"

"I—er—had a few alarm-bells—had 'em put in years ago. An hour ago I found those bells wouldn't work!"

"You mean you have an electric burglar-alarm system in the house?"

"A kind of a one!" he admitted.

Then there *was* reason for guarding that bald and seemingly empty old mansion! I began to feel that I was losing time over trivialities.

"I want to look over this house, right away. Get me down to the cellar first!" And as we made our way slowly down through the chill gloom I kept firing my volley of questions.

"Tell me more about this man of yours, Weaver."

"What is there to tell?" whined the figure with the lamp, in front of me. "He's been a servant here for twenty-seven odd years. And a good man he was—though extravagant, at times, sinfully extravagant."

I could quite imagine that!

"He was never known to leave this house for a day before, without good reason."

I paused, for a moment, to examine the ponderous chain-lock of a well-sealed coal-chute.

"Then you think something—a—unlikely has happened to him?"

"Something must have happened! Tomorrow was his pay-day!"

"How much was coming to him?"

"Two dollars. A week's wages!"

I stopped and stared at the man in amazement.

"Yes, I paid him that—two dollars a week and board and keep, month in and month out, year in and year out!"

"You have other servants?"

"Servants? What do I want with a pack o' servants?" he whimpered.

"Who cooks for you? Who takes care of your place?"

"Weaver's granddaughter used to look

"About your dog—you say he's disappeared?"

"Yes! He was a brindled bull—the lightest-sleeping watch-dog I ever raised—as good as an army o' roundsmen, that dog!"

Building up my facts, in this way, brick by



HE STOOD THERE, WHEEZING HEAVILY, LISTENING FOR SOME SOUND OR MOVEMENT.

after things a bit, until she off and married. That was last spring. And a dollar a week *she* used to cost me, month in and month out. When the girl went, we shifted for ourselves."

brick, I explored the house from cellar to garret. And a cold and barren and ruinous house it was, with its dank and unventilated corridors, its dusty and disordered rooms, its bare and carpetless stairways, its old and

moldy furniture, its general atmosphere of unalleviated decay and neglect.

It brought to me both a sense of depression and a sense of disappointment, until, in the sleeping-room on the second floor, I made two discoveries.

The first was that on the wall above the squalid and disorderly bed stood an amazingly complete and efficient burglar-alarm apparatus, worthy of a place in a Broad Street banking-house. It was not only equipped with the usual buzzers and alarm-gongs, but beyond this it possessed a dial-indicator that would promptly register any given point of disturbance. It meant that the slightest movement of any window or door in that entire house was at once telegraphed and recorded at the bedside of the owner.

It was as I stepped across the room to examine this apparatus at closer range that I made my second discovery. A wall had been torn away, evidently, making two smaller rooms into one. The room stood, I assumed, directly above the dining-room. As I crossed its broken flooring, my steps fell hollow, of a sudden, and as I glanced down I could make out the faint outline of a small trap-door. What it led to, or what it was there for, I had no means of judging.

III

I FELT, as we made our way back to the musty dining-room below-stairs, that I had found out too much on the one hand, or too little on the other. My companion, I noticed, appeared to be more satisfied, once safely back in the room. I suddenly remembered it was the only room I had not examined.

So I took the lamp, turned up the wick, and cast my eye about the huge chamber.

For the first time I made note of the great bricked-up fireplace against the farther wall. I could quite understand why its voracious throat had been muzzled, why it had been supplanted by the meanly proportioned little marble grate at the end of the room.

My wandering eye next made out three large canvases, in oils. From each of these I could see a painted figure staring out into the somber room. But it was the largest canvas, directly above the bricked-up fireplace, that caught and held my attention. I saw, as I approached it with the light, that it was an example of some bizarre school of anecdotal art, and bore on its gilt frame the title of "The Duelist."

It was well named. For it showed the tense and waiting figure of a man in middle life, his shoulders stripped to his white shirt, peering straight out of the canvas. The man's right hand—and it was a very tricky and effective bit of foreshortening—was held straight before him. And in this hand was balanced a dueling pistol. The barrel pointed directly out of the canvas, so that a round "O" of menacing steel was all that could be seen of it. Above this arm glowed the wary and guarded eyes of the duelist, looking out into space as though determined to lose no slightest movement on the part of some unseen enemy.

It was a remarkable figure—of that there could be no doubt. It seemed to dominate the room, to menace and threaten it, as that painted stare, concentrated, malignant, yet indescribably debonair, cut out with the keenness of a sword-blade through the silence and the darkness. Once before, and once only, had I seen anything like it. That had been on the occasion of a certain more or less painful interview in the Chicago office of the Pinkertons. There, in the great detective's inner sanctum, had hung the life-sized painting of a burglar, wearing a black mask, and pointing a revolver out of the canvas. I had noticed then, as I noticed now, that the eyes seemed to follow me, no matter what position I took before the painting.

In fact, I slowly backed away, under the spell of those strange eyes, until I was on the opposite side of the great shabby dining-room.

Then I stopped abruptly, still gazing up at the picture. For my back had come in contact with something unexpectedly hard and cold, something under an artfully arranged piece of drapery. It was a thing of metal, and a thing of massiveness: that much I knew after my first contact with it.

So I explored that massive thing of metal, with one hand thrust carelessly behind my back, as I continued to hold the lamp aloft and peer up at the painting. It took me only a second or two to make sure that the thing I had so accidentally backed into was a safe, set in the wall and draped with what must have been an old table-cover or two.

I could detect the furtive and uneasy glances of the little old householder as I stood there near his stronghold. I could see his look of relief as I stepped forward again. Both to gain time and to get better control of myself, I made a pretense of peering up at the painting to the left of "The Duelist." This

canvas, I saw, was a portrait of my host. But it had been painted many years before, showing him in the pride of his early manhood. Every note of it seemed a mockery of what he now was—the high-held head pompous and domineering, the hand thrust airily into the bosom of the black frock coat, the deep-set eyes direct and uncompromising.

To the left of the fireplace again was the picture of a girl. There was something so fine in the drawing, something so rich in the clear tones, that I made bold to lift the oil-lamp close to the canvas, to catch a better glimpse of the face.

It was the portrait of a young woman of eighteen or nineteen years, perhaps even twenty; a clear-eyed, red-lipped, golden-haired girl, teeming with the vigor and love of life, with audacity crowning the fresh young mouth, and some strange spirit of revolt resting warningly about the deep and shadowy eyes.

It was none of these things, however, that compelled me to turn suddenly on the odious little figure behind me. For I had made my third discovery.

"Whose portrait is that?" I demanded.

There was a moment of absolute silence.

"My daughter's!" said the old man curtly, not even giving the canvas a glance. Instead, he was peering at me, in wonder.

"When was it painted?"

"Eight—no—nine years ago. And it cost me six hundred dollars in good money. I was a fool in those days!"

"Does this daughter live with you?"

The old man blinked at me, surprised at my interest. Then he slowly shook his head. There was something loathsome in his little mirthless laugh.

"She was too pretty a butterfly for this dull house!" he whined, sobering of a sudden.

I looked back at the picture. I tried to imagine the meanness and penury, the misery and starvation of soul against which that spirit must have struggled before the bonds of her chrysalis had broken. A strange and nameless sense of tragedy seemed to haunt the silent room, as I stood there gazing up at the portrait.

"Where is she now?" I demanded, still gazing up at the soft and girlish face all crowned with gold.

The old miser pursed up his flaccid lips, and shifted about uneasily.

"She was a wild girl!" he mumbled.

I turned on him with disgust.

"And you don't know what became of that girl?" I broke out indignantly, resentfully, knowing what I knew.

"She was always spending—spending—spending!" was all he would say. I could see it was useless to question him further.

But the canvas on the wall before me was a portrait of "Goldie Laurason," the diamond-smuggler and steamship thief, the fit-thrower and dummy-chucker whose simulation of psychic epilepsy had duped three Justices of Special Sessions and twice as many doctors, the missing heiress of the long-notorious "Todhunter Case," the fair and youthful confidence woman, mining swindler, and hotel embezzler that I had seen, seen with my own eyes, lined up for "gallery inspection" at the Central Office!

IV

"Look here," I said, facing my opponent, "I've been on duty since six o'clock this morning. I'm all in! I've got to have something to eat and some sleep!"

"You don't mean you're going to leave me alone here?" cried the little old man, in sudden alarm.

"You're still *alive*, aren't you?" I retorted.

"Yes, yes; but I want this place watched to-night!"

"Why to-night?"

"I have my reasons!" he answered. He squinted about, apparently weighing something in his mind.

"Wait here, and I'll fetch you food," he conceded. "Then you can make yourself comfortable on my sofa there for the night."

He disappeared toward the back of the house. I moved a little nearer the hidden safe. But those staring and watching eyes of the duelist seemed to intimidate and hold me back, as the presence of a living person might. While I stood there, hesitating, the little old man shuffled back into the room again, with a jug of cold tea and a plate of hard biscuits. He spread out a newspaper, before putting these down on one end of the walnut table. Then he stood off and eyed the food mournfully.

Two minutes of struggling over such a meal was enough for me. The other's satisfaction was manifest as I pushed back the plate.

"So you want me to sleep here?" I queried.

"Are you a light sleeper?" he suddenly asked. I assured him I wakened at the slightest sound, whereat he fell to wagging



HE DROOPED AND WILTED FORWARD, STARING WEAKLY INTO THE FACE BEFORE HIM.

his head, and pointed toward the high-backed old horsehair sofa and vowed I 'be as snug as a bug in a rug.

"Look here," I said, swinging round square in front of him. "If I'm going to watch this room, I want to know what I'm watching!"

"Hey?" he queried vacuously, with his hand behind his ear. It seemed his habitual rite of equivocation.

"Have you anything here you could be robbed of?" I repeated.

He looked at me warily, rubbing his wrinkled chin between a meditative thumb and forefinger. Then he fell to shaking his head again.

"I've got nothing more than an old man needs to live on. A trifle—only a trifle!"

"Then what do you use that safe for?" I demanded, whirling him about, and pointing straight at the ponderous steel vault hidden under its drapery.

He stood there, blinking hard and fast, with his mental engines reversed, sounding for some channel of evasion.

"That's for a family trinket or two!" he confessed, with upthrust shoulders. "Odds and ends of old silver, and the like!"

"Is that all?"

He watched me covertly as I buttoned up my coat. I saw his moment of hesitation.

"Listen!" I whispered, creeping to the door. "Listen!" I stood there, peering out through the gloom. The movement seemed to throw him into a second sudden panic of fear. His forehead moistened once more. He passed his tongue over his thin lips.

"What is it?" he wheezed.

I went back into the room.

"I thought I heard somebody!" I explained, slipping my Colt back into my pocket. He watched me, staring-eyed, as I put my hat on my head.

"What're you going to do?"

"You don't suppose I'm going to waste time wet-nursing an iron box full o' family junk, do you?" I retorted.

He caught at the slack of my sleeve with his shaking claw. Even before he spoke I knew I had won my point.

"I—I had some papers and things left on my hands here to-day! They're in that safe now! *That's* why this house has to be watched!"

"How long have they been there?"

"Since three o'clock this afternoon," he answered.

"From where? What are they?"

"A hodgepodge of stuff—things from a safety-deposit vault."

"But what are they doing here?"

"The company sent a collector here, nagging and bulldozing me for more money. They do it every year. It's robbery—it's outrageous—eighty dollars for a little hole in the wall!"

"Ah, now I see! And you refused to pay?"

"It's robbery, I tell you! I won't be robbed!"

"And so they simply preempted your lock-box and dumped your precious papers back on your own hands?"

He wagged his head apprehensively.

"And you say they're now in that safe?"

Again he wagged his head.

I strode to the thing that harbored his wealth, flung back the covering from its face, and looked over its hinges and lock-dial.

"And it would take the right man about twenty minutes to get into that safe!" I said. It did not tend to make the old man any easier in mind. Then I looked about the room.

"I think this house *does* need watching!" I declared, with decision. And I intended to do that watching. The little old man's eyes were following every move I made. I swung the high-backed sofa round, so that it faced the wall. Over it I flung an old plaid shawl. Then I looked at the waiting householder, puzzling how to get him away.

"You might as well go to bed," I advised, with a pretense at a yawn. I found, to my astonishment, that he was ready enough to do as I suggested. So I pushed the sofa close up to the wall, dumped the entire scuttle of coal on the grate, and poked it vigorously. I noticed the little old man wince as he beheld this lavish waste of fuel. Then he brought out a tiny bedroom lamp, lighted it from the fire, by a spill, and carefully lowered the wick. "Don't you think you'd better get that stuff of yours back into its vault to-morrow?" I asked him, sleepily, as he took up his lamp.

"I suppose I'll have to," he admitted, wagging his head. "I'll have to, even though it costs a hundred a year!"

And he shuffled off through the gloom, and up the echoing stairs, with his lamp in his talonlike clutch, pausing every few steps, with his head on one side, to listen. His elfish figure, as I watched it, seemed rather one of the Dark Ages, of the days of the thumbscrew and the stake, than of modern

and machinery-ridden New York. And the house about which I stared seemed rather the grotto of some fabulous ogre than the brownstone habitation of a twentieth-century human being.

V

I HAD done a good deal of yawning and stretching, for a minute or two, as the little old man shuffled off through the darkness. But never in my life had I been more wide-awake than when at last I was quite alone in that sepulchral and silent room.

I lay there, boxed in on the high-backed old horsehair sofa, blinking meditatively about me. It was that dead hour when midnight begins to drag on toward waiting daylight, when the sleeper who awakens is uneasy, when life is in some ways at its lowest. Now and then a cinder fell in the grate. Now and then the purr of a breaking flame disturbed the silence, and threw shadows across the half-lit room.

Lying there, waiting, I watched idly the broken light play on the features of the ever-compelling and ever-menacing duelist. Even as I studied it, the figure seemed to grow more lifelike in the uncertain light. It seemed to loom above me with the malignancy of an actual enemy, mysteriously challenging, sentinel-like. I began to wonder if there might not be something hypnotic in its set and staring eyes. Time and time again they seemed to coerce my attention, to hold me, almost against my own will.

I began to wonder how long it would be best for me to wait. My last chance would be gone with the break of day—and it was a chance well worth the risk. My vague satisfaction with the dramatic irony of the situation began to give way to a growing feeling of irritation. For as time dragged slowly on and the fire burned down and the silence deepened, I seemed still prompted, even against my own wish, to wait longer, and yet a little longer.

I began to wonder if this were due to the feeling, so teasing and persistent, of that painted canvas being an actual presence in the room, a sentry-like and sentient being who might witness and resent any movement I essayed. Then it crept into my mind how wary and artful the little old miser had been, in reality; how there was now something more intimidating in his very absence than in his presence. Once beyond my range of vision, in that midnight house, he threatened

me from every imaginable quarter. Each silent door became a danger, each moving shadow a menace. The unseen enemy is the one we're always afraid of.

My speculation ended unexpectedly. It was swept and tossed away on a sudden rushing tide of astonishment, on a release of apprehension that seemed to beat and eddy against every nerve in my startled body.

For ten feet away from where I lay I heard the distinct sound of a creaking door-hinge. It came to a stop, for a moment, and still again it sounded through the quietness. I could make out the slow and guarded movement of the black mass of the door itself, as it swung back, inch by inch. Then it stopped.

Some one was standing on the threshold of the door; peering into the room. I could hear the noise of a trailing footstep, minute and muffled. Then came the all-enveloping silence again.

My first rational thought, as I drew out my Colt and huddled close down behind the shadow of the high-backed sofa, with its broken scrollwork of grape clusters carved out of walnut wood, was that the owner of the house had surrendered to some final suspicion and was returning to watch over his threatened wealth—to watch with his own eyes. My next thought, however, was that the secrecy of that return seemed to imply some intention of which he wished me to remain ignorant. He was coming back for his precious fortune surreptitiously, to carry it away to some place of safety.

I saw that my arm was free, and lay there, waiting. Such a procedure would suit my purpose remarkably well. It would save me a great deal of dangerous and difficult work. For, once the safe was open, my plan of action could be both simple and decisive.

I crouched there, watching from under a corner of the shawl. I knew, suddenly, that the door had been opened wider. Then it was closed again quickly, almost without a sound. I don't think I even breathed during those first few seconds of unbroken silence, as the vague black shadow standing motionless beside the door defined itself to my staring eyes as a human figure.

It stood there, guardedly, apparently listening for some sound, apparently peering slowly about the darkness. Then something above and beyond my mere physical senses told me the figure was *not that of the owner of the house*.

My breath returned to me as I saw the vague black blur creeping toward the safe. Then came still another pause, and still another minute of suspense. Then I heard a subdued rustle of clothing, and a moment later the thin shaft of light from an electric flash-lamp was fluttering and penciling interrogatively about the surface of the safe-door. Then the light went out as suddenly as it had appeared. Again I heard the rustling of clothing.

I sank flat down behind the horsehair sofa-back, for this time the narrow shaft of white light was circling the room, leaping from object to object, probing into corners, dancing and springing from side to side. I felt it flutter over my screening sofa-back for a critical second or two, and then shift and flash to the opposite wall.

As it did so, I heard the sound of a sudden gasp, an involuntary little cry of astonishment. Looking up, I saw that the pencil of light rested flat on the face of "The Duelist" picture, making it stand out with the clearness of a cameo, until the combative and challenging eyes and the threatening, outstretched arm seemed those of an actual person. It was no wonder the intruder had gasped at the first glimpse of that strange canvas. Nor was it any wonder the little shaft of white light rested studiously and apprehensively on the painted face confronting it. I could hear the quick breathing of the figure behind the light. Then I heard a deep-drawn sigh as the shaft of light swung to the left, falling on the portrait of the little old man himself. It seemed to rest there for only a contemptuous moment or two. Then it hovered to the right, to the portrait of the red-lipped and shadowy-eyed young girl. It hung on her face tremblingly, second by silent second. It fluttered about that girlish face crowned with gold, and went back to it, and lingered over it, I thought, almost affectionately.

Then came the sound of the throaty little gasp again—it seemed almost a moan—and the quick rustle of clothing. This was followed by the brisk and businesslike chink of the revolving lock spindles, the click of the wards, and I knew the stooping figure was working over the combination of the safe. The light of the flash-lamp, as it steadied and shone on the burnished surface of the nickel dial, was reflected and diffused back into the face of the stooping figure. And I saw, as I peered through the gloom at it, that the softly yet clearly outlined face was a

woman's face; and that woman was Goldie Laurason!

VI

My shock of surprise was lost and submerged in a second shock. A sudden sound broke through the stillness from the far end of the room. The light went out like a flash. I could hear the telltale *click-click* of a raised trigger. I knew the woman was standing there, with her back to the safe; waiting, ready for that unknown enemy. Yet the sound had been nothing more than a coal cinder falling in the blackened grate.

It must have been two full minutes before she moved again. Yet I knew, by the little noises that followed her next movements, that the safe-door had been opened. I could hear the sound of her hurriedly padding hand feeling about the inside of the safe, and the pregnant rustling of papers. Even as I did so, I noticed for the first time that the night was passing away. The heavily barred windows at the back of the room showed the earliest faint gray of coming morning, a leaden twilight more oppressive and phantasmal than darkness itself.

Only once did the woman stop in her work. I could not make out what prompted her to do so. All I knew was that she had suddenly drawn back from the safe, wheeled about, and after standing there listening for a minute or two, once more directed the light of her flash-lamp across the room to the painted figure of the duelist. She seemed to study it in bewilderment. Then she slowly turned back to the open safe. Her eyes must have caught sight of the early gray light at the windows, for she stooped quickly this time, and began flinging packages out on the floor beside her with feverish haste.

As I crouched there, watching her, there crept through me the feeling that I was merely witnessing some scene in a drama. The intruder and the open safe and the vault-like room seemed things of the imagination, the figures and shadows of a nightmare.

It was a sudden audible gasp from the woman herself that brought me back to earth, reminding me where I was.

Again I saw her stand upright and wheel quickly about. I let my gaze follow her line of vision wonderingly. Still again it rested on the painted figure and face of the duelist. There was something uncanny in the way that painted face seemed to challenge and hold her. Yet there was some shadow

of reason for it, I felt, as I peered up at the malevolent and threatening eyes, deep-set and shadowy in the broken light. The very pistol-arm seemed to thrust itself out into the paling darkness of the room. More vividly than ever the figure took on its illusion of actuality, its suggestion of a living person watching and guarding the silence before it.

Then slowly the hair of my head began to stand on end. Through my body tingled a shock that all but brought a cry from my throat; for I realized for the first time why the woman was standing there, panting and trembling and swept with terror. She was being watched by something more than a mere painted figure. The peering and malignant eyes of that painted figure *were alive*.

VII

OUT from the canvas, into the half-lighted room, stretched and reached an actual, living arm. In the thin and clawlike hand at the end of that arm was balanced a long-barreled magazine revolver.

The woman had seen it all, even before I did. She must have seen, too, that the arm kept pointing at her, each move she made. For suddenly a scream broke from her lips, and echoed and reechoed through the quiet room.

She looked about, panic-stricken, in search of some place of refuge. Then she flung up one arm, across her eyes, as though to ward off the sight of that searching and sinister barrel-end.

Precisely at the moment she did so, the silence of the great high-ceilinged room was filled with an explosion of sound. It prolonged itself into a dully reverberating roar, and a cloud of dust rose from the prism-hung chandelier. This dust spread and mingled with the slowly curling, acrid-smelling powder smoke, obscuring the vision. But I could see the still standing woman take two faltering steps forward, and crumple down to the floor. She clapped one hand to her side, with a moan, as she fell. She had been wounded—she had been killed—was the first thought that registered itself on my disordered brain.

I dimly felt the moment to be crucial, and yet I hesitated. I scarcely knew what move to make. Again the utter and sepulchral silence of the house hung about me. Again I peered at the woman on the floor. She did not stir. Then I turned to the picture. The

painted duelist glowered down at me, intact—for all I could tell, a flat surface of canvas. Then I wheeled about to the door, for it had opened and closed again, as I stood there, with the quickness of a trap.

It was the little old man. In his left hand he held his low-turned bedroom lamp; in his right he carried a long-barreled magazine revolver. His face was now the bloodless, cadaverous yellow of unripened cheese, yet out of its pallor shone and glowed his deep-set, furtive little eyes. They reminded me of a cat's. He stopped, and peered over at the woman on the floor.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"It means you are under arrest!" I told him, inwardly wondering how I was to manage the long-barreled thing in his hand.

"What's this?" he reiterated, unmoved.

"There's been a murder here!" I answered.

"A murder?" he echoed. I advanced toward the huddled figure on the floor. He followed me impassively, step by step.

"This woman's been shot, here, in your house!"

"Shot? How?" he asked, looking me square in the eye. There seemed something more than malignant in his new deadly calm of assurance. I still bent over the woman, but I began to feel vaguely afraid of the impassive little ogre at my side, as he repeated his question.

"That's what I intend to find out!" I retorted.

"You shot this woman!" he suddenly declared. I did not answer him, for my eye had caught sight of the woman's gun-metal pistol on the floor beside her. I quietly caught up and "broke" that ugly little toy, dropping the cartridges into my pocket.

"You shot this woman!" the old man repeated meaningly.

"That's not the point! She's dying here—something must be done, at once!"

"Then she's not dead?" he muttered, holding his lamp over the motionless figure. The man almost nauseated me.

"Look at her face!" I cried, stepping back. "Look at her face and see."

He put the lamp down on the floor. Then revoltingly, with the barrel-end of his revolver, he pried the woman's body over, emitting an indifferent grunt as the relaxed shoulder fell back into its former position. I stooped and picked up the fallen flash-light, and as I did so the muscular little scoundrel slipped an arm under the woman's waist and



MY ONLY WAY OUT WOULD BE TO CLUB THIS WHEEZING FURY INTO SENSELESSNESS.

turned the inert figure completely over.

Then he peered down at the white face, vaguely outlined under the black mass of its crushed hat-brim. Again I heard his swinish little grunt of indifference. So I threw the flash-light's glow full on the woman's up-turned face. It cut out each feature with the clearness of a calcium spot-light. It showed the lidded and shadowy eyes, the once wilful and audacious upper lip drawn close across the teeth, the tumbled and heavily massed golden-brown hair, shot through with red, the soft lines of the blue-veined neck.

For the space of what must have been a dozen heart-beats there was not a sound in the room. But the squinting eyes of the man before me slowly dilated. His lower jaw fell away, and lifted again, noiselessly. His lips moved, but for a moment no sound came from them. He drooped and wilted forward, staring weakly into the face before him. Then a long and thin-noted groan, a groan so shrill and ludicrous that it seemed almost a squeak, burst from him.

I picked up the revolver that fell from his hand, and casually placed it on the high mantel of the bricked-up fireplace, well out of his reach.

"Alice!" he whispered wheezily. "My Alice!"

He pushed back her tumbled hair with his shaking talon of a hand.

"I've killed her!" he gasped. "I've killed my own child!"

A sudden ague seized him. His bony frame shook and trembled; his teeth began to chatter, like those of a man with a chill; a sob broke from his pendulous old throat.

"I've killed my own daughter!" he moaned, feeling senselessly about her body, as though in search for the wound. Then he lifted the woman's head, until it lay across his knees, and kept calling out her name. I had not looked for any such fire under the hardened lava of his penurious old life. Yet I gave it little thought at the moment; for as I looked down at the woman I could make out the slow, pulsing movement of the external jugular, in the soft hollow of her blue-veined neck, just under the white ear-lobe.

"But she's not dead yet!" I reminded the groaning man.

"No, she's not dead yet!" he wheezed.

"Then get help here; get a doctor!"

He looked about the room, dazedly. His old furtive look returned to him, but it was only for a moment.

"I've brandy up-stairs in my bedroom—wait here!" he panted, as he struggled to his feet and ran across the room. I watched him shuffle out into the gloomy hall and disappear into the silence above-stairs. My way was at last clear.

VIII

I SLIPPED over to the door, and quietly closed and bolted it. Then I darted back to the safe. The unconscious woman still lay on the bare floor. She was as white and impassive as the dead.

I stooped to the tape-tied packets that lay about the opened vault door, bending over the carelessly scattered wealth for which more lives than one had been hardened and embittered. And still the way seemed clear. Turning to the safe itself, I reached an exploring arm well into its shadowy recesses. I would make that haul pay for what I had gone through!

Then I stopped short, frozen in my tracks by a sudden metallic snap that was repeated, once, twice, three times.

What that sound meant I knew too well, even before I turned and saw the white-faced woman standing there confronting me. The empty revolver in her hand was still pointed at me; I had a new enemy to face.

My startled brain had scarcely realized the meaning of the picture before she flung the useless pistol from her. Her fall had been a feint; the dummy-chucker had merely made use of an old trick of her trade! Yet I wondered what her next move would be.

"*Father!*" The call rang out, high and tense and clear, making the room echo and pulse with sound. It was enough to wake the dead.

"*Father, we're being robbed!*" the vibrating soprano called out into space. Then I saw her quick and restless eye travel to the mantel and the magazine revolver resting on it.

We sprang for the gun together, and together we caught it up. But I was too much for her, and one quick wrench loosened her clutch and sent her staggering against the black walnut table. By the time she looked up I had her covered. We stood facing each other, breathing hard.

"*Father, quick!*" she screamed into the quietness of the room where we stood locked in, alone.

I lowered the gun-barrel to her breast and took one deliberate step forward. As I did

so, I was dimly conscious of a sudden splintering of pine, of a sharp tearing of canvas. Then on my startled head and shoulders came the full weight of a falling body. I vaguely realized that this flying body had leaped out of the gilt frame above me. But beyond this I had no time for thought. The thin and bony figure clung to me chokingly, snarling and biting and tearing like a wildcat.

It took all my strength to get the talon-like hands away from my throat, to wrest the sleeve of my gun-arm free from the locked teeth. So I grasped the long-barreled revolver by its muzzle, knowing that my only way out would be to club this wheezing fury into senselessness.

"Don't! Don't!" pleaded the distraught woman close behind me. I could feel her pulling and tugging at my body. Then she stopped suddenly, with a quick side movement of her hand. I knew she had found and taken the Colt from my pocket, even before she spoke, and that she had me covered.

"Don't move!" she called, with quiet authority. The little old man slipped to the floor, panting and moaning, his scrawny hands nursing a helpless left knee.

"*Kill him!*" he gasped mercilessly, malignantly, between his groans. But I did not look at him; I was too busy watching the woman. I began to feel that the game was almost up. I had the two of them united against me. The most I could hope for, now, was some chance of escape. To get away, empty-handed, would be luck enough.

"Put that gun on the table!" commanded the woman. "Put it on the table, *handle out, as you hold it!*"

I did as she ordered. I could see her lip curl with scorn as she caught sight of my nickel police shield. Even to get away was not going to be easy!

"Put up your hands and cross the room until you come to the wall!" she commanded. "Now turn around!"

Her gun and her eyes followed me, every move I made. I stood facing her in grim silence. For one moment her gaze wavered between me and the man moaning on the floor.

"Father," she ordered, "take that revolver from the table!"

"I can't!" he groaned, nursing his knee. I moved an inch nearer the door.

"Take that revolver, *or we may lose everything!*" she cried shrilly. She was still

afraid of me, of some sudden play on my part. I moved another inch or two nearer my door. Then I stopped short, for I saw the drooping revolver barrel lift and steady, directly between my eyes, and the woman's lips compress significantly. At the same time I saw the gasping and moaning old man rise on his right knee. He struggled and tottered there for one moment of anguish, and then fell back in a dead faint, face upward on the floor. I could see that his leg was broken, just below the left knee. There was now only the woman between me and the door. But not once did she take her eyes off mine as I stood there coercing myself to fling back at her a stare as belligerent as her own.

"Father, the revolver!" she called in her tense, shrill tones. "I know this man: I know he is not to be trusted! I can't—oh, don't make me kill him!"

Her voice trailed off into a moan of helpless horror, but no answer came to her call for help. I compelled myself to a display of laughter; the sound of it seemed to worry and terrify her more than ever. Still again she steadied her gun-barrel so that it pointed directly between my squinting eyebrows. I could see her face contorted and twisted with contending fears, but the dominant one, I knew, was the horror of taking a human life. That discovery left me brave enough to laugh at her again, and she fell back a step or two, with a gasp of frustration.

"No!" she cried, "I can not—I *can not kill him! I can not murder!*" And again my quietly forced laugh seemed to harry and madden her.

"The revolver!" she burst out, in her tight-throated whisper. "Father, you—you must do it! I can not—I dare not—oh, quick—*kill him before it's too late!*"

"Look at your father!" I said to her, as calmly as I could. "Look at him there. *He's dead!*"

It was an arrant lie, but it served its purpose.

The woman half turned as I spoke. It was only for a second, but in that precious second I had slid the bolt and shot out through the door. I could hear her cry of pity, of commiseration, and her abandoned wail of "Father!" as I turned the key in the lock and darted across the bare hallway. Twenty seconds later I had the front door open and was outside in the empty street and the gray light of early morning!

THE ALBUM ON THE CENTER-TABLE

By EUGENE WOOD

Author of "Back Home," "Folks Back Home," etc.

CERTAIN folk there be, made of finer clay than ordinary mortals, who can take into their hands a crystal globe or polyhedron, and, gazing into its prism-hued depths, can see there wondrous visions. Psychics they are, or seventh sons of seventh sons (scarcer than hen's teeth in these small-family days), fortunates who were born with a caul or have attained unto the Fourth Dimension (sometimes gifted in the Second and Third as well; that is to say, in breadth and thickness). At any rate, to them the past reveals itself; as in a glass, darkly, that which is to come is adumbrated.

I have no such paper-weight, and consequently my mediumistic powers are not developed along that line. But I have a photograph album; not the red plush covered kind with but one brass snap-'em-bob to hold it shut, but two; two sumptuous, gold-washed clasps, a little green in places. Its lids are deeply bossed—I might say "carven"—into a panel, ornately cruciform, after the similitude of the Family Bible sold you by that young man with the nice eyes who went around the country taking orders for it. He was paying his way through college, don't you mind? On each lid are little hard white knobs, like heads of picture nails, four of 'em on each lid, thereby "connoting," as they say in high-class philosophic works, a marble-topped center-table. There is a sort of richness in the clicking of those knobs upon the marble surface. The gilded edges of the thick leaves, or rather paper slabs, are nicked, as it were, in floriated patterns. Top and bottom, each paper slab has cracks through which to shove card photographs, four holes in each page being cut to show them, two at the top oval to fit vignettes, two at the bottom kind o' squared like.

After the manner of the crystal-gazers, I

hold this album in my hands. I relax the focus of my eyes, and things about me swim in a dim haze. My wrists twitch spookily. I fetch a long, deep sigh, and shudder as if some one were walking over my grave. I sink into what Mat King calls "a catamose condition."

Before my rapt, ecstatic vision there comes a picture of the past. I seem to see a parlor. In that parlor, upon a richly caparisoned haircloth sofa are seated a youth and a maiden. The maiden holds upon her lap a photograph album such as the one I have, and I get the thought, somehow, that gladness fills the maiden's heart because she can wear long dresses now; it makes you look so pigeon-toed to hold an album on your lap. The youth appears to be short-sighted; he has to get real close to see the pictures in the book. His arm next to her interferes with hers as she turns the leaf, and so he rests it on the sofa-back.

Presently, in his deep interest in the tin-types of Uncle Ezra and Aunt Huldah, who live out in Nebraska, his arm slides limply down and rests upon her waist-line. She does not notice it, so all-absorbed is she in the narration that this is the likeness of a gempman that poppa used to know, by the name of Smith, or Donahue, or Pettibo—ugh!—or some such name. (The "ugh!" is an attempt to represent the forcible expulsion of the maiden's breath, caused by the spastic contraction of the young man's arm upon her short ribs.) Now thoroughly aroused, she turns her face and murmurs: "How strong you are!" As she turns, the peachy smoothness of her rounded cheek touches the twice-over-with-bay-rum smoothness of his, sending the wild thrills a-gallop up and down their backbones. Their faces revolve, as they were friction-pulleys, until

their lips engage; each mouth is all bunched up; each one stops breathing till the last moment of endurance, when they wrench themselves away, making a noise like bu'sting a cracker-bag, only shriller.

"Oh, my!" the maiden whispers. "I wonder if they heard us."

Is this for anybody here? Any one recognize the scene?

I open the book. Time and Space obliterate themselves. It is no longer Here but There. It is no longer Now but Then. As I gaze upon this bit of paper, curiously blackened into the pattern of the face and clothing of an underjetted person with chin-whiskers and a smooth upper lip, I am no more a big, big man, with a real watch that all the time goes tick-tick, tick-tick because it has little men inside it making nails, but chairs and tables and door-handles look high up and tall to me; I wear a waist and knickerbockers of gray ladies' cloth, very full and gathered at the waist, trimmed with square blocks of black silk velvet, kind of catty-cornered, point to point.

Here is the boy now. Yes, that's me when I was little. I was considered to be very pretty then. My! but that must have been a long, long time ago. I wore that suit of clothes the very first time I went to Sabbath-school, and the underjetted man, whose name was "Brother Brown," taught the infant class on that occasion—in an emergency, I believe. I have since learned he was a traveling salesman. From my experience of traveling salesmen, this seems almost incredible.

A PLAGUE OF CURLS

And here's a fellow standing up and holding fast to a tall chair, braced also with a fixing behind him, whose cold iron head-clamp jammed against his skull seems to have convinced him that he is cornered in a fight for life, so desperate is his glare. His hair seems lifting with sheer horror, but I know that it is only because he has such curly hair—each particular lock seems to go z-z-z-z! it kinks so tight. You should hear him lament about the dang mop; comb and comb, and wet it sopping and it won't lay down, and he all fixed up to "go out amongst 'em." Pleg gon it all! He is going to high school in the town, and lives with his auntie next door to our house. You can tell by his legs he

comes from the country. He rode on horses so much when he was little, before his bones were hardened, and it kind of bowed them out.

THE FIRST LOVE

I don't care two pins for him, but his photograph is all I have as keepsake of the first girl that ever won my heart and promised hand. His auntie was her gramma. She was just my age. She said she'd marry me when we both got big. She never did. Ah me! We are apart. And why, pray tell? Simply because I never asked her hand in marriage. And how could I, when I didn't know where she lived? She was a sweet girl. She kind of gurgled when she talked, if you know what I mean. She used to come out on her back porch and holler over to my house: "I beat you *up* to-day-ay-ay!" like a rooster crowing. And she hadn't, either. I was up long before she was. . . . My first love, my lost love! And all the keepsake of her I have is the picture of her cousin Charlie, with the hair that seemed to z-z-z-z! it curled so tight.

Do you see anything sort of miraculous about this picture here? It is very seldom, I might say never, that a girl has only a white feather sticking up from her forehead and not a sign of hair at all. This one leaning in the Oriental window would make you think she was unfortunate that way. But I'll explain it to you. What looks like a white feather is the part; her hair is there all right, but it "took" the same shade exactly as the background. You notice that she looks sad and disconsolate. And well she might! Well she might! They say that pity is akin to love, and I pitied her. I would have loved her had she not been so old. Yes, and I admired the spirit she displayed in resisting the invader. What do you think her father did without once asking her consent, she being all of nine years old and his nearest living relation? Went and got married again!

Over the leaf from hers is the picture of a little boy in his first pair of "pants." His almost transparent hair is roached up in the middle and was wetly curled, as you can see, over his proud mother's finger the moment before they set him in the chair and the picture gentleman told him to watch for the little birdie to come out of the box. He was a great crony of mine, that boy. "We twa

ha' paddled i' the burn," only we called it "crick." It was a fine crick to paddle in; just deep enough to be exciting, but not too deep for safety. It ran between high banks, and little rills flowed into it from the springy ground about, for all the world just like "A River System" in the joggerfy book. There was stiff blue clay by wagon-loads to model into shapes, and once, in a hole in the steep bank-side, we found a half-fledged bird. We had been playing with a shingle whittled into boat shape, towed with a string. The bird had never been much of any place nor ever had a boat ride in all its life, so we took it out sailing. I don't believe the shivering thing enjoyed it as much as we did—while the bird lasted. Then when it played out we threw it away. What's the dif? There's plenty birds.

BOYHOOD PICTURES

We had good times together, he and I. As plain as if 'twas only yesterday—plainer—I can see it all. I can tell you just exactly where we put the water-mill his daddy whittled out for us, and where we built the mud fort. Every memory-picture blazes with sunshine, as if it never rained in those days. But it is all kind of misty, and I must think hard to call to mind his after-life, dark with disappointment, clouded with melancholy, ending too soon in silence. If he had been other than a clean-minded, wholesome, honest, keen-witted, and enthusiastic boy, I could understand it somehow.

The railroad got him. I don't mean it slew him with sudden brutal violence, or maimed him and then gave him some starvation switch to tend or crossing to flag. It was crueller than that. It threw its witchery about the farm-boy pining for adventure and the larger life. It tolled him on, and tolled him on, and when it had him so he couldn't get away, it condemned him to confinement in an engine-cab; every nerve strung to snapping tension as he roared over a roadway skimped and scamped at every point in order that easy-living people might have "an independent income." For stretches of hours you wouldn't believe a human being could endure, it kept him at it, and then when, as it seemed to him, his head had hardly touched the pillow, it roused him up again to take another train out. More engineers and shorter runs and safer roadbeds would have lessened "the in-

dependent income" for the easy-living ones that never soiled their hands at work. It was like being under a decimating fire in action. This friend of his was ground to pulp; that one was scalded so the flesh slipped off his bones; another one was pinned beneath his engine screaming for hours to his frantic rescuers to shoot him for God's sake and put him out of his misery. Always there was some one being hurt.

"It'll get you, boy, one of these days," the old-timers told him. And he knew it would be so. Each run he made and came back safe brought only that much the nearer what cannot help happening when dividends are all in all and human life is nothing much. It came. One day when he was riding as passenger there was an accident. He was unhurt, but the dearest chum of all was engineer, and he was killed. He lived just long enough in my friend's arms to recognize him. It came, I tell you. Not a scratch upon him, sound and fit to outward seeming. Inwardly he was wrecked. His nerves had stood all that they could stand. He could no longer take a train out; he was spoiled for anything else. His solitary life had made him taciturn; it now made him brooding, melancholy. He fretted himself to death, eating his heart out. The only son of his mother, and she a widow.

I know it isn't much of a story, come to look at it. You can easily out-tell it from your own knowledge: terrible tragedies of men killed at their work, and leaving helpless families to struggle along, it makes you sick at heart to think how. I know it's not an exciting story, but to me the wreck of a young man's life is just as tragic whether the wreck be outward or inward. Ah, but it's a pluck-me store the sons of Martha do their trading at, where they pay their lives out over the counter every day to buy their lives for next day.

EVERY-DAY PATHOS

The leaves turn and turn, each one uncovering a new sadness. Something unutterably pathetic is in the rank on rank of pretty, childish faces, each one (we cannot fail to see) gazing as wistfully at the dark mystery of life as at the dark mystery of the camera, and with the same expectation that pretty soon the little birdie will jump out, all golden-feathered, singing so beautifully. The photographer had no such; for his purpose it

was enough that the children should think he had one.

How it has been with them the faces of the old people in the album tell us. Do their cheeriest, they cannot help their features drooping into what is, at best, but patient resignation. So many, many times they've hoped; so many, many times their hopes have crumbled into nothing. The only expectation left them is that it will soon be over now. A new life will begin, and then—yes, *then*, for certain

“Wish and fulfilment shall severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.”

HEARTACHE ON EACH PAGE

On every page of an old album is written heartache, downfall, disillusion, loneliness. Here is the picture of the boy whose every waking hour outside of school was partly yours. So genial a fellow he was, so ambitious, so brilliant. You saw him last year, and hardly recognized the shabby wreck that Drink had made, hardly were able to eke out half an hour's conversation with him. Here is the college chum with the fine head who was to do great things in life. Consumption. The blossom blighted ere the fruit was set. This other classmate with the face of Keats—the merest hair's breadth of misdirection in a furrow of his brain, first manifested in a comic oddity. (What a world, in which wild laughter and wild grief are so inextricably interfused!) After the flesh, our friend still lives; only his mind is dead.

And here is one whose every lineament shows forth engaging frankness and the joy of life—worse than dead. Embezzler, guilty fugitive with a neighbor's wife. His broken-hearted old father, his wife, his children—all of us who trusted in him, how much rather would we have followed him to his grave than have this come upon him! And then the long list of those with whom our lives were intertwined, for whom we hoped, believed, expected—mere insipidities, triflers, failures, half-successes, living along somehow. And we ourselves. What we meant then to be; and what we are!

The loved and lost of all degrees of intimacy are here, the angel that tabernacled with us for a few precious days, the sainted mother we must mourn while life remains to us, are here with the mere trivial acquaintance; they are all here in the album. Life

—whole, entire—is bound up with its binding. On every page is written hope, and over against it disillusion; love and heart-break; comradeship and loneliness; ambition, downfall. If, when we first looked for the little birdie to jump out, all golden-feathered, singing so beautifully, we had known how it was all to be. . . .

Anybody see anything of my cap and bells? I took 'em off a minute ago, and—Oh, here they are.

Do you know, I feel kind of sorry for the people in a photograph album. They have primped and primped and primped; suffered unheard-of tortures with shirts and collars and tight shoes; with neckties that would not tie right, and hair that stuck up six ways for Sunday; have raked and scraped in every bureau drawer and borrowed from the neighbors every dew-dab and gill-flickety that can be pinned on, tied on, stuck on. They stare at us through the peepholes in the paper slabs of leaves in albums, guiltily conscious, desperately defiant, as much as to say: “Well, I done *my* best, and what's it *to* you, anyways? Say! Do I look all right?” And what's the pitiful result of all this struggle? With all their primping up and diking out, by this time they look as if they came from 'way back in the woods somewhere, over by Rum Creek, maybe, or Johnnycake Corners, or some other God-forgotten spot where the styles don't go at all till everybody else is through with them.

THE BRIDE AND GROOM

Here, for instance, are Hen Dietrich and Polly Ann, his wife, taken right after they were married. How I come to have the picture at all—I never laid my eyes on Hen—is that Polly Ann is a sort of a relation of mine by marriage. I never could quite figure it out, but it's like this: her stepmother was a half-sister of my own uncle's second wife. (In those days it wasn't the disgrace it is now for a man to marry again if his dear companion died. How else was he to get his meals' victuals?)

I call your attention to the “Get up, Jack; let John sit down” posing of the bride and bridegroom, expressive of the photographer's conception of the relative importance of the sexes. I call your attention to Polly Ann's meekly triumphant aspect, as with downcast eyes she lays her hand upon Hen's shoulder, declaring to all the world: “I landed him,

you bet, and here he is," just like folks who get themselves photographed carrying a string of fish. But chiefly would I call your attention to Polly Ann's get-up. Don't expect me to have the technical terms right. I don't believe I know a peplum from a tilter nor a redingote from a polonaise. Do you? So I'll just have to muddle through the best I can by the light of pure reason, which, in such matters, is no great shakes.

She has on an overskirt, something like an apron tied on behind her, and just about the Tropic of Capricorn a sort of bunched-up petticoat. Her waist might have been turned in a lathe, so round it is, so exactly like a peg-top, front and back alike. Her sleeve has loose, white stuff around the wrist, seemingly fixed a-purpose to catch in the butter and the plum preserves, and there is a surplice effect about the elbow for which I find no other word than "dinky"—though I have walked the floor for hours trying to think of a more dignified expression, for I abominate slang. Something sleazy, all punched full of holes in patterns, is pinned around her neck, and—miracle of loveliness!—a long, pine-shaving curl dribbles down upon her bosom from the big, round wad, for shape and size the spit-and-image of an eight-cent cottage loaf, held on her head somehow with a net.

The net's the only thing in the whole outfit that I covet. If I had it, I should fasten it on a short pole and go crabbing. I know where there are some nice ones; regular blue-claws. And don't they snap and clash those claws! I had one nip me the other day. Gee! I hollered murder watch. He took me kind o' by surprise.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC FIB

What becomes of people who tell wilful stories and stick to 'em and do not repent is too well known to be repeated here. You know, and I know, and I am sure that Polly Ann knew. And you know, and I know, and Polly Ann knew we'd know she never in the round world had all that hair of her truly own. "Sold eggs and buyed it," says you. Don't palter. You know what I mean. She simply couldn't have had that much hair. No woman could. And yet there she stands as bold as brass, proclaiming now, and for as long as this card photo shall endure, "Why, certainly it's mine!" Isn't it perfectly terrible?

(I have some pictures of girls in spit-curls,

but I can't bear to look at them nor talk about them. They seem so gawmy.)

And poor Hen! I wonder what he thought when he discovered, all too late, that it was no lady off the advertisement of Hair Vigor he had married, with long, luxuriant tresses, but just an ordinary, human girl with no more tresses than would just about wad both barrels of a shotgun. Think of the thousands upon thousands of men whose fancy has been snared by curling locks that were the product of the application of hot pokers or kid rollers to hair that naturally was as straight as any tow-rope. The poor, dejected, disillusioned creatures!

MEN, WOMEN, AND STYLE

Nay, madam, never look so scornfully at me. Don't tell me that these wild contraptions are all worn by you to please the men-folks. Was ever a fashion anything but comic to the men-folks? Aren't they for everlasting making fun of what you wear? We're just as bad as you are, just as much slaves to style, only we don't go at it in such a slam-bang, Pa's-rich-and-Ma-don't-care way as you do, swooping from one wild distortion to another. And that's the sad part of it. The changes are so microscopic, and yet so necessary to our self-respect, that life, for us, is just one long, agonizing worry. That man who looks so swell in evening clothes: you think he's happy. Little you know! He has just discovered that he's the only man there with a black tie on.

When a woman's head-gear gets out of date, she rescues from the wreck the pompons and the plumes, the buckles and the bugles, ribbons, rosettes, glass cherries, and muslin buds—all kinds of ornamental junk that she can use another time. She can pull and yank the wire frame into the very latest style; nobody'll ever know the difference. But between last season's silk hat and this season's there is je-e-e-est a leetle mite of difference that defies all making over. The little more, and oh, how much it is! No guilty wretch caught in the act of stealing sheep can possibly feel more like a sneak than the man caught wearing a last year's hat. And if he doesn't feel that way, the more shame to him! He ought to.

Have you ever felt that awful sense of gone-ness when you looked over an old album and saw a likeness of yourself taken at the age when you were all wrapped up in styles, and "what they're wearing now"? Heavens to

Betsy! Did I look that way? I, who have my faults, I must admit; I, who never pretended to be an Apollo, but— Am I the gone gump that makes me out to be? Give me that thing. Give it to me, I say. What am I going to do with it? Why, what should I do with it but tear it into little bits and burn the bits?

And they won't let you have it. They say it is a good likeness of you, and they're always going to keep it; wouldn't part with it for anything. Of course, we weren't so foolish as we looked; 'twas just the way they dressed us. But why, for mercy's sake, did they dress us that way?

I have one of those old-fashioned photographs that antedate the album. It is in a little, square, hard, shiny, embossed black case, sumptuously lined with stamped red cotton velvet. The picture itself is wonderfully soft and clear. All that mars it is where the "artist" has dabbed on a lick or two of gold paint to call attention to the breastpin of the young woman and the watch-chain of the elderly gentleman who sits beside her, his every lineament expressing: "What if I am a proud daddy? Who has a better reason?" Right spang in the middle of each face is the very identical nose I'm wearing now, the nose of which I am so vain. I got it from my mother, she got it from her father (as the ambrotype will prove), and I suppose, though I don't know for sure, he got it from his mother, she in turn from her father, and so on indefinitely into the past. I do not doubt that nose of mine has been dodging back and forth, from father to daughter, and from mother to son, for endless ages. I can't prove it, for we have always been poor folks, and couldn't afford to have a painter in.

TOO GOOD A LIKENESS

And even if we had. . . . Well, I tell you. If my ancestors had felt as I do about that nose, they would have said, after the man had got through with the job: "Um-m-m-m. Well, I dunno. Er—er— Say! Can't you fix that somehow so's it won't— I had no idea that it— Oh, it can't be quite as bad as all that; it simply cannot be— I d'know's I want to pay for such a job o' work as that. Makes me look like the Old Scratch in a hail-storm. Course, I want it to be a *likeness*, but land o' Goshen, man! Eh? What do you think?"

We must assume the artist was a normal artist, that is, hard up. Across his mind flits

what the grocer said to him that morning: "Couldn't you let me have a little *something* on that bill of yours? I don't want to shut right down on you, you know, but I've got some obligations I must meet," and so forth and so on. You know. The artist's trouser-legs are fringy, and in his coat pocket is a letter from the tailor that made the suit. The letter is a statement, and on the lower left-hand corner the tailor has written and under-scored the word, "Please." The landlord got red-faced and loud-mouthed when he told the artist he'd give him till the fifteenth to pay the rent for the last two months or he'd throw him into the street. Right into the street, sir!

AN EDITED NOSE

And his wife had said only that morning when he started for my ancestral halls: "I don't know what's going to become of us. It just seems as if I'd go crazy when I think of it. There's four-eighty-four we owe the butcher, and the milk-bill for last month isn't paid yet. And look at my shoes, will you? My feet right *on the ground*. I wish there was something I could do. I just worry and worry all the time. Why don't you paint something that will *sell*? Oh, Art nothing! Give 'em what they want. What do *you* care?"

The artist, remembering these things, smiles at my ancestor a sickish smile, and says, "Well, perhaps I could remedy that," and he so favors that unesthetic feature that if I walked down the echoing galleries of my ancestral home, comparing generation after generation of the noses on hand-painted portraits; noses that, in a manner of speaking, had their best foot foremost; noses that had been toned down a trifle, minimized, edited, even mercerized, I fear I should lose confidence in my theory of the Conservation of the "Conk."

I hold the album in my hands—and muse. Housed in tawdry, tarnished splendor, somehow embodied in those smug and smirking portraits is a mysterious power that gives clairvoyant vision. The past reveals itself; as in a glass, darkly, that which is to come is adumbrated. Some slender comprehension of the age that even now is ending, some inkling of the age that even now is here—both of these are mine.

The century just ended, how wonderful its works! In its brief compass the world progressed as in no chiliad of sluggish years, each

like its fellow. Nothing at all about us is as it was a hundred years ago. Why should this century have achieved so much? The album tells us.

For the first time in history it became possible to get the truth, unminimized, unedited, unmercized. Take it or leave it; there it was. Previously we had it as others saw it, or thought they saw it, or wished it were, or wished us to believe it was. The artist's vision might be defective or his hand lack skill. More than that, he had to please his patron. But the sunlight's board is paid; it doesn't care what like the sitter's nose is. In a thousand ways the truth—even the unwelcome truth—was told us. College professors were compelled to duck Darwinian discussions or lose their jobs, but structures, bony or vascular, when ranged in their due order, told their tale, and feared not even the General Conference. Here is the truth. Take it or leave it: *but here it is!* Evidence, not testimony; facts, not "wisdom of the Fathers"; observation, not ratiocination; instruments of precise measurement, not syllogisms neatly framed. The century had the temperament of a mechanic, not a salesman's, not a noble's. That's how it did things.

The photograph is only one expression of an age so democratic at its heart that it aches to see a man holding himself superior to another.

"You are so skilled at catching likenesses," it sneers. "So long you've studied Art; so long you've practised painfully. You're a whole lot, you are! A clumsy lout that cannot draw straight lines shall make a better likeness in a second than you can in a day.

"You artisan—so strong and active at your handicraft—muscles as tough as whip-cord, hand so true and steady—you're a whole lot, you are. An engine that eats coal and water where you eat bread and meat shall do your work and never tire; machinery that never errs hoots with derision at your steady hand. You capable? A weak girl, dying of consumption, shall turn out a hundred times more and better work a day than you.

"You intellectual wonder, with your nose stuck in a book; you cannot drive a nail, but you're a whole lot because so many years, so many dollars have been spent upon you, to fill your mind with languages you cannot speak, with treatises on How to Lead the Blind, compiled by all the leading blind men, from Aristotle down. I'll make schools

free where any ragged youngster may get a real education, dated somewhat later than 1550.

"You financiers, captains of industry, pillars of society, without whose money we cannot stir hand nor foot. You're a whole lot, too. I'll show you how to found gigantic enterprises on mere water. What is your capital? A prospect that looks good. 'Stewards of wealth,' your best apologists have called you. Stewards, eh? I think I'll audit your accounts."

Photography is a great leveler. It tells king and clodhopper, impartially, just how the other looks (he's not so much!) and how he ties his necktie, so that the one may be as like the other as one pea is like another, if so he wishes. I have a picture of the Bishop of London at the entrance to that great church which stands at the head of Wall Street. It is a good likeness of his lordship; it is a better likeness of his office-boy-ship, who has thrust his mocking mug into the focus.

What is the purpose of the age? What is the purpose of the photograph? Many's the long year that's passed since last you saw your Uncle Ezra and Aunt Huldah in the flesh, before they moved out to Nebraska. Yet you know how they looked last summer when they had their pictures taken, they and your Cousin Will, and 'Mandy, whom you've never seen, and 'Mandy's baby, the cutest little thing! You've never so much as smelled salt water, yet you've seen the King of Spain ride through the streets of Paris, watched him flick the ashes from his cigarette, and noticed that his carriage-horses switch their tails like any other horses. In your parlor Caruso sings *Una Furtiva Lagrima* for you as often as you like, and boo-hoos as he comes down from high A-flat just as he would if you were sitting in "the golden horseshoe."

What is the purpose of all these wonderful inventions of the age—the telephone, the ocean cable, the new device whereby men jet their words across the broad Atlantic through the pale air? By nature your life is brief; for a few years only your personality reaches to your arm's length, to the few yards your voice will carry, to the few miles your eye can dart. What is the purpose of the age but to extend your personality till it is world-wide and age-enduring?

It is come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly. We are to know the truth, and the truth is to make us free.



Out from the red west staggers a ship.
Slow creeps a cloud.
It leans to the sea a livid lip.
And its breath is loud.
Like a beast to the pounce it stealthily crawls.
And sudden it leaps and flashes and falls.
And the mist's turned shroud.

There are six hills stand to the sea
To their heads in foam;
And one is a cross and a stunted tree,
And one is home.
And haycocks toss on the other three—
Toss like the cockle out at sea
Where the white waves' comb.

Two men lie on the littered beach
Dying and dead;
Who knows if their outflung arms beseech
The cross overhead?
The withered tree is uplorn on the shore,
The home is dark forevermore.
And the west is red.

The
Storm
by
Algernon Cassin.





AS LONG AS HE WAS NOT TOO FULL TO WALK, HE WAS NOT TOO FULL TO EAT.

From the Teeth of the Tide

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of "The Heart that Knows," "The Hunters of the Silences," etc.

Illustrations by Philip R. Goodwin

HITHERTO, ever since he had been old enough to leave the den, the mother bear had been leading her fat black cub inland, among the tumbled rocks and tangled spruce and pine, teaching him to dig for tender roots and nose out grubs and beetles from the rotting stumps. To-day, feeling the need of saltier fare, she led him in the opposite direction, down through a cleft in the cliffs, and out across the great, red, glistening mud-flats left bare by the ebb of the terrific Fundy tides.

From the secure warmth of his den the cub had heard, faint and far off, the waves thundering along the bases of the cliffs, when the tide was high and the great winds drew heavily in from sea. The sound had always made him afraid; and to-day, though there was no wind, and the tide was so far out that it made no noise but a soft whisper, silken

and persuasive, he held back with babyish timidity, till his mother brought him to his senses with an unceremonious cuff on the side of the head. With a squall of grieved surprise he picked himself up, shaking his head as if he had a bee in his ear, and then made haste to follow obediently, close at his mother's huge black heels.

From the break in the cliffs, where the bears came down, ran a ledge of shelving rocks on a long, gradual slant across the flats toward the edge of low water. The tide was nearing the last of the ebb; and now, the slope of the shore being very gradual, and the difference between high and low water in these turbulent channels something between forty and fifty feet, the lapsing fringes of the ebb, yellow-tawny with silt, were a good three-quarters of a mile away from the foot of the cliffs. The vast spaces between were

smooth, oily, copper-red mud, shining and treacherous in the sun, with the narrow black outcrop of the ledge drawn across on so gentle a slant that before it reached the water it was running almost on a parallel with the shoreline.

Along this rocky edge the old bear led the way, pausing to nose at a patch of seaweed here and there or to glance shrewdly into the shallow pools among the rocks. The cub obediently followed her example, though doubtless with no idea of what he might hope to find. But the upper stretches of the ledge, near high-water mark, offered nothing to reward their quest, having been dry for several hours, and long ago thoroughly gone over by earlier foragers. So the bears pushed on down toward the lower stretches, where the ledges were still wet, and the long, black-green weed-masses still dripping, and where the limpet-covered protuberances of rock still oozed and sparkled.

With her iron-hard claws the mother bear scraped off a quantity of these limpets, and crushed them between her jaws with relish, swallowing the salty juices.

Clumsily, the cub tried to imitate her, but the limpets defied his too tender claws, so he ran to his mother, thrust her great head aside, and greedily licked up a share of her scrapings. The sea flavor tickled his palate, but the rough, hard shells exasperated him. They hurt his gums, so that he merely rolled them over in his mouth, sucked at them a few moments, then spat them out indignantly. His mother thereupon forsook the unsatisfactory limpets, and went prowling on toward the water's edge in search of more satisfying fare. As they left the limpets, a gaunt figure in gray homespuns, carrying a rifle, appeared on the crest of the cliffs above, caught sight of them, and hurriedly took cover behind an overhanging pine.

It was the young woodsman's first impulse to try a long shot at the hulking black shape so conspicuous out on the ledge, against the bright water. He wanted a bearskin, even if the fur was not just then in prime condition. But more particularly he wanted the cub, to tame and play with if it should prove amenable, and to sell, ultimately, for a good amount, to some traveling show. On consideration, he decided to lie in wait among the rocks till the rising tide should drive the bears back to the upland. He exchanged his steel-nosed cartridges for the more deadly mushroom-tipped, filled his pipe, and lay

back comfortably against the pine trunk, to watch, through the thin green frondage, the foraging of his intended prey.

The farther they went down the long slant of the ledge, the more interested the bears became. Here the crows and gulls had not had time to capture all the prizes. There were savory blue-shelled mussels clinging under the tips of the rocks; plump, spiral whelks between the oozy tresses of the seaweed; orange starfish and bristly sea-urchins in the shallow pools. All these dainties had shells that the cub's young teeth could easily crush, and they yielded meaty morsels that made beetles and grubs seem very meager fare. Moreover, in the salty bitter of this sea-fruit there was something marvelously stimulating to the appetite. From pool to pool the old bear wandered on, lured ever by richer prizes just ahead; and the cub, stuffed till his little stomach was like a black, furry ball, no longer frisked and tumbled, but waddled along beside her with eyes of shining expectancy. As long as he was not too full to walk, he was not too full to eat such delicacies as these. The fascinating quest led them on and on till at last they found themselves at the water's edge.

By this time they had traveled a long way from the cleft in the cliffs by which they had come down from the uplands. A good half-mile of shining mud separated them, in a direct line, from the cliff base. And the woodsman on the height, as he watched them, muttered to himself: "If that old b'ar don't look out, the tide's a-goin' to ketch her afore she knows what she's about! 'Most wish I'd 'a' socked it to her afore she got so fur out—Jiminy! She's seed her mistake now! The tide's turned."

While bear and cub had their noses and paws busy in a little dry pool, on a sudden a long, shallow, muddy-crested wave had come hissing up over their feet and filled the pool to the brim with its yellow flood. Lifting her head sharply, the old bear glanced at the far-off cliffs, and at the mounting tide. Instantly realizing the peril, she started back at a slow, lumbering amble up the long, long path by which they had come; and the cub started, too, at a brave gallop—not behind her, for he was too much afraid of the hissing yellow wave, but close at her side, between her sheltering form and the shore. He felt that she could in some way ward off or subdue the cold and terrifying monster.

For perhaps two minutes the cub struggled

on gamely, although, owing to the fact that at this point their path was almost parallel with the water, the fugitives made no perceptible gain, and the rising wave was on their heels every instant. Then the greedy feeding produced its effect. The little fellow's wind failed him completely. With a whimper of pain and fright he dropped back upon his haunches and waited for his mother to save him.

The old bear turned, bounced back, and cuffed him so smartly that he found breath enough to utter a loud squall and go stumbling forward for another score of yards. Then he gave out again, and sank upon his too distended stomach, whimpering piteously.

This time the mother seemed to perceive that his case was serious, and her anxious wrath subsided. She licked him assiduously for a few seconds, whining encouragement, till at last he got upon his feet again, trembling. The yellow flood was now lapping on the ledge all about them. But a rod or two farther on, the rocks bulged up a couple of feet above the surrounding slope. Thrusting the exhausted youngster ahead of her with nose and paws, the old bear gained this point of temporary vantage; and then, worried and frightened, sat down upon her haunches and stared all around her, as if trying to decide what should be done. The cub lay flat, with legs outstretched and mouth wide open, panting.

The tide, meanwhile, was mounting so swiftly that in a few moments the rise of rocks had become almost an island. The ledge was covered before them as well as behind, and the only way still open lay straight over the glistening mud. The old bear looked at it, and whined, knowing its treacheries. And the woodsman, watching with eager interest from the cliffs, muttered:

"Take to it, ye old bug-eater! Ther' ain't nawthin' else left fer ye to do!"

This was apparently the conclusion of the old bear herself; for now, after licking and nuzzling the cub for a few seconds till he stood up, she stepped boldly off the rock and started out over the coppery flats. The cub, having apparently recovered his wind, followed briskly—probably much heartened by the fact that his progress was in a direction away from the alarming waves.

There was desperate need of haste, for when they left the rocky rise the tide was already slipping around upon the flats beyond it. Nevertheless, the old bear moved

with deliberation. She could not hurry the cub; and she had to choose her path. By some instinct, or else by some peculiar keenness of observation, she seemed to detect the "honey-pots," or deep pockets of slime, that lay concealed beneath the uniformly shining surface of the mud; for here she would make an aimless detour, losing many precious seconds, and there she would side-step suddenly, for several paces, and shift her course to a new parallel. Outside the "honey-pots," the mud was soft and tenacious to a depth varying from a few inches to a couple of feet, but with a hard clay foundation beneath the slime. Through this clinging red ooze the old bear, with her huge strength, made her way without difficulty; but the cub, in a few moments, began to find himself terribly hampered. His fur collected the mud. His little paws sank easily, and at each step it grew harder to withdraw them. At last, chancing to stagger aside from his mother's spacious tracks, he sank to his belly in the rim of a "honey-pot."

Panic-stricken, he floundered vainly, his nose high in the air and his eyes shut tight, while his mother, unconscious of what had happened, plowed doggedly onward. Presently he opened his eyes. His mother was now perhaps ten or a dozen feet ahead, apparently deserting him. Right behind, lapping up to his very tail, was the crawling wave. A heart-broken bawl burst from his throat.

At that cry the old bear came dashing back, red mud half-way up her flanks and plastered all over her shaggy chest. Taking in the situation at a glance, she seized the cub by the nape of the neck with her teeth, and tried to drag him free. But he squealed so lamentably that she realized that the hide would yield before the mud would. The attempt had taken time, too, and the tide was now well up in the fur of his back. Thrusting her paw down beneath his haunches she tore him clear with a mighty wrench and a loud sucking of the baffled mud. That stroke sent him head over heels some ten feet nearer safety. By the time he had picked himself up, pawing fretfully at the mud that bedaubed his face and half blinded him, his mother was close behind him, nosing him along and lifting him forward skilfully with her fore paws.

The slope of the flats was now so gradual as to be almost imperceptible; and the tide, therefore, seemed to be racing in with fiercer

haste, as if in wrath at being so long balked of its prey. Engrossed in her efforts to push the cub forward, the mother now lost some of her fine discrimination in regard to the "honey-pots." She pushed the cub straight into one; but jerked him back unceremoniously before the mud had time to get any grip upon him. Pausing for a moment to scrutinize the oozy expanse, she thrust the little animal furiously along to the left, searching for a safe passage. Before she could find one, however, the tide was upon them, their feet splashing in the thin, yellow wavelets.

A broken soap-box, tossed overboard from some ship, came washing up, and stranded just before them. With a whimper of delight, as if he thought the box a safe refuge, the cub scrambled upon it; but his mother ruthlessly tumbled him off and hustled him onward, floundering and splashing.

"Ye'll hev to swim fer it, old woman!" growled the now excited watcher behind the pine-tree on the cliff.

As the creeping flood by this time overspread the ooze for a couple of yards ahead of them, the mother could no longer discriminate as to what lay beneath it. She could do nothing now but dash ahead blindly. Catch-

ing up the cub between her jaws in a grip that made him squeal, she launched herself straight toward shore, hardly daring to let her feet rest an instant where they touched. Fortune favored her in this rush. She got ahead of the tide. She gained upon it, perhaps twice her body's length. Then she paused, to drop the cub. But the pause was fatal. She began to sink instantly. She had come upon a "honey-pot" of stiffer consistency than the rest, which had sustained her while she was in swift motion, but now, in return for that support, clutched her in a grip the more inexorable. With all her huge strength she strained to wrench herself clear. But in vain. She had no purchase. There was nothing to put forth her strength upon. In her terror and despair she squealed aloud, with her snout high in air as if appealing to the blank, blue, empty sky. The cub, terror-stricken, strove to clamber upon her back.

That harsh cry of hers, however, was but the outburst of one moment's weakness. The next moment the indomitable old beast was striving silently and systematically to release herself. She would wrench one great forearm clear, lift it high, and feel about for a solid foundation beneath the ooze. Failing



THRUSTING THE EXHAUSTED YOUNGSTER AHEAD OF HER, THE OLD BEAR GAINED THE POINT OF VANTAGE.



SHE SAT DOWN TO REST, CLUTCHING THE YOUNGSTER CLOSELY IN ONE GREAT FOREARM.

in this, she would yield that paw to the enemy again, tear the other loose, and feel about for a foothold in another direction. At the same time she drew out her body to its full length, and lay flat, so that she might gain as much support as possible by distributing her weight. Because of this sagacity, and because the mire at this point had more substance than in most of the other "honey-pots," she made a good fight, and almost, but not quite, held her own. By the time the tide had once more overtaken her, she had sunk but a little way, and was still far from giving up the unequal struggle.

Yet, for all the great beast's strength and valor and devotion, there could have been but one end to that brave battle, and mother and cub would have disappeared, in a few minutes more, under the stealthy, whispering onrush of the flood, had not the whimsical Providence—or Hazard—of the Wild come curiously to their aid. Among the jetsam of those restless Fundy tides almost anything that will float may appear, from a match-box to a barn. What appeared just now was a big spruce log, escaped from the boom on some river emptying into the bay. It came softly wallowing 'n, lipped by the little waves, and passed close by the nose of the old bear, where she struggled, with the water up to her shoulders.

Quick as thought she flashed up a heavy paw, caught the log by one end, and pulled the butt under her chest. The purchase thus gained enabled her to free the other paw—and in a few seconds more the weight of the fore part of her body was on the end of the log, forcing it down to the mud. Greedy as that mud was, it was yet incapable of engulfing a full-grown spruce timber quickly enough to defeat the bear's purpose. Stretching far forward on the submerged log, she strained her muscles to their utmost, and slowly drew her hind quarters free from the deadly grip that held them. Then, seizing in her jaws the cub,

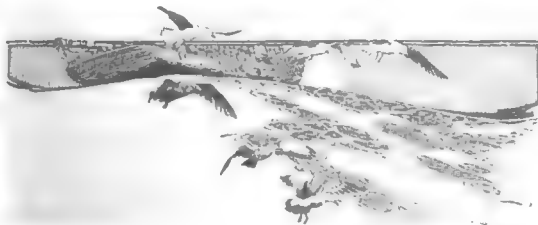
which was swimming and whimpering beside her, she carefully felt her way farther along the log, and sat down upon it to rest, clutching the youngster closely in one great forearm.

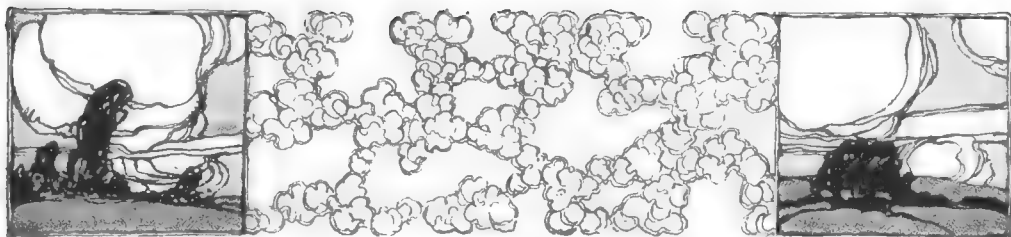
Not till the tide had risen nearly to her neck did the mother move again. She was recovering her strength. Utterly daunted by the peril of the "honey-pots," she chose rather to trust the tide itself. At last, catching the cub again by the back of the neck, she swam for the shore. The tide was now within a couple of hundred yards of the bases of the cliffs, and lapping upon solid, sun-baked clay. The strong flood helping her, she swam fast, though laboriously by reason of the burden in her teeth. Soon her hinder feet struck ground—but she was afraid to trust it, and nervously drew them up beneath her. A few moments more and she felt undeniably firm footing; whereupon she plunged forward with a rush, and never paused, even to drop the squirming cub, till she was above high-water mark.

When, at last, she set the little beast down, she was in such a hurry to get away from the shore and back into the secure green woods that she would not trust him to follow her, as usual, but drove him on ahead, as fast as he could move, toward the cleft in the cliffs. As they turned up the rugged trail, her haste relaxed, and she went more slowly, but still driving the cub ahead of her, that she might be quite sure that the "honey-pots" would not reach up and clutch at him again.

As the muddy, weary, bedraggled, pathetic-looking pair passed within tempting range of the pine-tree on the cliff-top, the woodsman instinctively threw forward his rifle. But the next moment he dropped it, with a slight flush, and gave a quick glance around him as if he feared that unseen eyes might have taken note of the gesture.

"Hell!" he muttered, "I'd 'a' been no better'n a *murderer* 'f I'd 'a' gone an' plugged the old girl *now*!"





Little Stories of Real Life

OPAL'S CHANCE

By Bessie R. Hoover

OPAL'S never had no real chanct till now," said her father, one Friday evening, "and I want her to git all the eddication she can."

His daughter Opal sat studying listlessly, for her head ached and her eyes smarted from overstrain.

"But her stayin' out so much afore wa'n't nothin' that could be helped—'pears like," declared Ma Flickinger, a thin, stooped woman with a worried face. "Opal's sisters' babies had to be took care of; but now Beulah's gettin' bigger, and Grandpaw Peebles helps with Jule's twins, and Butch is old enough to go to school, Opal has more chanct to go regular. And I want her to go right through and graduate when other girls of her age does."

"Then she'll have to hustle," stated Pa Flickinger, upon whom it had just begun to dawn that Opal was behind other children of her age at school. For now, with better pay and less work, since a recent promotion at the factory, he had a little leisure to notice his youngest child; and he found himself looking at Opal with a father's natural solicitude, and wishing to make up for the past neglect.

"And ain't she a-hustlin'," asked his wife, "when she's a-takin' two grades at onct—the one she failed in last year, and the one ahead? And I want Opal to graduate with a white dress, and flowers, and presents, and—yes, *white gloves*, too, if the other girls has 'em. Opal's never had nothin' like other girls afore."

"And she's naturally a little back'ard, havin' to stay out so much," put in her father: "but it don't make no difference if she don't graduate till she's forty."

"It does, too, make a difference," contradicted his wife sharply; "Opal ought to graduate when Fernie Bistle does—Fernie's jest Opal's age."

Other years Opal had thought it a bitter shame that she had been obliged to stay out so much; but now, when difficult lessons loomed up ahead, she caught herself longing for a day's release. It never came, though nothing ever interfered with the weary cramming of the monotonous months.

"Did you git good marks this month, Opal?" questioned her mother.

"Not very," answered the tired girl; "I get the two grades mixed up so."

"Nobody's fault but your own," snapped Ma Flickinger. "Put your mind on your lessons more."

"I do try to; but I get so tired doin' both," sighed Opal.

"Well, mebbe you do," conceded her mother; "but keep on studyin'. Even if your head is all muddled up at night, it'll clear in the mornin', and you'll probably remember somethin' you learned, anyway."

"But I stayed out so much other years that I never learned anything right," complained Opal.

"I should 'a' thought somethin'd 'a' stuck by you," retorted Ma.

"Opal's lookin' a little peaked'er'n usual, ain't she?" inquired her father.

"Land, no; she always looks like a dyin' ghost; she's strong enough. When was Opal ever sick?"

"She don't look stubbed, someway, to me," contended her father.

"Our class party's to-night," put in Opal timidly.

"Well, what of that? You know you can't go; you got to study."

"But to-night's Friday—" began Opal.

"You have to study every night to keep up."

"But they don't have 'em but onct a month."

"Jest onct too often," maintained Ma. "Stop teasin'."

"I could come home early——"

"Shut up," commanded Ma angrily.

"Opal, you're gettin' spunkier'n tunket."

"But I never go nowheres," said Opal, almost in tears.

"And, Ma, it makes a kid feel as dull as a last year's bird's nest left bloomin' alone never to go nowheres," stated her father emphatically.

"But them parties takes the young ones' minds off'n their lessons," declared Ma.

"Opal, take a holt of that there joggerfy and go to boundin' Africy—you said that was your lesson."

Opal obediently bounded Africa, and more than one crooked black line swelled moistly into a lake-like mirage through her dismal tears. Then she took her arithmetic, and patiently tried to memorize a long, complicated rule of whose practical application she had not even the most hazy conception. When the clock struck nine, her mother sent her to bed.

The next day, when Pa Flickinger came home from work, Opal was not at the supper-table. "Where's Opal?" he carelessly inquired.

"Opal's sick abed," informed her mother; "she's been tossin' and turnin' all day, worryin' about her lessons. Where you goin'?"

"After the doctor," answered Pa, in a daze, his hand on the door.

"Set down and eat. I've had the doctor. She's got a fever."

"That young one has been studyin' too much," said Pa grimly. "You can see now what comes of your everlastin' stuffin' of books."

"It wa'n't the study at all," flared Ma; "it's somethin' she et. She wa'n't never sick afore."

But Opal, worn out by overstudy, lay with a burning fever; and her starved spirit, which had nearly always been denied the

natural pleasures of childhood, fought for life in her frail body, unconscious of all that was going on about her. The doctor said that she had probably been breaking down for some time, and that he should have been called sooner.

And the whole house lay as silent and as orderly as if death were already there. The small living-room, which had been wont to resound with high-pitched, uncouth voices, the clumping tread of heavy boots, and the clack of hard heels, was almost echoless now.

Where every-day life had found the Flickinger family wordy, clamorous, quick to take offense, and almost brutal in exposing one another's weaknesses, this unexpected affliction found them harmonious. Nor was this softened home atmosphere in any way disturbed till one day when Jule, one of Opal's married sisters, strenuous, emotional, and bold-spoken always, came in to see the sick girl. Finding her father and mother and Jed, who had been summoned from the agricultural school, sitting disconsolately about the stove, she began to reproach them.

"You act as if Opal wa'n't dyin'," she accused them, crying.

"Hush, Jule," whispered Ma; "don't disturb her."

"She's too fur gone for anything to disturb her now," retorted Jule; "but you all act so wooden about it. It always was that way, though, where Opal was concerned. I see now that none of us never had no real

affection for her. Opal always lived on the aidge of things. She never went nowheres—never even played like other children—never had no real schoolin' till this year; and now, jest as she's growin' up into a young lady as fast as she can, you crowd so much book learnin' onto her that you've killed her.

"And her brothers, Bill and Jed, scarcely ever had a decent word to say to her," continued Jule; "and Pa, here, he never acted as if Opal was his little girl. And what did us sisters ever do for her? Nothin'. Onct she ast me to sew a doll's dress for her, and



"OPAL, YOU'RE GETTIN' SPUNKIER'N TUNKET."

I wouldn't, nor Elvie wouldn't, nor Mandy wouldn't; and Ma heard her a-teasin' us, and she slapped Opal, and then we all laughed at her and poked fun at her, and said she was too big to play with dolls—and she wa'n't more'n a baby. Poor little Opal!" And Jule, drawing her old golf-cape over her face, sobbed noisily.

Nobody answered her; what was the use? She had only put into words what the others felt to be true.

While the child lay hovering between life and death, her mother never once gave up hope, but said over and over again, "Opal'll have her chanct yet," though her father was stolidly resigned, and waited drearly for the end.

And, as if held by her mother's strong will from the un-

known, Opal, after slipping so far away from them, began slowly to mend; gradually, day by day, she crept a little nearer to life. As her strength returned, her mother's old ambition for her flared up anew, and Ma Flickinger began planning how soon Opal could go back to school, bent more than ever on the child's having her chance.

"How is Opal a-gettin' along?" Jule asked one day.

"She's a-eatin' everything she can lay hands on, as folks generally does after a fever, she's growin' like a weed, and she's a-goin' back to school ag'in next week," informed her mother happily.

"I hope Opal ain't a-goin' to begin stuffin' too much book learnin' ag'in," remarked Jule.

"How can a feller git too much book learnin'?" demanded Ma Flickinger sharply.

"Anybody can git more than they can take care of," affirmed Jule; "and a growin' young one's brain ain't as strong as a grown-up's. Grandpaw Peebles says the brain is sorter like a jug."

"Nonsense!" retorted Ma.

"And Grandpaw says you can fill that there little jug so full and no fuller, and if you keep a-pourin' in, the rest'll run over and git spilt."

"I dunno about that," objected Ma, not taking kindly to the pedagogical principles of Grandpaw Peebles; "it's always seemed to me that you couldn't git enough book eddication."

"But two grades is too much for Opal; it give her the fever afore," reminded Jule.

"She can jest as well put away two grades while she's puttin' away one," asserted her mother stubbornly. "I want Opal to graduate on time."

"Graduat'n's pretty doin's; but you'll have yourself to blame if Opal gits sick and dies." And with this warning Jule went home.

But when the morning came for Opal to return to school, her mother said with unwonted kindness: "You needn't study but one grade, Opal; take your old one. I dunno but two grades is too much for a growin' girl like you; Jule says it is. I don't want you gettin' sick on us ag'in."

"But I won't graduate on time then," said Opal, though there was no regret in her voice.

"I dunno's keepin' up with Fernie Bistle's any more than keepin' your health," observed her mother. "I dunno but I've been a-drivin' you too hard; but I never had no eddication myself, and it's kinder seemed to me as if you couldn't git too much."

"How's Opal feelin' already?" inquired Sophie Flickinger, Opal's Polish sister-in-law, one evening.

"Opal's a-gainin' in weight; her dinner-pail's empty every night; and she giggles more'n's pretty for a little girl."

"There ain't nothin' I like better'n to hear a kid laugh," remarked Opal's father.



"YOU ACT AS IF OPAL WA'N'T DYIN'," ACCUSED JULE.

"If you happen to feel good-natured yourself," qualified Ma Flickinger.

"And her teacher says she's a-doin' fine," smiled Ma. "She's gettin' one hundred continual in joggerfy; and her water-colors—well, say! Pa's took one little fruit scene, consistin' of two onions and a winter radish, down to be framed."

"Tain't bad for a kid's smearin'," admitted Pa apologetically.

"Ain't there a school party to-night?" asked Jed, who was home on a short vacation.

"Yes," answered Opal quickly; "and Ma said maybe I could go."

"But I don't believe you'd better," dissented her mother. "I'm always worryin' for fear you'll git sick ag'in; no, you can't go."

Nobody knew how Opal longed to go to the school party that night. There was a very special reason. Seftie Woods, also home from school for a few days, was expected to be there; and Seftie was the Prince Charming of Opal's small world. She trembled with excitement, hoping that her mother would relent at the last minute; for Ma Flickinger had been strangely kind since her illness.

There was a timid knock on the street door, and Ma Flickinger hurried to open it. On the threshold stood a boy of about Opal's age, but considerably shorter, with a very clean, fat, freckled face showing above a very high white collar. He was trussed in his best clothes; but his long overcoat and knee-breeches made him look suspiciously like a Brownie.

"Is Miss Flickinger going to the party?" inquired the small, freckle-faced boy in a smaller, shaky voice.

"Me!" cried Ma in astonishment. "Land, no! Whatever put that into your head?"

"I mean Miss Opal Flickinger," the small boy managed to say.

"No, she ain't," snapped Ma, and slammed the door in the boy's face, remarking grimly: "That settles him."

"What kid's that?" inquired Pa.

"Willie Briggs," communicated Ma, in a

hard, rasping, disagreeable voice, as if Willie Briggs were a dangerous character.

"What'd he want?" asked Pa.

"I suppose he wanted to take Opal to the party."

"No particular harm in that," returned Pa.

"But to have a little feller as bold as brass and no bigger'n a pint jug inquire for Mis' Flickinger—it give me a turn. How long's this thing been goin' on between you and that freckle-face?" demanded Opal's mother.

"Fernie Bistle said he should come for me; I didn't have anything to do about it," protested Opal, who had a strong antipathy to Willie Briggs.

"Aw, Opal's tickled to death," teased Jed. "Willie Briggs has been sweet on Opal ever since they were in the first grade. He gives her candy hearts, and lead-pencils, and——"

"What!" cried Ma, amazed at this awful condition of affairs. "Are you as thick as all that with Willie Briggs? Let that be your last beau."

"But Willie Briggs is a nice little boy," said Sophie.

"Sure, he's a Sunday-school lad," supplemented Pa.

"Cradle-roll?" Ma spoke sarcastically.

"I dunno how he's hooked up as to classes; but he's a pious little josy," testified Pa.

"He ain't no worse for that," admitted Ma.

"I think it would be nice if Opal could go to the party," said Sophie.

"Let 'er go, Ma," recommended Jed, whose absence from home had, unaccountably to himself, softened him toward the whole family.

"I've got most of my lessons for Monday," put in Opal.

"Well, it ain't so much the lessons, since you only take one grade; but you've been sick, and you'd better be careful. Besides, it don't look pretty for a little girl like you to have a beau."

"But you don't learn how to act stylish if you don't go into society none," claimed

Sophie. "And she don't need to go with beaux. Let Jeddie take her over."

Opal looked appealingly at her mother.

"I suppose not goin' with Willie Briggs'll



J.W.A.

OPAL SCARCELY KNEW HERSELF.

spile your evenin'; but, if you've got to go, I'd rather you went with Jed. What say, Pa?"

"Well, her teacher's goin', and she's been invited with the rest," argued her father, "so I'd a leetle ruther she'd go."

"A body with an invite ought to go if it's a decent place, I suppose," relented Ma; "but remember, Opal, no beaux in this. I dunno, either; mebbe you'd better not go."

But Sophie had already hurried Opal upstairs to get ready; and with skilful dexterity she did her little sister-in-law's hair in a new way, rolling it high upon her head, and helped her into her best blue cashmere dress, which, being long enough and large enough, made Opal appear almost a young lady.

And Opal scarcely knew herself in the glass, she looked so pretty and so grown up. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, and she wondered if Seftie Woods would choose her in any of the games.

"Be careful of your clothes," cautioned Ma Flickinger, when Opal came down-stairs. "Say 'yes'm' and 'no'm' and 'thank you, ma'am'; don't spill nothin' that's passed; and come home early."

Jed and Opal had gone scarcely a block when Willie Briggs, who must have been lurking in the neighborhood, if so disreputable a word could be applied to so correct an urchin, came bobbing around a corner and politely said:

"I'll escort Miss Opal the rest of the way to the party, Jed."

"Aw, you will, will you?" grunted Jed, glad of a chance to go back. "Then do it," and he went home.

Opal, mutely protesting against the unwelcome presence of the ubiquitous Willie, walked uncomfortably on. But this was nothing to her distress when Seftie Woods, tall, careless, towering far above Willie Briggs, passed them and sang out, "Hello, Briggs," and lifted his hat to Opal; then, recognizing her, involuntarily muttered, "Oh, gee!" but so loud that Opal overheard.

At the party, however, she resolutely detached herself from Willie. And the bright lights and the brisk games with her school-mates had their effect on her. She was soon

having a good time, clouded only by the fear that she would have to eat supper with Willie Briggs.

But apparently some good fairy of unhappy and neglected children had been at work in Opal's behalf. For when supper-time came Seftie Woods, the most popular boy at the party, broke away from Fernie Bistle—who, gorgeous in an accordion-plaited red silk skirt and a fuzzy pompadour, had kept him an unwilling captive for some time—walked over to Opal, and asked *her* to eat supper with him. Nothing more was needed to crown Opal's happiness, and the remainder of the evening passed like a fairy tale, with Opal as the chosen princess.

"Does Briggs think he's going to take you home?" asked Seftie Woods at the close of the party.

"No!" replied Opal indignantly.

"But he brought you, you know," reminded Seftie.

"But he didn't have any business to; *I can't bear him*," said Opal with spirit.

"No harm in Briggs," commented Seftie graciously, when he and Opal were going home together.

"Willie is a *nice* little boy," agreed Opal, who could now afford to be generous.

"He's got a thousand Sunday-school cards saved in a shoe-box," contributed her escort; then they laughed.

As they reached Opal's home, Fernie Bistle passed with another girl, and called out: "I suppose Opal's having the time of her life."

"Oh, I don't know," answered Seftie serenely. And Opal, being human, enjoyed his remark.

"Who was sayin' good night to you out there?" questioned her mother suspiciously, when Opal came in.

"Seftie Woods," answered Opal obediently.

"And he happened to come along with you and the other girls, did he?" asked Ma.

"The other girls wasn't with us."

Pa Flickinger and Jed, who were playing checkers, looked up and laughed.

"Now what's the matter?" demanded Ma.

"Opal's got another beau!" shouted Jed.

"A beau!" exclaimed Ma. "Do you



OPAL AS THE CHOSEN PRINCESS.

mean to say, Opal Flickinger, that that great lummo, Seftie Woods, come home with you on purpose? Pa, stop your laughin'; you ought to be worried. Here's Opal havin' two beaux in one evenin'."

"It's only a play party," returned Opal's father indulgently. "And Woods is a nice-lookin' lad."

"And he's jest as decent as he looks," declared Jed.

"I always thought Opal was goin' to be a kinder humbly, scraggy little thing," observed her father; "but she's growed up in a single night into a reg'lar young lady, prettier'n tunket."

"Pa, how you talk!" reproved his wife. "I never did believe in lettin' a young one know if they was good-lookin'. Well, if Opal's got to have a beau," she added, bowing to the inevitable, "I dunno but I'd ruther it'd be a well-favored chap like Seftie Woods; but probably it won't occur ag'in."

"Yes, it will; he's comin' home next month a-purpose to take me to the school party," burst out Opal, unable any longer to keep the wonderful fact to herself.

When Opal had gone to bed, her father said: "It does me good to see that there kid enjoyin' herself."

"Me, too," responded Ma Flickinger heartily. "And Opal's gettin' her chanct, after all, if it ain't quite the way I planned."

"Opal's chanct ain't for to make a bloomin' bookworm out'n herself," declared Pa Flickinger, "though we want her to git all the eddication she otherwise can; but it's to grow up natural, and happy, and—stubbed."

THE CALL

By Edwin L. Sabin

WAKING with a start, out of his dream of her, he was certain that he had really heard Anna call him. It was as if the voice of the vision had become actual, suddenly to ring in his ears.

"Horace!" The cry was almost echoing.

He strained, listening. The blackness was as dense as India ink. He might have been enclosed in a light-tight cave, where reigned only velvety, ever-enduring night.

He fairly quivered with the intensity of his listening. Not a sound reached him, save the beating of his own heart; and yet his name was filling his ears.

Anna had summoned him. For what? She must have been in terror—she might now be in terror, unable to cry out again. There, in the room across the hall, what was happening?

Abruptly he sat up. He must go to her, for she was a woman in need. That piteous call of "Horace!" was the call, if not of wife to husband, at least of woman to man. Besides, she was his wife, still. The ties between them might be practically broken, but they were not broken ethically. Involuntarily he remembered the hot, defiant "good night" that, in ironical civility, only a few hours before they had exchanged. But whatever the bitter things that he had said, whatever the bitter things that he had thought, nevertheless she was still his wife.

God! Suppose that she were suffering—what if some peril, actual or fancied, there in the darkness was holding her in bullying grip! His Anna—yes, *his* Anna, whom he had won, and taken, and whom he had cherished; whom he would protect now, the same as ever.

A rush of fierce, jealous rage seized him—the rage of the male animal aroused in defense of his mate. He threw back the covers, and swung his feet to the floor. Carefully he stood. In the midst of the other, keener regrets that crowded upon him,

he regretted, now, that he possessed no revolver; but Anna always had been timid about having



"HORACE!" SHE EXCLAIMED.
"WHAT IS IT?"

firearms in the house. And even while regretting this, he was sorry also that he had ever scoffed at her, and derided her timidity as a weakness. It was the feminine in her—and her femininity was her greatest charm. He hated a masculine woman. *His* wife, thank Heaven, was all feminine.

He stepped blindly, slowly, across the

chamber, feeling his way, and found the door. Should he speak to her? No, that would signal his approach and give the danger—whatever it might be—time to prepare. He wished to take the invader by surprise, assail it, throttle it, *kill* it. The desire burned within him to have whatever had frightened Anna in his hands. No monster could there be with which he would not grapple. Anna and he were to separate on the morrow, to go their independent ways; but the event should not be anticipated, and the idea that it *might* be was unbearable.

These thoughts, and a thousand others, thronged his mind as he made what seemed to him a tardy progress through the blackness of his room and the hall. Probably, in reality, not more than a minute or two had passed since he wakened. He safely reached the door of the opposite room, within which was his wife. He halted, and groped for the electric-light switch. His fingers encountered it, and closed about it. One breathless instant (what was to be revealed? what man's work was cut out for him, and waiting for him, in the chamber before?), and at his quick twist the room was flooded with light.

But to his staring, dazzled eyes was presented only Anna, his wife, half sitting against her pillow, staring back.

"Horace!" she exclaimed. "What is it?"

"Oh!" he stammered. "I thought you called me!" He stood awkwardly. "I'm sorry I wakened you."

"I was awake. I thought you called *me*. Didn't you?"

"Why, no. But I woke up under the impression that *you* had called." Her eyes were swollen; he knew that she had been crying. She must have cried herself to sleep, then. "I—I hope I didn't frighten you."

"Didn't you call to me, really?"

"No."

"Oh, Horry—and I thought you did! I thought you were in trouble, and I was coming to help you."

"Thank you, dear," he said, simply. "And I was coming to help *you*." He fingered the switch, irresolutely. "You won't be—afraid, any more, if I put out the light?"

"Horry!" Her lips trembled like a pleading child's—and suddenly he was kneeling by the bed. "You thought you heard me, and you came. You came, didn't you?"

"Yes, I came, sweetheart," he assured her, brokenly.

"Perhaps," she said, with strange, shy diffidence, "we called each other—in our sleep; and we each heard." She flushed. Gazing upon her hungrily, he was smitten with the girlish, tender look of her.

"Oh, Horry!" she faltered, with a sob, "supposing that some time one should call—with the heart—and the other should *not* hear! Wouldn't that be dreadful?"

"Dearest, dearest!" he murmured, his arms about her; "it must never, never be. To-night has taught us. We need each other so."

She clung to him; they had learned the pettiness of anger and jealousy and pique, in the light of that perfect love which includes mutual charity and forbearance.

Prescience

By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE sting of it all," you said, as you stooped low over your roses,
 "The worst of it is, when I think of Death,
 That Spring by Spring the Earth shall still be beautiful,
 And Summer by Summer be lovely again,
 —And I shall be gone!"

"I would not care, perhaps," you said, watching your roses,
 "If only 'twere dust and ruin and emptiness left behind!
 But the thought that Earth and April
 Year by casual year
 Shall waken around the old ways, soft and beautiful,
 Year by year when I am away,
 —This, this breaks my heart!"

STRAIGHT TALK

If at any time there are statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or views expressed to which you take exception, or subjects discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your initials unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or to any one selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

A LUMBERMAN'S TESTIMONY

I have just finished reading Emerson Hough's article, "The Slaughter of the Trees," in the May EVERYBODY'S, and was very much interested, as I am an employee of a large lumber company and have witnessed many acts of ruthless waste and vandalism in connection with lumbering operations.

Two years ago the Louisiana and Arkansas Railway was opened between Sibley and Alexandria, a distance of one hundred and ten miles, traversing as fine a belt of yellow pine as there was in the South. Now there is practically no timber along this line; instead, the whole country is utterly desolate—desolate as only pine hills can be after being devastated of their trees. The growth on this land is so sparse that it is insufficient to protect the soil; consequently the land is being rapidly washed away, thus destroying both forests and the land on which they grow at the same time.

This is not the only instance, but is the rule.

I certainly hope that EVERYBODY'S may see fit to publish a series of articles on this subject arousing the people to such a keen realization of its importance that they will make demands of Congress that even "Uncle Joe" will not dare ignore.

A. B.

THE COST OF KILLING THE TREES

The writer comes from a family of pioneers—men who hewed their way from East to West. I can vouch personally for a great deal that Emerson Hough has told in "The Slaughter of the Trees." My own people were with Shevlin and others when these master spirits consummated their "deals," and by their "artless ways" transferred the magnificent forests of Uncle Sam to their own guardianship, transformed the trees into ducats, and the forests into howling wastes of desolation. I stood in the forests of Michigan only a few years ago, and gazed in amazement at wonderful examples of natural beauty and wealth; a few years later I saw this transformed

to worthless expanses of ruined land. I know of one acre of white pine sold a short time ago for \$6,000 that was bought less than forty years ago for \$1.25 in the same place—Du Bois, Pennsylvania. To-day, annual floods sweep down upon the town and fairly bury it for days at a time.

It is perhaps in retribution that, while my forebears were slaughterers of trees, I am a planter of them. We are finding it increasingly difficult to get forest-tree seeds for our work. Last year they were almost entirely destroyed by one of the frosts that now will rapidly increase in destructive force as our forests disappear; along with cyclones, floods, hot winds, and droughts.

Heyburn, Idaho.

G. C. T.

UNFAIR TO JOHNSON

I read with deeper interest Mr. Russell's Johnsonia in the current issue of your magazine, because of the fact that I had interviewed the same man, sitting in the same chair, but a week or so earlier. Naturally, I was glad to see that so distinguished a writer as Mr. Russell saw Governor Johnson through so nearly the same eyes as I saw him.

However, I think it pretty tolerably unfair to make a prejudgmental (I just made that word, so don't fool with it till it gets cold) statement of doubt as to the man's honesty when the temptations attendant upon further honors should have come to him—if come to him they should. Mr. Russell injects into his article an element of doubt as to the man's integrity, when he intimates that the forces of "predatory wealth" may have found in him their tool—their ostensibly honest but unconsciously dishonest tool—for hoodwinking the people.

We are taught that it is wrong to judge our fellow man at all, so it seems to me that to judge the man in advance, even against the indications his previous record have given out, is especially flagrant in the eyes of our Common Parent and of all other lovers of fair play.

It is my personal opinion that Governor Johnson is honest, broad-minded, and capable of expansion of views under the developing influence of greater responsibilities. I say this after making due allowance for all the enthusiasm I had for the man after meeting him once, though I am a Republican, and not profoundly interested in the question of the Democratic nominee. I believe that a man who has won out through the critical stages of his career (the formative period) by being direct and sincere and level-eyed toward his neighbors, who have always been the X-ray-seeing common people of the small country village—I believe that such a man cannot, without undergoing some sort or degree of moral and physical debauchery, lend himself to dishonesty or a betrayal of the interests of those he would have to face if he went back home. And Johnson is the type of man to whom “back home” will always be a vital phrase, I believe.

However, it was not my purpose in writing this letter to obtrude my views of the man, but to file my little, good-tempered but earnest protest against prejudging unfavorably a man who has always been clean and honest, and whose record has been anti-corporation in everything he has touched that pertained to corporate combination. As to his authority for the damaging intimation, Mr. Russell might well be asked, “Where did you get it, gentleman?” I approved of the Russell-Johnson article thoroughly, except for the imputation that seemed to me unjust and uncharitable.

Chicago, Ill.

S. W. G.

JOHNSON'S MEASURES

In the April number of *EVERYBODY'S*, in the article on Governor Johnson, I note that Mr. Russell gives the governor credit for the two-cent rate, the anti-pass laws, and reciprocal demurrage. Here are some facts that will explain a few of the things that Johnson's friends are pretending he accomplished. Admitting that he alluded favorably to some of these measures on the stump, when the legislature of 1905 met during Governor Johnson's first term: why did he not have some friend or member of his party introduce such bills? Senator F. H. Peterson, a Republican, introduced a two-cent fare and anti-pass bill in the Senate, and the writer introduced a similar bill in the House. There was a hard fight in the railroad committees, and the Democratic members remained passive. Senator Peterson's bill failed to pass the Senate; my bill passed the House but failed in the Senate. But our friends throughout the state took up the fight, and when the Republican state convention met I was on the committee on resolutions, and through a talk made by Joel P. Heatwole of Northfield before the committee, explaining the necessity of such action, the two-cent fare and anti-pass plank went into the Repub-

lican state platform for the first time. We succeeded in electing members to the legislature pledged to these measures, and the legislature of 1907 passed the laws.

It was the same as to the reciprocal demurrage bill. W. A. Nolan, a Republican, introduced the bill, and we got it through the House, but it was killed in the Senate; sentiment was worked up by the Shippers' Association and candidates pledged to support such a law, and the 1907 legislature enacted it. A number of other so-called Johnson measures were passed in the same way. Did Johnson do it? No; his whole political career has not yet demonstrated his ability to initiate; on the contrary, he is a politician who avoids taking the bull by the horns and leading the people out from the rule of railroad dictatorship.

Northfield, Minn.

A. K. W.

VANISHED WOODS

I have just finished reading Emerson Hough's magnificent article, and I want to say that it is the most important of any you have printed.

The statement is frequently made, by those who have given no study to the matter, that we have plenty of woods left. Such people point to the woods that may be seen in any direction, almost anywhere in the country, and ask, “Does that look as if the trees were all gone?” They do not take into consideration the sort of trees that make up such woods; they do not know that all of the remaining timber situated in the East and the Middle West, near centers of commerce, is absolutely worthless, commercially speaking.

Such people—the kind that would not know a hickory from a sycamore—do not know, and do not care, that all our black walnut is gone; that all our hickory is gone; that all our poplar and white oak, our chestnut and rock maple, are gone. All that remains is soft maple—oftenest second- or third-growth—and the trivial little treelets, such as sassafras, dogwood, sycamore, basswood (not much of the latter two, however), juniper, and the like, for which science has not as yet found a satisfactory and profitable use.

Washington, D. C.

F. G. H.

A NEW LIGHT

On the cover of the June number of *EVERYBODY'S* you make some rather elaborate promises, and as a reader and admirer of *EVERYBODY'S* I desire to congratulate you upon your resolution.

EVERYBODY'S has already done a great deal for the common good. The articles by Mr. Garland alone show that you are willing to “sacrifice private interest,” for surely that subject has not been one that has added to a publication's popularity,

heretofore, at least—certainly never when the language was half-way as plain as Mr. Garland's.

"The Shadow World" series shows that you understand the psychology of the time and generation. Psychology, psycho-therapeutics, and psychic investigation are on the program for the next great series of discoveries, and the stand you are taking shows plainly that you do not feel afraid of this great light that is now dimly shining on time's golden shore.

Chicago, Ill.

D. S. H., M.D.

WORK IN THE SOUTH

Would it be trespassing too much on your good nature to ask you to draw the attention of the unemployed of your Northern cities to the fact that down here in the Sunny South, and more especially in the Delta region of Mississippi and Louisiana, we have thousands of acres of rich land growing up in weeds for want of laborers to till it? In this section any industrious family can make a good living from the beginning and, within a very short time, can acquire a competence.

Many of our planters will gladly assist immigrants to come here, and will either rent them land or sell it to them on easy terms; if necessary furnishing them sufficient supplies to carry them over the first season. Throughout all this section the right kind of people will be given every opportunity to improve their condition in the world.

Tallulah, La.

C. W.

WORSE THAN SLAVERY

I want to thank EVERYBODY'S for that fearless article of Mr. Russell's—"A Burglar in the Making."

As a resident of Georgia, I have often seen these atrocities, which should cause this fair state of ours to bow her head in shame. I have often wondered why some magazine did not expose the awful facts, for the present convict system is *worse* than slavery. But Mr. Russell touches the subject only lightly. Let him come South and see how these convicts are sentenced to the chain gang for petty offenses, and later are marched from street to street, always on a dead run, with ball and chain to their ankles and a guard over them constantly with drawn revolver.

I have known of one negro being sentenced to three years in the "gang" for stealing three five-cent boxes of snuff. At the same court a high bank official was given only two years for embezzlement and causing the ruin of thousands of depositors.

The greatest suffering and cruelty comes from the leasing and sub-leasing of convicts, as each

new lessee must drive the harder to "get his money's worth," while the original lessee waxes rich on his ill-gotten income. "GEORGIA."

Dawson, Ga.

DANGEROUS

Wonderfully entertaining as is the narrative of Mr. Garland's "The Shadow World" in your magazine, it leads to a query as to the moral right, in the present state of knowledge on this subject, of publishers to handle this literature of so-called psychical phenomena. "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism," a book by Mr. Hereward Carrington, who certainly cannot be convicted of being hostile to the claims of psychical research, concedes that about ninety-eight per cent. of the alleged marvels of the spiritualists are fraudulent. The exposures that the author himself has made of tricks by which levitation and materialization are simulated take up the greater part of the space in his book, and are, to my mind, much more convincing than his rehearsal of cases that he believes to be genuine. The question constantly forces itself if the writer is not mistaken as regards those phenomena that he holds cannot be accounted for on grounds of deception. You may not be able to fool a sharp-witted man all the time, but you probably can fool him two per cent. of the time. While there are intelligent people who believe absolutely in hypnotism, trances, and all the other uncannies, most sensible people are aware that it is better as yet to suspend the right of private judgment, and to allow subjects connected with what purports to be another world to be investigated by the men of science who are most immediately concerned.

Winchester, Massachusetts.

F. W. C.

IS OWNERSHIP THE REMEDY?

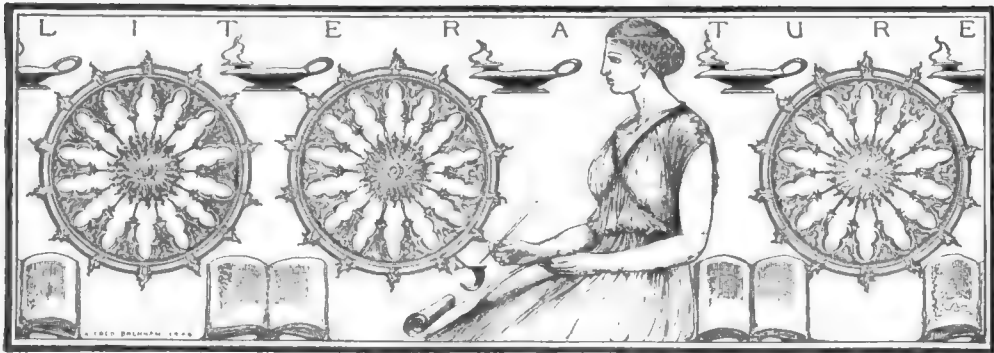
The article by Lincoln Steffens in your June number is a masterpiece. It denotes a real constructive attempt. Such attempts have been notably lacking in American literature and politics, and the time is here when the people are demanding "a remedy."

It appears that La Follette's "Owning" is the only sane one, and it is the part of courage, conviction, and common sense on your part to recognize its powerful appeal.

The course of society is undoubtedly tending that way, and you must see and feel it in New York more strongly than we do out here in the Middle West. But we are ready to listen to you, and to consider carefully any means that tends to rectify the shamefully inequitable division of wealth now characteristic of our country.

South Bend, Ind.

R. D.



A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

(Johan Barrett)

ALL fiction, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts. The first dramatizes the artist's own emotions, and presents, under such aliases and disguises as offer, his own spiritual reaction to life. The second embodies, not his discovery of self, but his understanding of others, and interprets comedy and tragedy, character and action, from the view-point of the spectator—idealist, cynic, or philosopher, as the case may be. The third need not concern us. It comes under the head of interstate and foreign commerce. Unfortunately, in fiction of the first type, it is often hard to dis sever our interest in the art from our curiosity about the artist. Perhaps it is because we are all potential busybodies. Perhaps it is because our curiosity in regard to the concrete preceded and still dominates our interest in the abstract. But certainly any fiction that suggests this veiled and anagrammatic self-revelation evokes the inherent eavesdropper in us, and tempts us to read it, as it were, with one ear at a psychological keyhole. "The Quick or the Dead" belonged, or was affirmed by the common and critical opinion of twenty years ago to belong, to the first type. It was a dramatization of emotion, and voiced (rather startlingly, it was thought at the time) the longing of youth for self-fulfilment and its passionate protest against the possibility of denial. And the popular interest in *Amélie Rives* equaled and, as a matter of fact, has long survived, the interest in her once celebrated story. It follows, now that she has written another book, that it is impossible to read "The Golden Rose" (Harper) without regarding it, tentatively at least, as a sequel, not in fact, but in emotion, to "The Quick or the Dead." For the story of "The Golden Rose" (the story of a lovely woman, widowed while still young after a most unhappy marriage, who dreams and vainly

tries to realize that strange, futile, immemorial dream of love without passion, eternal because unconsummated) is the emotional complement of the former tale; a passionately morbid reaction from a morbidly passionate ideal.

Believing that preeminent achievement, in no matter what direction, deserves recognition, one would like to call attention to Dr. George M. Gould's volume, "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn" (Jacobs). It is unsafe in such matters, even for those of us who, like Abou-ben-Adhem, love our fellow men, to be too cocksure of our superlatives or to include too long a period in our generalizations; but it may certainly be said without serious fear of controversy that this book of the doctor's is the most despicable of the day. This result, it is true, has not been attained without sacrifice. In grasping the opportunity that he has so ably made the most of, the author has abandoned another that, even less ably handled, might have proved of greater worth. Dr. Gould is an oculist, a man of scientific training, and the propounder of an interesting theory as to the effect of defective vision upon character, temperament, and the esthetic sense. Lafcadio Hearn was an ideal subject of study for such an investigator: his vision was defective, almost to the point of blindness, and esthetically and temperamentally he was correspondingly abnormal. Moreover, for some months in 1889 he was a guest at Dr. Gould's home and on terms of daily and confidential friendship with him. But the visit ended, the friendship ceased, and the festering of a dead intimacy poisoned the well of science. The doctor's book is a spite book, open and un-

ashamed; a conglomerate of back-handed literary praise, scurrilous innuendo, reflections on the legitimacy of Hearn's birth, the validity of his marriage, the sincerity of his friends, and the sources of his talent. But it achieves the definitive preeminence to which we have assigned it by offering to donate the proceeds of its sale to the widow of its victim.

Root beer is a beverage that ill deserves the contempt with which it is looked down upon by the haughty. Compounded of herbs and simples—a little sarsaparilla, some sassafras, a touch of spruce, a modicum of ginger, a yeast cake, and molasses, plenty of molasses—it is wholesome, tonic, direct in its appeal to the untutored palate, and calls for a well-driven bung in the barrel. So, too, with melodrama, the root beer of literature. Brewed from the herbs and simples of human passions and human impulses—a little virtue, some villainy, a touch of cupidity, a modicum of self-sacrifice, a mistake, and love, plenty of love—it is wholesome, tonic, and (we own it with shame) apt to be looked down upon with disdain by those of us who have grown haughty with good living. In his story of the lumber camps of Maine, "King Spruce" (Harper), Mr. Holman Day, the Maine poet and melodramatist, holds out to us a full beaker of this homely brew. We confess frankly that it is a bit "rooty" for our taste. We prefer—the predilection is possibly an evidence of over-refinement or artistic snobbery—a subtler compound, less racily obtrusive of its ingredients. But there is no mistaking the authenticity of the decoction. It is made from genuine roots by a generous provider, is full-bodied in the barrel and bitey, very bitey, to the tongue.

Otto Weininger, a Viennese psychologist and philosopher, has coined a name for those hazy and troublesome ideas that, now and again, are insistently present in our consciousness, yet refuse to get themselves put into common language; intuitions that stand, as it were, on the tip of the tongue, yet elude us; meanings that correspond, one likes to think, to those in a dog's eyes when we fail to understand him. He calls them "henids." Now Mr. G. K. Chesterton's story, "The Man Who was Thursday" (Dodd, Mead), has a henid in it, and the reader labors under the double, and at times highly disquieting, burden of being constantly convinced that Mr. Chesterton means something, and constantly just not able to decide what it is. Of course it is possible that Mr. Chesterton knows. But we strongly suspect that he himself was obsessed by a henid and wrote the story under the mistaken impression that he had caught, chloroformed, and classified it. The story is that of a man who penetrates in disguise into an inner council of anarchists and discovers,

through various adventures, that each member of the council is, like himself, an officer in disguise and that the head of the council is the head of the secret service. The henid, if one may do it the violence of forcing it into words, seems to refer to that puzzling contradiction which we all dimly perceive both in art and in ethics, whereby beauty and ugliness and right and wrong become interchangeable terms, and by reason of which we sometimes suspect that the moral bugaboos that we most desperately fight are the very principles by which we live. As for the story, it might make a good story were it not for the henid; just as the henid would be an interesting one were it not for the story. And there you are.

Once already, in the informal comment and discussion of this column, passing reference has been made to the so-called "stylism" of Maurice Hewlett's literary method. Naturally enough, and yet oddly enough, too, this peculiarity of his writings has given rise to a popular idea and a critical theory mutually contradictory and, we suspect, equally mistaken. It has fostered the opinion, somewhat indefinitely formulated, that Mr. Hewlett is a stylist first and a student of history and life afterward. And it has brought out an elaborately developed theory of Mr. Bliss Carman's that Mr. Hewlett is a sort of literary hermit crab who, in default of a verbal shell of his own, inhabits in succession the styles of other writers, dead or dispossessed. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hewlett's striking differences of literary accent and inflection are too radical to allow of the first explanation and too purposeful to admit of the second. He is, rather, an artist who, instead of forcing all subjects into the straight mold of his own artistic idiosyncrasy, weaves the willow of his words about the form of his theme. This opinion is, I think, upheld by one of the most charming of the new books, Mr. Hewlett's story of "The Spanish Jade" (Doubleday, Page). This narrates the adventure of an English traveler in Spain in 1860, and presents its action steeped in an intangible but unescapable atmosphere, the very breath of a race attitude and a nation's philosophy of living. And since this attitude is outwardly polished, yet inwardly dog-simple in its stoic acceptance or passionate resentment of things as they are, so Mr. Hewlett's "style" is both exquisite in cadence and, for once, unwavering in its simple directness.

One of the delightful things about art is that, in its complex simplicity, it is at once incapable of definition and susceptible of innumerable definings. One of its primary functions, for instance, is to make a part stand to us for the whole. This is especially true of such literature

as attempts to express in the limits of fiction the spirit of a movement, or to typify, in the drama of a situation, the essence of an issue. And since we Americans are young both in art and in energy, and since youth is impatient of restriction and prone to disdain the part in its determination to get the whole, we are peculiarly weak in this aspect of art. It is easy to imagine, for instance, what kind of a novel our incontinent young literature would have made out of the recent sequestration by the French government of the religious foundations in France. And it is both extrinsically interesting and intrinsically instructive to see with what consummate simplicity and artistic continence the subject is dealt with by a representative of an older nation and of a more mature literature in "The Nun" (Scribner) of René Bazin. Like all translations, the book comes to us, like a cast in plaster, despoiled of the subtler authenticity of the original. Yet if the finish is no longer flawless, the form is still exquisite, and the homely history of these five Sisters of St. Hildegarde is likely to typify to many a reader the meaning of the breaking of the Concordat.

I have caught fish in many waters, but I do not think ever to equal the excitement, triumph, and self-satisfied importance that accompanied and ensued upon the hooking and landing (while fishing for sunfish at the age of six) of a large mud turtle. I still remember how the monster, when brought to the surface after frantic struggles, was found to have swallowed the hook and was looking hungrily at the sinker, a foot above its nose. Sport, in the last analysis, is subjective. It is not, after all, the jerks at one end of a fish-line, but the thrills at the other, that count. And the realistic writer upon such matters, given personal experience and a good working foundation of average veracity, needs above all else the gift of making his emotions articulate. In these respects Mr. Charles Frederick Holder is splendidly equipped. He is not only an angler of long practice and most various experience, but he can outmatch in thrills the jerks of leviathan himself; and he has, in a literary way, the tigerish trick of lashing himself into enthusiasm with his own tale. His new book, "Big Game at Sea" (Outing), contains over twenty exciting chapters, devoted for the most part to personal encounters with such queer game as may be found by the adventurous in southern waters and on the Pacific coast. Angling for tuna; bait-casting for swordfish; trolling for shark; spearing the sea-bat; harpooning the giant ray—St. George may have had as good sport with the dragon, but he never made as good copy out of it.

OTHER BOOKS

"Shcaves" (Doubleday, Page). A novel by E. F. Benson, which seems intended to prove that it is safe for a middle-aged woman of intellect to marry a young man of artistic temperament, provided she does not live too long afterward. A piece of work that is considerably better than Mr. Benson's poorest, and not quite up to his second-best.

"Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne" (Scribner). The third and concluding volume of the impressions and recollections of a bright Frenchwoman who, in the early years of the last century, was socially and diplomatically *au courant* in France, Italy, and England.

"Rose MacLeod" (Houghton, Mifflin). The story of an involuntary adventuress, by Alice Brown, who has written several good New England novels. In this case a number of excellently drawn characters enlist the reader's interest without ever bringing it to a very effective fictional focus.

"The Salon" (Putnam). A study, by Helen Clergue, of the evolution and office of the salon in French society as exemplified in the varying careers of Mesdames du Deffand, d'Epinay, Geoffrin, and of Julie de Lespinasse.

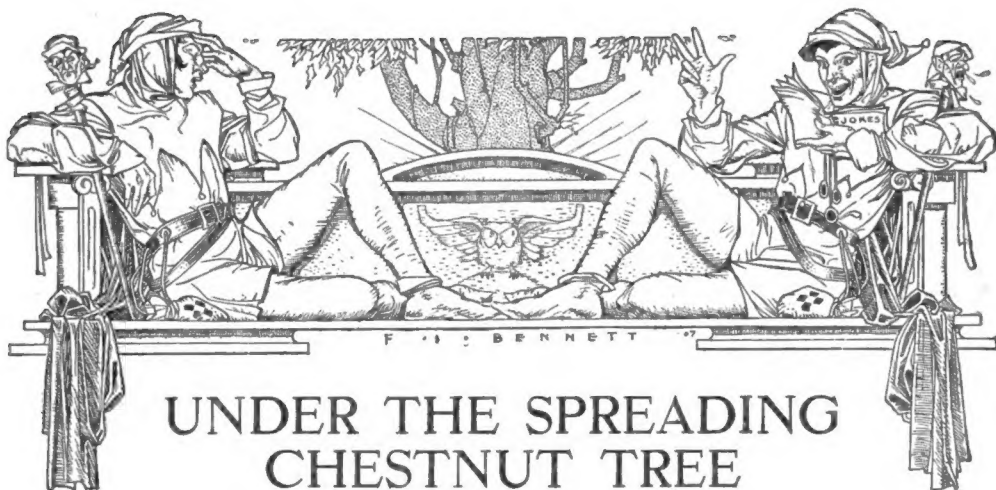
"The Old Room" (Scribner). A translation of two weird, symbolic tales by Carl Ewald, the Danish writer whose recent death is more than a local loss. These stories, which were the first to bring him recognition, are allegorical of the breaking up of the old northern home life by the growth of social ambition and modern restlessness.

"The Magistrate's Own Case" (McClure). A German detective story by Baron Palle Rosenkrantz, somewhat naïve according to our highly educated detective habits, but perhaps the more novel on that account.

"Some Ladies in Haste" (Harper). A highly entertaining satirical spree indulged in by Robert W. Chambers—or by that side of Mr. Chambers that was responsible for "Iole." It narrates the result of a young clubman's experiments with mental science and telepathic altruism.

"Woven in the Tapestry" (Moffat, Yard). A little volume half romance, half fairy-tale, half allegory (for in fairyland three halves make a whole); very beautifully written by Emily Post, and commended to those for whom the iridescent idealism of youth is not become foolishness.





UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

ONE of our popular New England lecturers tells this amusing story.

A street boy of diminutive stature was trying to sell some very young kittens to passers-by. One day he accosted the late Reverend Phillips Brooks, asking him to purchase, and recommending them as good Episcopal kittens. Dr. Brooks laughingly refused, thinking them too small to be taken from their mother. A few days later a Presbyterian minister who had witnessed this episode was asked by the same boy to buy the same kittens. This time the lad announced that they were faithful Presbyterians.

"Didn't you tell Dr. Brooks last week that they were Episcopal kittens?" the minister asked sternly.

"Yessir," replied the boy quickly, "but they's had their eyes opened since then, sir."

Mrs. Rorer, of cook-book fame, tells of seeing a maid drop and break a beautiful platter at a dinner recently. The host did not permit a trifle like this to ruffle him in the least.

"These little accidents happen 'most every day," he said apologetically. "You see, she isn't a trained waitress. She was a dairymaid originally, but she had to abandon that occupation on account of her inability to handle the cows without breaking their horns."

Madame Kasebier, the famous New York photographer, is very fond of India. When

Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show was playing an engagement in the city, she gave a reception to the Indians, inviting a hundred or more of her friends to meet them.

The Indians made a gorgeous sight in their native costumes. Their feathered head-dresses were particularly large and splendid. One little white girl, who had been brought by her mother, and who had never seen an Indian before, gazed with open-mouthed astonishment at these strange feathered creatures. Finally she turned to her mother and said, "Mama, do Indians lay eggs?"

After a certain jury had been out an inordinately long time on a very simple case, they filed into the court-room, and the foreman told the judge they were unable to agree upon a verdict. The latter rebuked them, saying the case was a very clear one, and remanded them back to the jury-room for a second attempt, adding, "If you are there too long, I will have to send you in twelve suppers."

The foreman, in a rather irritated tone, spoke up and said: "May it please your honor, you might send in eleven suppers and one bundle of hay."

Sir John Millais tells this story on himself. He was down by the banks of the Tay, painting in the rushes of his famous landscape, "Chill October," which has thrilled us all with the ineffable sadness and mystery of the dying summer. He worked so steadily that he failed

to observe a watcher, until a voice said: "Eh, mon, did ye ever try photography?"

"No," said the artist, "I never have."

"It's a deal quicker," quoth his friendly critic, eyeing the picture doubtfully.

Millais was not flattered, so he waited a minute before replying, "I dare say it is." His lack of enthusiasm displeased the Scot, who took another look, and then marched off with the Parthian shot:

"Ay, and photography's a muckle sight mair like the place, too."

"Bobby," said the teacher, "how many zones are there?"

"Two," answered Bobby, with a little questioning note in his voice. Then, seeing the puzzled look that came into the teacher's face, he rattled on without a stop: "One male and one female; the male can be temperate or intemperate, the female frigid or torrid—" and he stopped for breath.

Mrs. Hicks was telling some ladies about the burglar scare in her house the night before.

"Yes," she said, "I heard a noise and got up, and there, from under the bed, I saw a man's legs sticking out."

"Mercy!" exclaimed a woman. "The burglar's legs?"

"No, my dear; my husband's legs. He heard the noise, too."

"And the streets are paved with *real gold*, and there will be music and flowers, and everything will be beautiful!" finished the Sunday-school teacher, who was telling her small charges of heaven.

"And now tell me," she continued, "what kind of little boys and girls are going there?"

Nobody knew. Then from one corner a small brown hand shot up. "Yes, Samuel?" the teacher smiled.

"Please, teacher, dead ones!"

An individual of the Weary Willie type was given ten cents by a philanthropic lady, who said, as she handed him the money:

"I am not giving you this because you begged, but for my own pleasure."

"Oh, ma'am," replied the tramp, "make it a quarter and thoroughly enjoy yourself."

A Southern colonel had a colored valet by the name of George. George received nearly all of the colonel's cast-off clothing. He had his eyes

on a certain pair of light trousers which were not wearing out fast enough to suit him, so he thought he would hasten matters somewhat by rubbing grease on one knee. When the colonel saw the spot, he called George and asked if he had noticed it. George said, "Yes, sah, Colonel, I noticed dat spot and tried mighty hard to get it out, but I couldn't."

"Have you tried gasoline?" the colonel asked.

"Yes, sah, Colonel, but it didn't do no good."

"Have you tried brown paper and a hot iron?"

"Yes, sah, Colonel, I'se done tried 'mos' everything I knows of, but dat spot wouldn't come out."

"Well, George, have you tried ammonia?" the colonel asked as a last resort.

"No, sah, Colonel, I ain't tried 'em on yet, but I knows dey'll fit."

A poor lady the other day hastened to the nursery and said to her little daughter:

"Minnie, what do you mean by shouting and screaming? Play quietly, like Tommy. See, he doesn't make a sound."

"Of course he doesn't," said the little girl. "That is our game. He is papa coming home late, and I am you."

"Your husband will be all right now," said an English doctor to a woman whose husband was dangerously ill.

"What do you mean?" demanded the wife. "You told me 'e couldn't live a fortnight."

"Well, I'm going to cure him, after all," said the doctor. "Surely you are glad?"

The woman wrinkled her brows.

"Puts me in a bit of an 'ole," she said. "I've bin an' sold all 'is clothes to pay for 'is funeral."

A man addicted to walking in his sleep went to bed all right one night, but when he awoke he found himself on the street in the grasp of a policeman. "Hold on," he cried, "you mustn't arrest me. I'm a somnambulist." To which the policeman replied: "I don't care what your religion is—yer can't walk the streets in yer nightshirt."

A. M. Downes, late secretary of New York's fire department, related at a dinner a fire story. "At the end of the first act of a drama," he said, "a man leaped hurriedly to his feet. 'I heard an alarm of fire,' he said. 'I must go and see where it is.' His wife, whose hearing was less acute, made way for him in silence, and he disappeared. 'It wasn't fire,' he said, on his return. 'Nor water, either,' said his wife, coldly."

Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

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RAY BROWN, *Art Director*

JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE,
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ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

You will be interested to know how we are getting on with the placing of those 1500 shares of The Ridgway Company stock. Some friends of ours were building a new home. They planned to use their old furniture in the new home, but as it neared completion, everything looked so spanny new and beautiful, it seemed a pity to clutter the new house up with old furniture and hangings, so they just went ahead, shouldered the extra load, and furnished new throughout. We were not aware of the change in their plans, so when we went to the housewarming we were completely surprised and charmed by the new furniture and decorations. "But," said we to the hostess, "we understood you were going to use the old furniture." "Yes," she answered, "that was our plan, but we just made up our minds if we could get over the dog we could get over his tail."

The application of this story to our stock sale is—you have lifted us clean over the dog, and his tail looks like a cinch.

We have received in cash to date (June 30th) \$95,100, and in definite reservations to be taken before July 15th \$50,400, so that, all told, you have already boosted us \$145,500 worth over the big black dog, and there is only a little black tail, which we could hop over very nicely without help if you were disposed to let us—which you do not seem to be, because the subscriptions and reservations continue to come in at such a rate that in a very short while the little black tip of the little black tail will surely flick into oblivion.

We promise you that our memory will be longer than the little black tail. The necessity which sent us to you was real. If you had failed us, our disappointment and chagrin would have been complete. Your splendid, generous, American understanding and sym-

pathy has turned what might otherwise have been a bitter experience into one of the most keenly enjoyable and satisfactory, in more ways than one, of our whole business life. It would not be possible to pay men in business a bigger compliment than you have paid us. Your confidence; your money; your Godspeed. As long as we live, and longer, if we live longer, the memory of your kindness will be inspiration and incentive.

And we will keep faith.

Put yourself in our place, and then imagine the joy your letters of encouragement and confidence have brought to us. We reprint a few of them addressed to the writer of this department. We are humble before them, as one must be in the presence of the power that makes the world go round.

CHARLESTON, IND.

DEAR SIR: Enclosed find check for \$500 for five shares of stock as per your personal guarantee in July EVERYBODY'S. Am a constant reader of EVERYBODY'S; work hard for my money, and cannot afford to lose it, but believe in you and your work.

Hoping you have the greatest success, and that I make no mistake in purchasing this stock, I remain,
L. E. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR SIR: The July issue of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is at hand. I have not read anything yet, for that yellow insert caught my eye the first thing. However, it seems to be a uniformly excellent number, and I am glad to have just a little bit of interest in it. They know how to build a magazine in your shop, and the finished product somehow seems to spell sincerity. I would like to come in a little deeper with you if you have another share of stock lying around. I enclose check for another \$100. W. F. B.

MARSHALL, MINN.

DEAR SIR: I enclose herewith my check for two hundred dollars (\$200) for two (2) shares of stock in The Ridgway Company as per your letter in insert in June number. For some reason or other my copy of that issue did not reach me, and after patiently (?) waiting for a couple of weeks I bought one at the news-stand.

I think if a magazine is good enough so that a subscriber will say nothing when his copy fails to reach him but go and buy one from a news-dealer, the stock in that company ought to be pretty good investment, and, by the way, that two hundred looks as big to us (for there are four of us, two "grown-ups" and a pair of "best ever" little girls to look out for) as two million does to some folks. I want you to have the proxy of voting this stock.

G. L. B.

FOSTORIA, O.

DEAR SIR: I saw your offer of stock in the June number of EVERYBODY'S, and I enclose herewith a check for \$100. That is the best I can do just at present, but perhaps I shall soon be able to add to it if you do not dispose of all the stock right away. The size of the check is not a measure of my confidence in EVERYBODY'S, which is unlimited, while my cash supply unfortunately is not.

D. A. D.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

DEAR SIR: I am enclosing you my check for \$500 for five shares of the stock of The Ridgway Company. I have been a reader of EVERYBODY'S for five years, and my sympathy with its policies and confidence in you are best expressed by this enclosure.

B. W. O.

OCONOMOWOC, WIS.

DEAR SIR: Your letter and the stock certificate received. I am glad to have had the opportunity of showing my appreciation of the work done by the staff of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. I have wished to express it, and this struck me as practical. The money sent you I had reserved for an automobile, so I call EVERYBODY'S my automobile, and I hope it will prove a racer. But \$2500 does not usually buy a racer, so a good steady gait will satisfy me.

M. M. W.

STOCKTON, MD.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of 1st inst. in reply to my inquiry received, and I trust you accepted my letter in the spirit it was sent, and that was only for information. I did not mean any reflection on your honesty or the conduct of your business, and I enclose my check for \$500 for five shares of stock, and if you can hold five more shares for me until the 15th of July I will forward my check to pay for same.

W. E. T.

HARVEY, ILL.

DEAR SIR: I enclose herewith my check for \$400, for which I would like to have four (4) shares Ridgway Company stock as per your insert in the last two numbers of EVERYBODY'S.

If your stock pays as well on the financial investment as the reading of EVERYBODY'S does on the time invested, I think the dividends will very much exceed 10 per cent.

Yours very truly,

G. H. G.

STEUBENVILLE, O.

DEAR MR. RIDGWAY: Please reserve for me three shares of stock of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE if not too late. Would have spoken sooner but was so tied up I could not see my way clear. Trust I am not too late to get a little slice. *Certainly* you can have my proxy.

I read with deep interest what you say in the July "With EVERYBODY'S Publishers" about your evidently earnest appreciation of the *people's* appreciation of your splendid work in their behalf. And, my dear friend Ridgway, let me say right here—for we don't often get such an opportunity—that it is not the *people's* fault that you and others like you who are battling for us against fearful odds do not oftener receive words of appreciation and encouragement.

Many's the time, prompted by some such feeling as used to cause our good Methodist brethren to shout "Amen!" in the midst of somebody's prayer, I've taken up my pen to say to some distinguished author or statesman: "Good! I endorse that from the bottom of my soul, and I thank you for it." And then the thought would come to me: "Why, what absurd thing is this you are doing? That man hasn't the time to read what *you* say, nor care for it if he did."

So my pen dropped from my fingers; and the words of praise that welled up fresh, earnest, and spontaneous from the heart were never spoken. And I dare venture the assertion that I am this moment voicing the sentiment and experience of thousands of other appreciative people throughout this country. All we want is a chance to show our appreciation, and I'm sincerely glad you gave us the opportunity.

So, with Bobby Burns, I say:

"Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' *real* friends, I b'lieve, are few,
Yet if your catalogue be fu'
I'll no insist.
But if ye want a friend that's true,
I'm on your list."

With profound appreciation of the noble work you are doing, and wishing you a Godspeed, I am,
Very sincerely, E. C. C.

Such appreciation as these letters voice is the noblest reward that human effort can command in this world.

We are deeply grateful.